

At the time of my last pain  
I scream, so I can run away  
What I see in front of me  
Is only the reflection of my insanity

Throwing me to the present  
Alone almost in despair  
My head throws itself against the  
wall  
Making my blood flow free of me  
To be born again, it'll be a sad  
destiny  
To seek death when it's inside of  
myself  
I throw up trying to put it out  
I try to sleep sitting on the cold  
ground

Reminders from the past  
Repulsion of the present  
Fear of the future  
Septic Schizo (X3)

Stained by blood on the face  
I see that my life goes by in front of  
me  
As an old movie. I feel not proud of  
anything  
I've done  
I scorn myself with anguish

My nerves are blowing  
Inside of me my skin burns  
I sink my toes on the ground  
I wanna quit; but I don't wanna enter  
another place

I'm marked and wounded, the  
decaying of  
my thoughts  
The rotten smell on my skin  
The cold body, thrown and forgotten  
I can see things, but I'm blinded to  
the world . . .