

# Through The Eyes Of The Dead "Force Fed Trauma"

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Force Fed Trauma

Like a thousand plagues over my soul and the smell  
coming from behind the trees makes me sick it bring  
sflash backs from the past haunting me reddish gold  
and silver a hint of rust and blood my eyes they burn  
from the dying embers once known as me they  
suffocate the dying embers once known as me I can't  
make out the names on the wall they're rusted and  
covered with blood take my hands force feed me  
trauma take my hands and nail them together take all  
that I see and force feed me trauma as the candle light  
fades my hands are nailed together my eyes burn one  
last kiss from my sweet sarin force fed trauma

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