

Epicure "Lament"

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Caught off guard
Or I was even on
Forcing me down hard
Striking even blows

Monochrome mind
Is my only control
Nothing can make me whole

Never dreamed so real
Never felt the way I feel
Soft innards skin of steel
Pounding hard I will reveal

Static from the prison
Saturates my porous head
Distracted by the vision
Of the chrome that's cracking under

Stability I've never known
Catwalk frail and sagging low
Clutching at thin air

Walking my frail wooden ledge
My eyes burning, my head pounding
Don't let me slip
Walk out from dark into the gray
Pain is relative in every way
I bit the nail that broke my back
Now it's chasing, help I'm falling
Now it's broken my neck
I can't believe I fell for that
A blissful ignorance, a comforting
Fact
Now it's shoved me down,
Burrowed in my head
Is the real me trapped or is he dead

Alone
Aligned
Iwalk

Abort
Confort
I scream
Sharpening, deafening, shock
Critical, no more

Feeble now was my attempt
For my image gone now to lament
Kicked the chair from under me
I've always wondered but now I see
That all this can come to pass
Kicking, choking, soul flies as I gasp
Dross of life is gone from me
Soon I won't know sin
Nor blood
Nor screams

Alone
Aligned
I walk
Critical
No more
Shut out
Sharpening, deafening, shock
Free me, take this, break me

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