

Starkweather "Shards"

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(R. Resmini)

Summon forth the rain wash away the filth I can blanch
memories I
can't cleanse my soul Summon forth the flames, strip
flesh from bone I
can't slough memories they're like second skin One cut
for memory
another for hope I'm probing for answers Can only
strike a nerve
Cutting cables Unloading dead weight Until nothing
remains An innate
self-loathing pouring from every aperture These holes
in my skin let
the darkness out Let it flow These holes in my skin let
the darkness
out Let it flow There's nothing less in this world than
what I think

of myself A broken man Paint a picture of a broken man
Search - For a
reason Probe deep Strike a nerve The scars have faded
weathered away
through the years All memories remain intact, clear
Crystalline and
unpure Cutting cables, Unloading dead weight until
nothing remains
These holes in my skin let the darkness out let it flow In
rivulets of
blood that flow down my arms Into the drain Rivulets of
blood flow
down my arms Into the drain An innate self-loathing
pouring from every
aperture Never a truer feeling than pain To assure me
I'm alive

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