

Atreyu

"My Sanity On The Funeral Pyre"

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Paranoia is the insect worming its way
Through my subconscious thoughts
It's the larva of my self doubt
Gestating in my heart as I spiral down

And everything I touch is breaking
And it falls to the earth in splinters
And I shiver as every splinter finds its way
Underneath my skin

And after 22 years I can still make my skin crawl
Every shortcoming's a pitfall
On my way to makin' amends
Within myself to be
To be what I became

Sometimes it feels like the whole wide world
Has made itself my enemy
But I will stand upon my own two feet
And raise, raise my head up

I lick my wounds trying to cleanse the infection
Rabid and diseased reality fades away

When I pushed myself too far
A dream of emotional perfection
Has left a wounded heart

Trying to perceive the gifts inherent inside me
It's like squeezing the trigger
It's like opening fire
On everyone who's let me down
On every beautiful lie that is
That is only fiction

Sometimes it feels like the whole wide world
Has made itself my enemy
But I will stand upon my own two feet
And raise, raise my head up

For the first time I'm losing control and I like it
Freedom feels like the noose is gone

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