

Kelly

"Ego Abortion"

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I'm stuck in my mind and I'm loving death lately;
It makes me see life so my conscience can face me;
But my thoughts are too heavy for this tight skull to hold;
And I feel my frustration compounding my soul;
I picture myself ripping open my head;
And climbing out of the prison my child was fed.
And basking in blood clots, and bile, and brain;
To truly know life through infliction of pain;
Sadistic, solipsistic, mystic and cryptic;
My inner code eclipsed my charismatic, wicked,
- robotic, malignant, covert, narcissistic,
- insistant, rhetorical, fixated misfit
- of an aborted thought drowned in the blood of a slit wrist;
- I missed this - Did God mark my frame on his shit list?
A mixed list of resistant existence-based vision
Supressed, and the rest remains free from collision.

But not today; I'm hot today;
I'm sweating in this hot dismay;
I'm setting all the shots this way;
I'm puncturing the clots, and they
Are weary; Now I'm freezing cold;
I'm happy if your God's uphauled;
Psychosis is my main control;
So I don't melt my frozen soul.

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