

## Esoteric "Scarred"

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I see them coming at me all the time,  
Lashing out, killing me over and over again.  
And I laugh for I enjoy all the deaths that I receive,  
The pain and destruction of my flesh,  
Killing me over and over again.

The blackness still comes, forever killing me.  
I rock back and forth, staring through.  
The blackness which slices through,  
My scarred and dead flesh, yet still I die as I see my  
skin shred.

Dead again and still I stare at the blackness which is  
still there.  
Have they not yet reached the core, of my flesh so  
battered and torn?

Maybe I have no core, maybe inside there's nothing.  
If so what do I die for?

Staring, watching, willing, killing,  
Seeing, dreaming, screaming, screaming,  
Killing, killing, killing, killing...  
Willing, filling what wasn't there, emptiness my  
despair.

Stuck, unable to move off my chair,  
Rocking back and forth, with no eyes, yet still I stare.  
At the blackness which is always there.

(Music Â– Greg. 3/1993)

(Lyrics Â– Greg. 2/1993)

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