

Acrostichon "Scarred"

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Voices inside
Keep on twisting my thoughts
things that are rationally right
sre crooked to me
but I make it work my way
the thoughts inside
are painfully and cruel
but they are a fuel so strong
that it makes my life go wrong

I seek their pain to ease my mind
it makes pain in my head seem less bright
and brings me closer to delight I feel my past
getting control over me when will I be freed
from this misery when my mind let me be

it seems that no
body understands
the pain that's in my head
it's only eased by death
it's the only way to live
it seems that no
body understands
that chaos in my life
it's hurting me so much
I want to hurt somebody else

a memory of burning flesh
is the deepest thought for me
the shadows keep hurting me
it's blackening all of this

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