

Hellbound

Years Since The Storm

Lately I've been noticing, wondering why, no one ever looks me straight in the eye.
Maybe it's because if you look deep inside, you can see the hell, the fire that burns behind. You look at me like a fucking freak, but they say time is money and talk is cheap.
So if you got something to say, say it or get the fuck out of my way.
Ya' know I'm not really sure where my head has been lately.
I feel myself slipping, yeah, I think I'm going crazy.
Devil on both shoulders, no more morals to hold me back.
Redemption is out of my reach. I've got nothing to prove and even less to lose.
I am hellbound. I'm lost, never to be found. I never wanted it to be this way,
but there's nothing...nothing left to say.
Isolate myself for eternity; a lone wolf that struggles to break free.
It doesn't scare me that I'm different from all of you,
and I don't give a fuck that you're offended by my views.
Not a single one of you means a God Damn thing to me.
I live this worthless life the way I choose. I am hellbound.
I'm lost, never to be found.
I never wanted it to be this way, but there's nothing...nothing left to say.
I leave you all behind. I know now I don't need you so fuck you
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