

Comfort

No Omega

A false view of the world
Watch my fragile body
fall to the floor

Conform to the same pattern
I hope you never see what I see

You want
More, more, more
But same planet, same scheme
Same flaws

My head is open
My thoughts are free
Conform me
Tell me lies
Hold me
Comfort me

It's pointless
Heartless
Useless

My head is open
My thoughts are free
Conform me
Tell me lies
Hold me
Comfort me

They keep pulling strings
And you need to feel safe
They keep pulling strings
And you need to feel safe
They keep pulling strings

And that's when you stop.

Spoken word: As long as I can remember, I've felt different. Everyone else seems so confident about what to do, their place in the world, what's right or wrong. I still haven't figured out my place, cause the things most other people want, their right and wrong, are not the same as mine. To you, owning things are more important than the environment. Hurting other beings to make yourself feel good is not a problem to you, no actually it's the most natural thing in the world. To you, I'm the freak. I guess I am - I'm the one with the psychiatric diagnosis. Well, I'd rather have General Anxiety Disorder than being in different to the suffering of our Earth and its inhabitants

Stop eating,
Stop sleeping,
Stop dreaming,

Stop wanting,
Stop wishing
For anything.

It's when you realise how small you really are
How truly insignificant your life seems...