

Soulscar "Synesthete"

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The truths an injury, never healed
Every time you walked away the scab was torn
Leaving an open wound that I couldn't fend to
Despite my most desperate efforts

If there were something that I could've
Done to fix myself and regulate... regulate
To stabilize and smile, to shrug it off
And rid myself of this tightness In my chest
I would have done!

This vessel -- this soul
Appeared from a distance as strong
But there was little
Next to nothing
Holding it up

I dread to dream what without these words I'd be
Feel of the sun upon your wings

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Feel of the sun upon your wings

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