

## **The Judas Factor**

### **"Choose Your Poison"**

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There's a stranger in my head who wants a hand in my death.  
There's this weight on my chest stealing away my breath.  
There's a mask on my face that only our 'love' could replace.  
These hands around my neck are teaching me about regret.  
Your silence speaks volumes, so there's no need, to line up with your grievances.  
Actions mean nothing, regrets powerless, cause we still can't escape our past.  
I want to know what it's like to feel so secure, about the promises we make, and those we break.  
We always swore we'd be better than this.  
Choose your poison.  
The thoughts we had, fuck good intentions, they painted us into this corner.  
Blank stares, lifeless minds, cutting words, the killing kind.

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