

Sevenschurch "Crawl Line"

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Line I can't sleep, I can't breathe. It's too hot, I'm too troubled. Open the window I need some air. I feel so stifled in here. It's been so long, so long since last I slept. I just want, I just need to get out, to get away. Restless state, awake, head rotates thought. To be alone, alone in the night. In my dismay, mind overwrought. Now I look down on the change with no pride, ideal and standard consumed in the tide. Tired of confusion, depression drown me, driven by conscience, a stone in the sea. Dazed, slipping, spinning, whirling, reeling inside. Pressure killing me, passion filling me, problems pulling me down. Clawing through the pain, clinging to the sane, clutching straws again. Ice cold rain seeps down my spine, it chills the bone, with bitter lines. The freezing wind, through sodden clothes, what type of fool am I? Out in the dark I'm all alone, I must be mad to try. Behind a mask child within, bitten feel the bitter sting. Inside awaken something new, one mind torn in two. It's so cold. No commendation for all I've done, no compensation tonight will come, no celebration, no contribution, no communion from constitution. Proud but dazed I contemplate my situation, in many ways I complicate conciliation, so many greys so many contradictions, so many days confronting my convictions. Is there no other way? Is there a better way? I won't believe it. It can't be true. Secrets, so many secrets, lies, little white lies. Secrets, so many secrets, lies, eat me inside. Raised as one. Sad truth. Last son. Remorse of youth. They are lust. Dark pain. Life cost. I can't regain. Torn in two. My head. Red, blue. So many dead. All around me city falling down, chaos surrounds, darkness abounds. Decay of our nation, silent crawl to the edge, in disintegration as we enter the web. I'm no hero.

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