

# Bleed

## The Reason

Experience destruction of self through greed  
Still I resent every day that I breathe  
True, it's on the negative that I feed  
But that's how my dark soul chose to bleed

Explore philosophies based upon re-incarnated  
Shaded ways of life display strive created  
through the compliments belated,  
Woke in the morning feeling hated by my loved ones  
As I shoved guns in my mouth in a dark alley in the inner city  
Called the ghetto  
Even dreams stated shitty  
The acidity of my saliva enjoys my flesh  
From the inside, the pain from moves from my gut to my chest  
Here we rating like cancer breast from the stress level  
On a quest to make money with sober fuck the devil  
With this black magic forked-tongue that I amputate  
With my mind, sometimes the rhymes the only way to ventilate  
All the evil spirits from the inner-self  
I concentrate, on flaws placed upon my inner-shelf  
Observation, my, orbit, visionary  
Pre-destination relief destroys what you carry, as choice  
My voice reflects the dark times  
The darkness, cleansed by kerosene  
Now it's time for me to spark this flame  
Spark this flame, spark this flame until ignition, refrain

Captivating my movements, my mentals move through  
All the un-natural elements designed to disgroove  
The harmony between, the scars on me and the  
Construction of character, I live with agony  
As a re-occurant theme the motive is blood  
I bleed, beneath the surface deep beneath my face I bleed  
I believe, echoes in my mind as Apostle's Creed shines  
My thoughts empower me, to devour the, strong side of me  
Now cowardly I cry, As I try to defy three  
Of the lovers in my world  
Family true Earth and this music is my girl  
Damn she used to love me, hope you dub me  
Onto tape numerous times,  
Then you lose generations and eventually lose mine  
Non-existant, used to be positively persistant  
Think about how myself forgot and now i'm jisted  
Now I'm blacklisted, with flashbacks and nightmares  
where i'm slash-wristed and my vertabrate is twisted  
Point, I missed it, about life so take heed  
To my audio-biographical sketch in which I bleed

That's how my dark soul chose to bleed (what, what)  
That's how my dark soul chose to bleed (what, what)

yes yes, yes yes