

Self Esteem On E

Rehab

Rehab represents various concoctions of what is real
And what lies beyond the blood of the cerebellum and reality
We find that we are only existing in an illusion of time and space
For all the human mind can conjure is what we see before our eyes
But we know that one thing is true, THIS IS ALL REAL!

Self esteem on E, mean mugs, I see confusion bruising
My mentality is reality, actually fantasy
Can you tell that I hate me, make me know
Let me see me the way that I should be, please, please, please

Making incisions in my head to find my brain and see who's talking to me
Opening my chest and put my heart to rest, now who can do me
Better than insanity, granted be the only thing that's handed down to me
Synthetic visions keep me busy, is he okay? Breathin' that way
Sucking exhaust looking lost, seeming blue, and turning gray
A chemically dependent schizophrenic, retard patient living in withdrawals
Making spirit calls on prescription medication, no persuasion to serenity
Finding peace in mine melodically, she keep yourself through isolation
All else becomes a seizure searching for help and euphoria
Mentally calling Gloria, her syringe fucking me until I bleed
My progressive girlfriend, I burn and soak her up and shoot her through my veins
Keep her warm, rub her eyes, wipe her nose when it drains
Squeeze it tight, hold my breath
Slap her hard before we kiss, she's in my blood
I swear to God she leaves I'll cut my wrists

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Bloodstream half barbiturates, half amphetamines
Laugh and hide the cry by any means, pack paraphernalia
Daily delusions, I'm using the beast within
The light's on but no ones home in my dome
Trickery seed, my ticker it speeds uncontrollably, let it be the remedy
I'm dead already, remember me tenderly
Might as well dress for Hell, bells ring like churches
On sunny Sundays, I've gone the wrong way on a one way
And purchased that mental peril by the pound
Fuck the next square on the calendar
I'm out on a limb with sin
Shit's grim, hit dim sight so fuck it
Wired up and worthless
Tired of paranoia, nervous
Yesterday, tomorrow the trigger forever
I could of never have been better
I sit and shake and self-destruct
For what, tell mom I'm nuts
I chose bad luck, struck rock bottom
Cocked the shotty...

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Alone in my apartment, bad company
How many years it's been I been composing blues symphonies
Not to mention the entities that levitate around my neural programming
I wear the dark halo, solo like silos, the deep steelo what I feel though
While wind covering, my skin graphs is in a raft
I'm crying when I laugh, oh he have
Inherited the Earth, why don't the angels sing
Living what is thing, if I'm going to hell what should I bring
Ruthless like Ming dynasty, the woman's work is never done
I put a bullet in the flying nun age of reason
Rage is found, cohesion, conversations with Sandman
Talking to myself as always
Sick dialog see captain's log, you can't log on
The encryption codes to my madness lie somewhere in the blueprints of the mu
seum of sadness
How irrational seems happiness, keep my misery personal
I wouldn't wanna complicate our superficial rituals naw...

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Please...