Scissors

Holding Absence

Hope died in front of us
Capsized and rudderless
I gave up on myself

And, in the rubble, I
Saw myself in a different light
It changed everything

Sever the parts of my soul I've infected with poisonous cells
Or pass the elastic and rope
With a dull pair of Scissors, I'll cut it by myself

A sacrifice for a resurrection
Make me better again
All these mirrors for self-reflection
I'm growing sick of the sight of myself

Sever the parts of my soul I've infected with poisonous cells
Or pass the elastic and rope
With a dull pair of Scissors, I'll cut it by myself

Weapons of glass and steel
Towering over me
I'm desperate to be seen
I'm petrified of being perceived
Cut the glut from off my flesh
I don't need the excess
I'm sick of myself, I'm sick of myself, I'm sick of myself

Weapons of glass and steel
Towering over me
I'm desperate to be seen
I'm petrified of being perceived
Cut the glut from off my flesh
I don't need the excess
I'm sick of myself, I'm sick of myself, I'm sick of myself

Sever the parts of my soul I've infected with poisonous cells
Or pass the elastic and rope
With a dull pair of Scissors, I'll cut it. Cut it

Sever the parts of myself I let fester, and turn into hell
Numb and anaesthetised, wrap me in stitches. I'll cut it by myself

Weapons of glass and steel
Towering over me
I'm desperate to be seen
I'm petrified of being perceived

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