

# Deep

by

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In deep, this times the change,  
my anguish is yours just as times the same.

Very second that ticks your body decays.  
Does it matter if you die last or fade away?

Loss of freedom what does that mean?  
Lose your life then maybe you'll see.

Never sure, the pain is too much.  
Screaming at the heaven where  
blessings burnt ash from a dry dead husk.

What can make me feel?  
A punch in the face or laughing with distilled spirits.

Intoxication is fake,  
no feeling there.

What am I running from  
Why am I scared?

The moment has come,  
it's time to face the pain.  
Oh shit, I just realized I'm in chains!