

Cut The Flesh

Dark Age

My razors are trained to mark a surface
Every time I fall
it forces me to punish my skin
Remorse has proved to be a sadist
And I don't care at all
if people see the shape I am in

Day by Day
another conflict causes to cut the flesh
And if these wounds fail to show the truth
I got to cut even deeper

The scars are true art of expression
Signs of tragedy
With no doubt sick -but keeping alive
My way to let out all aggression
A different therapy
Possible with the blade of a knife

But I can't find my soul . . .