

Elastic Visions

Indefinable pictures run through my shattered head
They scratch my senses in supersonic speed
I scumble on a mountain of anxiety
While my body trembles in emotional cyberspace

Distorted pictures lay on my eyes
They eat through the surface like acid
I cut out my eyes with the aim of blindness
But everything is brighter than ever before

I can't get rid of these visions
While my heart lies broken in prison

I see myself in cold, dark isolation
A cool breath turns my skin into goose-flesh
My thoughts and my mind aren't two of a kind
Will I ever get salvation ?

I can't get rid of these elastic visions
Because I'm already dead

Will I ever get salvation ?