

# The Exception To Everything

Sadistik

Beautiful and innocent, suitable and militant  
Are scripted on the walls of the cubicle I'm living in  
I'm different, if you take away that I'm gone  
A heart on my sleeve, with a razorblade jacket on  
In Babylon I would hold my breath and listen close  
To the ghosts of death the ocean kept when the winter froze  
Skin and bones, is what my burly bag of flesh will hold  
Digesting hope with another thirty pack as Lexapro  
Discomposed, from all the fuckin' ghosts that follow me  
Across a battered path of shattered glass and broken arteries  
It's oceanography the way the blood accumulates  
I'm rude awake, with one eye open like Homer's Odyssey  
And honestly, I don't need to make a difference  
I just want to live my life without a fee to pay admission  
Apathetic bliss in these apathetic days  
Cuz I'm apathetic mixed with the pass aggressive ways  
Anesthetic sprays from my tongue 'til the pain stops  
I'm trying to figure out if this is blood or the raindrops  
Love or a safe spot, think twice  
While I take another shot until the angels start to sing like...

I've got a bone to pick with all these skeletons in closets  
They're breaking down the barriers, embellishing my losses  
And under all the verses, I wonder if it's worth it  
And whether it's irrelevant, the elements are constant  
No sleep and apparently a pen  
Is the perfect combination for the therapy again  
So I scribble in a pad 'til it carries me within  
All the ripples in my past that I carefully attend  
When all I got to do is take a look into my pedigree  
And mentally amenities will make another memory  
The penalties are lending me a bitter loss of energy  
A destiny of inhibition until my wings will set me free, now  
No time for regrets, keep moving forward and hope for the best  
Its all gone, I'll say so long and never let go of what I hold in my chest  
This is dedicated to the dedication left behind  
Me, a dedicated mental patient on a bed of knives  
I meant to find a certain person worthy of current purpose  
Searching through the epitaphs to make the dead alive  
And edify as I watch all the faces walking by  
Painted with perplexing looks, abrasions and awkward eyes  
Showing me to modify broken wings I've taught to fly  
Often I go and dream of a place across the sky  
Where I reside and dark breaks the light  
Never stop moving, a sharks way of life  
Set still as sparks drape the sky  
And debt builds, a heart pays the price with  
Love, pain, sun, rain, (I remember when my mother used to lie to me)  
hate, grace, blood stains (and I remember when my father used to lie to me)  
Life, death, time, rest, (and I remember when my teachers used to lie to me)  
this is my breath (and then they wonder why I have no faith in this society)  
I can't find stability I lack the right ability  
To act inside humility and magnify the will in me  
Every time I try to be, satisfy or feel at ease  
I'd rather be an actor and to act than try to deal with things  
Until I fall and I hit the rock bottom  
And I grieve with the leaves 'til I pray its not autumn

The blood starts to draw and it falls from the wrists  
When the slits are across and I ball up a fists  
So call it a gift but I'm not living for the present  
When it all becomes the past and I can't listen to the questions  
Isn't it a blessing when I feel like I'm alive  
And I don't have to be another fucking cynic for a second

(I remember somebody once asked me if I ever thought about regret... the answers no. Because when this masquerade is finally over I want to be remembered for who I am. Not who I was or who I wanted to be, cuz this right here, this is me, so follow this)

Even though I've never called it perfect  
When I die, I want to know it all was worth it  
I want to know that I tried my best with  
Embracing every moment that I was blessed with  
Every life, every death, every time that I wept  
Every moment, every person, every line that I said  
Every night, every day, every time every place  
Every kiss, every wish, every side of the maze  
Every cut, every bruise, every love that I'd lose  
Every time that I broke and the times that I grew  
Every drop of rain that these clouds would spew  
To help form the man that I amounted to  
And I'm thankful, that I am who I am  
And I've been where I've been and I came out grateful  
When it's finally time to make an exit  
Just know, that I don't regret a single second

This is the exception to everything  
This is the exception to everything (6x)