

Matt Zane

"Dead Soul"

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I have been reborn into a dead soul, which lie dormant
Due to the wounds suffered from past aggressors
This tiny minute corner which has been occupied
Seems so lucid and painful that the blackness
surrounding
Pales in comparison
The uneasiness reaches the corners and rumbles
Every last empty space in-between
The anxiety of this birth envelops all which has
Been known to me as normalcy and forces the
consideration
Of new worlds long forgotten
Such reaction is something of true power
And this thing, this birth is so undefinable
Holding the essence of life and the urgency of death
I feel like a madman
Insanity rides my gut into the brain
And comprehension is suspended
Irrational emotional occurrence is all that is left
As I grasp for stability
This space in my soul needs to be nourished
It's hungry, crying as if it were a newborn child
Yearning for affection, for connection, for protection
For everything that has been denied in the previous
attempts to grow
These vibrating pulsations stunning my body
Throughout the day will not let me forget
I am alive

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