

Lock Up **"Castrate The Wreckage"**

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I found freedom
Losing all hope was freedom
Self improve or self destruct

Right in your face but not visible
The tip of your tongue but you can't taste
Grotesque distortions, dark cyclones
Virtual abattoir sadists womb

A host to parasites every day and night
The need for something more out of life

Lost in oblivion dark and silent
A fear you cannot smell or taste
The endless trance, the muffled cries
I await my second birth

The secret webs of emotion
Spin the threads of self-rejection
The secret webs of emotion
Safety net for all our pain

Castrate the mental wreckage
Waste is a thief
No antidote for anger
Sow the seeds you reap

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