

The Constant Horror Of Reality

Scars of Tomorrow

These are the traps of life, it fails me, to think of
emptiness, there's nothing
Left, for me to lose, to see how precious life really is.
AM I ALIVE?
There's nothing left to lose if nothing's there. The
Horror of Realization.
This blood runs black, we live in black and white, a
sketch of death's design this dream is over.
Now a brick to the face, as reality walks away you were
born to lose all that remains constant.
What is real, what is dead, with all these ears in life.
Am I alive? I this life what is real, in this life what
is dead?
The horror of realization, These are our lives.
The horror of realization these is nothing left to lose
if nothings even there.
This blood runs black we live in black and white,
A sketch of deaths design this dream is over.
Now a brick to the face, as reality walks away, you were
born to lose all that remains, constant,
What is real?