

TOMORROW

You said, no more horror, no more hollow, no more grinding out
Until the weakness becomes the marrow becomes the sickness and the healing
salve

Save me
Enslave me
Tell me
You hate me

Degrade, break the broken, tear me open, push the sickness through,
Now the scars of your affection, bruised with lesions, will never let me go

Septic
Affection
Spiritual
Excrement
You borrowed
Tomorrow
Embalmed it
With sorrow

No more

The gravity
Of depravity
This misery
Was your gift to me

Tomorrow, no more
Tomorrow, no more