

Perhaps another day is what it needs to regenerate.  
Twisted mind broken down, can't tell a heart what it should feel .

Keep the agony locked inside.  
Have faith to hang on strong .  
My mind doesn't trust mechanics.  
Every part of me was fitted wrong.

Nothing that was ever built.  
Troubled minds aren't meant to last.  
A downfall of my sane thoughts.  
Only anger had survived .

So much fury locked away.

The biggest part of me was only about you.  
Unable to fix or fill this hole, user's manual has been erased .

A spare part I had forgotten.  
So much fury I locked away .  
This mechanic couldn't handle all this hatred in one place .

Pilot on automatic.  
Nothing worse than a blind man's walk.  
A constant painflow,  
Severed head from heart.

Here is where the banished dwell, lying broken in the dust.  
No tool known to man to fix the way I feel.

Image imprint reflects: stained steel waterfall.  
They can't reach me. No salvation!  
No hope left, for the answer I found denying takes me one step closer,  
sending this body down to earth .  
Hit the concrete. Facing concrete.  
Swandive from above.  
The biggest part of me lying scattered on the asphalt.  
No one I ever told.  
From heaven I descend...

So much fury, locked away.  
Fix the way i feel stronger.