

Textures

"Swandive"

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Perhaps another day is what it needs to regenerate.
Twisted mind broken down, can't tell a heart what it
should feel .

Keep the agony locked inside.
Have faith to hang on strong .
My mind doesn't trust mechanics.
Every part of me was fitted wrong.

Nothing that was ever built.
Troubled minds aren't meant to last.
A downfall of my sane thoughts.
Only anger had survived .

So much fury locked away.

The biggest part of me was only about you.
Unable to fix or fill this hole, user's manual has been
erased .

A spare part I had forgotten.
So much fury I locked away .
This mechanic couldn't handle all this hatred in one
place .

Pilot on automatic.
Nothing worse than a blind man's walk.
A constant painflow,
Severed head from heart.

Here is where the banished dwell, lying broken in the
dust.
No tool known to man to fix the way I feel.

Image imprint reflects: stained steel waterfall.
They can't reach me. No salvation!
No hope left, for the answer I found denying takes me
one step closer,
sending this body down to earth .
Hit the concrete. Facing concrete.
Swandive from above.
The biggest part of me lying scattered on the asphalt.
No one I ever told.

From heaven I descend...

So much fury, locked away.
Fix the way i feel stronger.

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