

Breakdown

Witchcraft

A lonely figure staring in the cold
Hands tied, eyes watery and dripping
How deep is this, how shallow can we be?
The birthmark on your face tells me we are three

Forcing myself to listen carefully
Your story has no bottom, it has no end
Curiously you were asking me to tell
I realized your sickness was feeling too well
By your truce, by your truce

I know you could go home all alone
Ironically you wrote part of this song
I still remember, I still care about
But integrity dictates my inequity
By your truce, by your truce
By your truce, by your truce

A thick black smoke stored in my cells, coming out of me
Unprocessed, undigested, it dwells deep inside of me
Layers and layers of filth and stress, fear is my enemy
Can I close my eyes and wish you go, your presence is like A few days ago I was ready to go
But you caused this insanity
I have been through this before, all is said and done
It awakens my humanity
Repeat and repeat, I'm so weary and frail
How can this really be?
Now the smoke is clear, my ocean is calm
Here it comes all over again

How, how is this true?
Why is this, why is this true?
Why does, what is happening inside?

So clean up my closet, my sack is my home
I've been robbed and stealed by you
You've been feeding the fruits from my holy tree
Saturated the amber in me
I deal with fantasy, I deal with reality
Borderline psychotic, my nucleus is getting to me
Ten thousand demons, one thousand devils
Calling my name, schizophrenia