

Undercroft

"Cutting Ties, Breathing Lies"

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Forcing the words up my throat and through my tongue. Causing the projection of loss and speeding of lungs

The walls of regret share the texture of shame. [x2]

Bring to life what died in me. Tear the flesh from the bones which don't bleed. [x2]

And in the hate of which you talk, this I assure you is how I walk. But I've been known to fall. Breathing the air close to my knees revealing those ash filled scares. Making them visible to see.

Forcing the words up my throat and through my tongue. Causing the projection of loss and speeding of lungs

The walls of regret share the texture of shame. As the feeling of breathing becomes chocking.

This is the answer to the question of what you've been asking. I am the perfect enemy? Can't you see? Come closer. Don't you recognize me?

The taste of breathing has become the feeling of chocking. Oh Lord, bring to life the dying sight. Show them what I cannot write

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