

The Poisoning

I Am War

When I wake up take my first breath of the day,
it tastes of rancid, rotten, bitter, decay.
It seems clear that the walls are closing in,
and even friends are enemies.

When I wake up take my first breath of the day,
best intentions are quickly laid to waste.
It seems clear that the walls are closing in,
And I keep on playing the game.

Poison in, Poison out. That's what you offer
and I keep on drinking.
Suffer this, Suffer that. You can't deny the drama we're all
seeking.

And in the darkness it finds me, doesn't matter if I
try to get away. And in the darkness it finds me tries
to drag my spirit away. You can't take the fight out of me.

Try to run but the wolves are at my heels.
Their teeth so sharp this metaphor cuts so real.
I won't die from my gaping open wounds.

The infection you can't see that's killing you.
Try to run but the wolves are at my heels.
Ravenous, hungry, raging at full tilt.

I won't die from my open gaping wounds,
and I'll grow stronger than all of you.