

Cea Serin

"Scripted Suffering Within And Without"

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I'll always walk the path of thorns
My way will lead to cinders
For all the steps that I have borne
Their wake's my name in embers

Holding on the patterned throat
I'm drinking down the drowning words I wrote
These terms rename my altered blame
I'm a victim of my own design

"I'll break the hand that pains me"

My hands are in motion for spite
Reaching out from the wound
That the tongue will incite

Setting free the moments relieve
To slip away at the present
The ache of time can't realign
For sake of this panic enlightened by misery

Behind the lines
Between the view
Lay the signs that fall through

From each mouth I crawl
To gain another fall
A common thread in place
To fray the form in grace
And sew the seem

My time is forced by my hand
To be within and without again
I can write myself into a better place
But how can I become without my own mistakes

Obscene in every form
I'll bite down upon the vein
That keeps my body warm

I breath deep the paper and ink
That rest my spine upon the brink

Of leaves that bid a paler lid
So a verse may shudder and shrink

A drop in tone from wailing drone
From thumb to sheet till flesh to bone
It seems as though these lines repeat
In shortened space that's willed alone
Why is this so familiar?

My time is forced by my hand
To be within and without again
I can write myself into a better place
But how can i become without my own space

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