

Chelsea Grin

"Anathema Of The Sick"

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I will never understand it,
It still hurts to think about it.
Take these walls away from me,
And let me leave this place,
So I can finally be sane.
You were all my anything and everything could be,
But just the very thought of you makes me feel
unclean.
I hate how easy it is for you to completely sicken me.
You're always there in the back of my mind,
Your words still cut their way into my head.
Why won't this loathing feeling just leave me alone?
I'm sick of seeing your face in all my dreams.
Filth, pain, and disgust fill my head.
If I could only just erase you from my memory

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