

An envision of atrophy, vacant daydreams  
There's nothing to see  
This will be the death of me

I fall apart at the seams, so fragile it seems  
There's nothing to see  
I will be the death of me

All my life dissected no direction  
Cut the wounds and swim through the infection  
Living life upon my back, I twist, I turn, I relapse

Isochronic environment where quiet is violent  
The silence is deafening, can't hide it  
Too little, too late,  
Ashamed from the cradle to the grave  
Too much, too soon  
Sit back chokin' up on my silver spoon

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No fucking end to this misery but the grave  
Still singing my Melancholy melody  
Down the barrel of a loaded gun  
Blessed are the dead that the rain falls on

My violence