

Boysnightout

"Purging"

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The first night after your released,
No one expects you to get much sleep.
Your the waking walking dead.
In my case, I'm not much better.
Walk through the kitchen and grab a marker.
Trace the path the blood will flow.

The lines I wear around my wrists are there to prove
that I exist.
Tomorrow it will be easier to forgive myself, and
remember her
Without a guilty head, these nightmare lines, an empty
heart.
We take for granted all the things that make us who we
are.
Get up. Get dressed. Go to work. They all know who you
are.
They can't believe you'd show up here, but that's just
who they are.
Set up shop at your machine, calibrate, remember who
you are.

Here lies clarity in a perfect grave comprised of perfect
steel.
The perfect blade glows a perfect white against the
perfect lines from this perfect night.
I'm the perfect picture of complacency, and that's all I
feel.

Slow motion replaces real time,
As the horror fills their eyes.
These claws will never kill again.
[These lines I wear around my wrists
Are there to prove that I exist..
..these lines I wear around my wrists..]
I am a monster clothed in crimson sleeves
And perforated lines where my wrists should be.
A warehouse full of workers scramble like a pack of
Bewildered wolves as my world turns black,
And I fall. [x5]

