

Kelly

"Blood Of A Sunken Soul"

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The pain so violent it tears me apart,
It has spread from my heart to my loins.
To love, to lose, to love and make lost;
Now I sleep in a permanent noise.

And you know who you are and you know that I love you
And you know who you are and you know that I love you
And you know the depth of my soul in your heart
In a stormy regard, it's hovered above you.

But this torment is living and real
And my failure to heal's paying homage to what I
concealed.
My skin hurts more than I'd like to admit
And much more than I'd like to reveal

It's like a passion to die just exists in my brain and I
fight it with all that I have;
Makes me want to remove all my fingernail beds just to
put a new pain in my hand;
And push the soft tips through my wrists without
piercing the skin that has covered this hell;
And let the blood drip through my inner corrosion, if
only I knew, I could tell.

And then silence... I've finally broken the skin,
My insides, they reek of pollution.
Like a testament to the fact I abuse
Myself with a false resolution.
I choke on a vomited heart while I try to digest the new
love I consume;
I soak an inconsummate death in a morbid request to
divest and subdue.

Yes, I'm too weak to move;
Yes, too weak to respond;
And the strength in my grip can no longer hold on
So remove the supple limbs from my artery;
That insecure grip is becoming a part of me.

To live in a nightmare and love without life

Is like slicing your neck with a dull butter knife;
Is like wishing for death and receiving more life
Or refusing salvation while holding your Christ;
Or erasing your heart but saving the shreds
Of the item you used to lose thought from your head;
Or tearing your face off to know who you are,
Thinking people will see you defacing your scars.

But I'm fighting myself now to settle the score,
And I'm keeping my face in a jar by the door,
But Mackenzie knows that I don't stand alone
So my eulogy, suitably, won't be unknown.

But we are much more than this world that we know
And you know that I know that you've showed me it all
And you know that I'm not what the world thinks I am
And the world can go fuck itself - I'm only a man
The fairytales foster ambition - So wrong?
That's why I cry, while I seek to be strong
That's why you've loved when you sought to be closed
That's why your magnificence is overexposed.
And I love you much more than you choose to believe
But I send it much less than you choose to receive
And outside of the shell for my soul that's my body
Your strength penetrates the state I embody
Your beauty is something I carry within
And it carries me when my shell's wearing thin.

But I'll never give up - now I live by the second.
Every inkling of pain is a beautiful lesson.
Somewhere the moon's whole when it shows you a
crescent;
Sometimes my resolve is an answerless question.

Because of my setbacks, frustrations, and such;
You question my sincerity along with my love.
But inside you there's truth and you know where it sits;
You know exactly who I am - through my heart - and
that's it.

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