

## Kelly Abe "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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