

## Corroded "Scarred"

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Can't stand to live in this void  
Blood flows cold and skin is dead  
My mind plays tricks on me I wish it was real  
But I am numb, I thought I could feel  
My thoughts is playing on repeat  
Running down this one-way street  
There is no way for me to turn around  
I'm moving faster now straight into the ground

Scarred, I want to feel real pain  
I need to be defleshed  
Bruised, tear my skin straight off  
I got to be stripped down

My mind is weak and my soul is dust  
A pawnshop halo soiled by rust  
Dismal thoughts are my companionship  
I crave these lies just to keep a grip

I suffer plague of disbelief  
Salvation is my word of grief

Screaming, tearing making silent noise  
This self-content is my new drug of choice

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