

Liminal Spaces

Sadistik

I can't see past the walls but I'm a maze in
Who gon' look out for us? I'm a sadist
I can't keep track of all the time I wasted
Liminal spaces traces get erased

Touch my palms you'll find no joy in it
Cut my arms wrote like Tolstoy in it
Read between the lines reach so deep inside
Fifteen years that's an Oldboy sentence
Weep alone to each their own, Ikiru
Walled in like I read Thoreau, sleep alone
That's what they think of you
Your speech reeks of a cheap cologne, gross
1 44 pointed at my own head
Carry me to hell wrapped in a gold thread
Shone red with a neck cut like a bolt thread
Blow cess when the chest hum from the cold breath
Road lead left 'til there's no one left
Kill friendships so the ghosts get fed
Broke bread with a snake put their head on a plate
Get left in the wake of the hopelessness

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It rained the day my grandpa died
I traced his face in candlelight
His blood still pumping through my veins
My brain decays to pass the time
Let's name the things we sacrificed
Labor pains and parasites
The summers become blue again
I'd lay awake in Paris nights
Why's everybody's plastic here?
April showers lasted years
I'm breaking out my casted wings
To bask my passion pierces
Distant when they act sincere
Twisting limbs to chandeliers
Can't save me now from atrophy
Our laugh responses match the fear
That crystal ball's not crystal clear
Crystallize those Christian years
I'll take a bow and act at ease
But still inside it's winter here
I think until I wanna die
Sometimes it's like I disappeared
To make it out catastrophe
I'll hide until it isn't there

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