

## **Boysnightout (Boys Night Out) "Purging"**

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The first night after your released,  
No one expects you to get much sleep.  
Your the waking walking dead.  
In my case, I'm not much better.  
Walk through the kitchen and grab a marker.  
Trace the path the blood will flow.

The lines I wear around my wrists are there to prove  
that I exist.  
Tomorrow it will be easier to forgive myself, and  
remember her  
Without a guilty head, these nightmare lines, an empty  
heart.  
We take for granted all the things that make us who we  
are.  
Get up. Get dressed. Go to work. They all know who you  
are.  
They can't believe you'd show up here, but that's just  
who they are.  
Set up shop at your machine, calibrate, remember who  
you are.

Here lies clarity in a perfect grave comprised of perfect  
steel.  
The perfect blade glows a perfect white against the  
perfect lines from this perfect night.  
I'm the perfect picture of complacency, and that's all I  
feel.

Slow motion replaces real time,  
As the horror fills their eyes.  
These claws will never kill again.  
[These lines I wear around my wrists  
Are there to prove that I exist..  
..these lines I wear around my wrists..]  
I am a monster clothed in crimson sleeves  
And perforated lines where my wrists should be.  
A warehouse full of workers scramble like a pack of  
Bewildered wolves as my world turns black,  
And I fall. [x5]

