

Kelly

"Honesty"

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It's 3:51 a.m. again and I haven't slept in weeks;
Darkened eyes for a taste of God, an ailment, and a
leash.
Those precious things that were cornerstones of a
precious simple life
Are now precious victims of a 'self' driven dream
outlined in shades of Christ.
My strength was long invested in an angel with one
wish:
To hold my hand until she died, forever sipping bliss.
And now my strength is a viscous sword that strikes the
ones I love
And they wait to be further demolished cause solace is
lodged in those I touch.

Such fulfillment resembles a vomit soaked sanctuary -
killing a new spot inside me;
Depression replaced with a new persecution - of victim
and culprit I guide me.
OF VICTIM AND CULPRIT I GUIDE ME!
There's a psychotic demon inside me...
There's a sensitive loving retractable heart - if I give
you my wound, will you hide me?
If I bleed you a trail will you find me?
WHEN I PUT YOU THROUGH HELL AND THEN ASK FOR
YOUR EMPATHY: EAT YOUR CONTEMPT FOR ME.

Knowing my penance occurs as I write through this sin
with a relentless vengeance

LETTING YOU KNOW THAT MY LIFE IS A FANTASY
SUITABLE FOR THE FETISH OF A BLEEDING DEMON
BEGGING FOR GOD'S FORGIVENESS.

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