

As I Lay Dying "Cauterize"

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The truth of my heart is like a repressed tale
A censored and silenced story
Repression or restraint, it is a delicate balance
Between bleeding out what will make me drown
And closing in what I cannot afford to spill
Either way, I must cauterize, cauterize the open wound
I'm caught between the feeling of being pulled apart or
stuffed into a cell
And if these are the only options
This will always be hell (never-ending)
Though I may still be breathing
There is no quality of life
So I choose to risk it all for you
For you to be by my side
I'm caught between the feeling Of being pulled apart or
stuffed into a cell
A crowd is easy to deceive
But now I am a patient on the table
I'll give you the knife
Cut away as you see fit
Just promise me the patience
To wait for me to heal

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