

Mourning Glory

Sadistik

All these animals and peasants chase their capital investments
Vested interests, I'm disinterested, my patterns show obsession
An attic full of questions with no answers for the standards
Just synapses lapses, passages, suggestions, past is present
Man, I hate the summer, so I stay inside; days are numbered
They only trace the lines, my sky's rain and thunder
Deface each other, rape and plunder, bases covered
On the basis that I'm basic, based in basins I'm too drained to slumber
I save the numbers of my dead friends, it makes me wonder
Why it strangely comforts, my brain's asunder
Under suns I've been taken under, made a hunter
Undertaken where the bugs and aphids clutter
Handshakes feel like cable jumpers
I taste the sunburns but the tongue is rarely accurate
Compare their avarice to mine and I can't bear the wrath of it
I'm out of it but passionate, past the fist is a pacifist
A satirist like Jonathan Swift's mental paralysis
I'm harlequin, walking dead, coughing phlegm no oxygen
Generation Y am I supposed to do it? Talk to them
I lost my innocence, drifted into the distance
Went from different to indifferent, get sickened by this existence
Mourning Glory

I feel strangled by the chain that my father used to wear
It dangles by my heart, it was the cross that he would bear
Every time I think of him, I always go to reach for it
'Cause it reminds me of the sacred bond that we would share
Before the costs I'd inherit, the talks that I'd cherish
The loss of a parent made the loss more apparent
I'm lost in apparent paradox, I can't escape or see
Between faith and grief, pain and ease, they made me pray and
Place my knees on cinder blocks, break my teeth, and lick the scars
Make me eat this bitter heart 'til the taste gets sweet
I don't chase my drinks these days
I hate to sound cliché, but it's cliché to say I hate to sound cliché
I may be breaking out these chains today
I'm finally free, amiss in this abyss, I guess I'm spiralling
It's standard stuff, flashing floods, that's my blood you're siphoning
A side of me's beside itself for anchoring in Hell
But I can't see the light I need to save me from myself
It's Mourning Glory

I got these bars in my head like I'm Phineas Gage
This gauge is on empty so give me some space
Spaced out from the memories I didn't erase
Rays pound all around me, kissing my face
Face down, down on my luck, lust for the crown
Crown in my cup, coupled amounts, mountains erupt
Ruptures I count, count-downs downtrodden
Trot around downtowns 'til I drown in a bottle, like
And now I'm reading Walden
Walled-in like I'm sleeping in a coffin
Coughin' while I'm breathing in the toxins
Talk sins when I'm needing to absolve them
Themselves, set sail, sail set
Hellbent, inhale, tell sins
Send tales of the tailspins

Tip scales, scale-skinned when the trail ends

She called me blue flower, more like Morning Glory
My port is storming every time she tries to ford it for me
They're always warring on the inside
There's Morning Glory on the inside

Can't hurry the morning light
I tried with all my might
I'm hanging upside-down
Facing to the ground
'Til I bring back the fire