Purgatory

Unprocessed

I'm craving to be heard and seen
But no one's there to make me feel
Like I have nothing to conceal
Like I'm a man whose life is real

I feel like I lost the key
To my inner self-esteem
To the errors and ideals
And everything in between

I feel like I lost the key
To my inner self-esteem
To the errors and ideals
And everything in between

All I've got is the intoxication
I've already fallen for it
All I am is a false story of myself
I'm the orator

I'm craving to be heard and seen
But no one's there to make me feel
Like I have nothing to conceal
Like I'm a man whose life is real

I can't begin to describe what it feels like
To be a hollow shell without spirit
I opened the gates to this ungodly presence
Now it eats away at my bones
I feel the poison run free on the inside
And brother Death stares at me in his robe
My soul is shattered like the glass on the old floor
That once I used to walk upon

All I've got is the intoxication
I've already fallen for it
All I am is a false story of myself
I'm the orator

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!