

Splinter

Void Of Vision

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

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

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