

Damaged

Sadistik

I feel another one of those, I can't let it go
Coming on on my chest to explode
I'm stressed, it shows
It's best that you just leave me to fester in my mess alone (Yes I'm gone)
Off the deep end, I can't pretend
It is the weekend knowing it's the work week
As I begin to regress and seep in
My regrets I wallow in the shit that'll hurt me
Am I worthy of serotonin uptake
Or a fragile figurine that must break
I fell from the shelf and yelled 'fuck fate'
Shattered shards of glass from a past I once faced
This is how blood tastes
When the teeth of the untamed are unleashed upon me
I want pain--I wanna feel something that isn't neutral
And only my scars can be the living proof of

I feel so stressed, I feel alone
Like there's no place to call home
I can't stop these thoughts, am I damaged?
I don't know what's wrong

I don't have to feel these feelings I can let them go

It goes knock-
knock, who's there, yeah it's just the gloom again
50 milligrams of sertraline, that should do the trick
I got a new prescrip', mix it in with booze I binge
Choose a friend to sip it with and sit until my mood ascends
I grew up since I was born on April twentieth
In 1986 with a decorum for the ugliest-necessary
I'm still mourning for the summer's bliss
I felt inside, it's been replaced with the selfish pride
I carry, like a tortured little writer
Is it a masterpiece or the portrait of a liar?
On my hands and knees when I'm scorching in the fire
Just so I could plant the seeds of the orchids of desire
Just a monster in the closet, perfect posture
When I spot him searching all through my apartment for my conscience
When all the dust is settled and there's only rusted metal
I can look at all the wreckage to accept it's nothing special
Cause I'm damaged