

Solitude

Jerry Cantrell

There's no out, downside up for good
No light, reflection understood
Had to try, perversion satisfied
Insane...so I indulge the beast awhile

When hurting yourself feels right
And there's nothing familiar in sight
Take the time to pull the weeds choking flowers in your life...

Or seal your doom
Cold transparent blue
Locked inside a room
In solitude

There's no flesh, my own ghost awaits
Unclean, defiled, hallucinatory state
Lust, sloth, not my only sins
It's just how, when it's time, on a degradation trip...yeah

When hurting yourself feels right
Long gone the will to fight
Take the time to pull the weeds choking flowers in your life...

Or seal your doom
Cold transparent blue
Locked inside a room
In solitude
Insanity takes you
So black it's untrue

So black it's untrue