

From the minute I was breathing I was grieving  
Cause I never understood the reason I was even living  
Disbelieving everything that I was hearing, I was seeing  
I could not  
See the positive it's only negativity  
And when you think about it, you should probably get away from me  
I'm really not the person that you're thinking and I'm wishin  
You would stop  
I think I'm losin' it and music's the only thing gettin' me through i  
t  
And I'm tryin' to keep cool and not be the victim of a  
Self-inflicted gunshot  
But this pain makes me insane, deranged with anger  
I can't maintain or contain the range ingrained inside  
My brain's in shock  
Cause this life is a crisis, cuts deep like a knife that slices  
Makin' everything inside of you lifeless  
You then drop  
Cradle to the grave, one in the same  
And life was just death with a different name  
The game we must play and time is tickin' away  
So do not (Look back)

Cradle to grave, one in the same  
Traced unchangeably in black ink

In the shadows I recess  
In dark solace I will keep  
In between the lines of black ink

As I take a look around at everything and everyone  
I'm thinking I don't really know a thing and what is goin' on  
I cannot handle livin' in this world that's designed  
To be demised, I'm livin' a lie  
And to my surprise, guys, I'm thinkin' I might  
Just shut my eyes and stay blind to this violent side  
Cause deep inside, there lurks a monster; He goes by Prozak  
Steven's impostor, preposterous thoughts of murderous plots of all ki  
nds  
So don't tell me while I'm temporarily out of order  
My mind is sorta just out of sorts  
An electric short of some kind  
Black ink is the blood of the misfit  
Infected at birth with a melodic sickness  
That separates us at every instance behind  
Every smile is a frown, hollow are the graves in the cemetery ground  
Always lost in the fog we are never found  
A slave to this maze of machines we are bound (Black ink)