

# Born Of Osiris, A Descent

I paint these walls to block my point of interest  
There's no escape from these thoughts this time  
I may be hiding but what other choice do i have left?  
My safeties are at rest  
So now we are  
Passing the problems off  
And throwing issues around that can't stand to be in motion  
So slow down and cease to a halt  
I'm only dragging myself down  
Down to a state of dissatisfaction  
Stuck in the corner of sadness  
Is there anybody there to hear the cries?  
They turn their heads the other way  
I will never really be content  
This cheap joyless buss is inadequate  
I'm choosing the solutions carefully  
I'm resolving  
The present location of my conscience  
Lies deep below the foundation in me  
Wasn't aware of the consequences facing me  
Descending slowly to the reaches of hell  
To strangle and suffocate myself