

Emotional assimilation  
Is trauma, trauma, trauma  
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Is trauma's worn, scar-tissued skin  
Seared by state-sanctioned aspirations  
Underneath my will to live clings tight my will to die  
The silent secret of my strength is all the shame I've centrali  
zed

And all the people I see whose suffering's steeped in  
Dreams of nothing when their eyes close to sleep  
Don't see the void that they meet as so much more comforting  
I dream of nothing when I close my eyes to sleep  
Each day awake just lies in wait to shape, in vain, clean break  
s away from daily

Debasement, engage the escapist  
Unendingly inaccessible until ingratiated  
I dream of nothing but ending my self-defeat  
Apparently, my revealings of my injuries are just my

Manipulative tendency!  
And these techniques spoken to me about responsibility and inte  
grity are suffocating  
Placating sayings placed to efface me  
But I was taken, I was taken, I was, I was

I was taken through the threshold by the tension I espoused  
Fitted for full integration into a burning house  
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