

# The Bitten Apple

Brother Ali

Dark places I would play  
I watch the night turn into day  
Screaming voices in my mind  
Leave me cold and so hard to find  
Thank God those demons didn't last  
Dealing with the wreckage of my past  
Not dying, (keep the fire burning) no not dying (I'm tryin' ta)

There's no suicide like the lie that you tell yourself and believe it  
Mask look decent, face is weeping underneath it  
Self-hate feasting on our deepest darkest secrets  
Warning signs that read help needed, too ashamed to seek it  
Seems so easily deleted when you're browsing  
But can't erase the history of what your eyes allowed in  
The intimately profound ecstasy that gives life's  
Stripped of all its meaning 'til it eats you from the inside  
The big lie, you just do this to get you through the slim times  
One click at a time 'til you prefer counterfeit kind  
Seen so many scenes that it would seem you're desensitized  
Just to get your fix, you begin dipping into the sick side  
Seeking to feed a demon that you no longer recognize  
If you swear it off, you'll never find a place you can hide  
Inside your pocket lies a portal to your inner battle  
Children of Adam still grappling with that bitten apple

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Don't get it twisted  
There's no innocence existing in its biggest business  
You create specific demand whenever you click it  
Whatever it is you're into someone's got to fill it  
Have their lowest moments frozen to be shown infinite  
You watch the porn get savager  
Box office movies nastier, the TV get trashier  
School girls are flashing the camera  
Profile pic look just like the next amateur  
Babies get exposed no one controlling how it damage them  
You find yourself detaching, retreating, reacting  
Deep anger, decreased passion and you keep lashing out  
Your sweet family reminds you of your weak habits  
You have no mercy for yourself and so you're relapsing  
Your sweet attraction used to drive you to that deep connection  
You're feeling so cold and lonely when you least expect it  
Atop your desk sits a portal to your inner battle  
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No not dying (I'm trying to keep it...)

[Amir Sulaiman:]

Now that I have died I have no taste for life  
Or the affairs of the living  
Only for love, and the affair of the lovers  
The affairs of the living are many and assorted  
The affair of the lovers is, singular, and complete  
Do not mourn this walking carcass  
Some are dead because they are without life  
Others are dead because they are beyond life  
Yet, others have forgotten the affair of life and death altogether