

Creasy I) Styrofoam Lungs

Hellions

Lines on my face are dense and deepening
By the year, by the month, by the week
Are my fears apparent if I don't decide to speak?
The volume of the bottle is multiplied in this;
Arcane chemical, a compounded fixation
A self-abhorrent abyss
Determination takes precedence
In lieu of erstwhile complexes
I'll usurp all that I've fucking earned
And capitalise on my chances
Fuck rumination, this segregation is doing me in
And every one of these sycophantic urchins are under my skin

My head is spinning around and around
In a purgatory of wide open mouths
I live in fear of my venial sin
Of all that I've done just to get out of this skin
Eyelids half-mast for the death of innocence
"Don't forget, that I meant it when I said that
You ain't shit, just a corporate ornament"
In a bottomless well of embellishment and lies
Who survives? Who will validate their lives?
I know they all go behind my back
Then why do they just get away with that?
It's the way they are, throwing underhanded
But it's your own fault, you don't understand it
I don't understand but I've tried all my life
You need to forget them and cut all the ties
This just isn't working, I've suffered enough
Embrace what you are and forget what you're not
Suffer my griefs and dream my dreams
Authored in their entirety by this disease
It was this ailment that clung to the pen
That guided my wrist and moved my hand
I forgot you, remember that