

Bone Crown Deformity

PSYCHO-FRAME

My pain negates fear
When the end is fucking near
Don't let that go over your head
'Cause your death is mirrored
Your strings to breathe are pulled by a calloused God
I'll blend your head to concrete in camouflage

I don't recognize the world you created
But I'm the God that memory has forsaken
You'll rave about my wounds
My whole world is seizing
Won't wave goodbye at your tomb
As I'm forced in leaving
The thorn ripped from my side
Goes to lowest reaches
Exist but be spread in pieces

Negation of a grave
You are no longer fucking safe

Your contorted body wearing a bone crown
All of the pills in the world down
You won't be found

You say I'm outside
I created the outside
You're the shifting of the flesh
I'm the outcast by design

I don't recognize the world you created
But I'm the God that memory has forsaken
You play a game of a pivotal wordplay savior
I don't have time for schizo-birdbrain fucking favors
And in case, you feel a way to die
Each blade is known to ricochet and end your life

Facefuck this serrated blade
Regress and gag on the wounds you've made
For the last time

Sworn to my instinct
Cold and stiff, slowly sinking

Releasing you won't make you stay away
Chains ripping at your skin
Fading to grey
Releasing you won't make you stay away
Now you're the essence of bone crown deformity