

The Centralia, Pennsylvania inferno
Dedicated to my home

Born in a ghost town
Wondering if you will be taken away in the night by things that scare demons
Or maybe I'll beat them to it and do it myself
Waking up here you don't want that
They won't find you other wise
My roots go deep
My blood flows here
But taken away at a young age
I watch the world go past and wonder about the motherland
I wonder if I returned would I be welcomed with open arms
Or chased like Frankenstein
They say you should follow your heart but mine is still in the sink when I cut it out to save
myself from the insecurities
Because they was killing me
The pain we don't hide like the junkie on heroin
We face our nightmares in the open
Behind closed doors we plan our conspiracies in the mornings its on social media and we
denied we had any part of it
We wash our dirty laundry in the privet of our homes not on line like most
You sit and think you know me
But truth is even I don't know myself anymore
I think about the people who would love to push me in the mud
No balls to do it though
I remember how to throw the books like David killing goliath we handed him the rock and
told him it will all be OK
But he soon found out we lied
I look to the skies only for hell to remind me I owe it a life
Ouija boards in every hotel room we check in at its part of the terms on hiring us
We like to talk to the dead
They listen well so we say
I just want what everyone is said to have
A happy life
Days when I don't wish I was dead
They hold me at arm's length
My thoughts in side are killing the happy times I used to have
10 to 1 the happy times are long losing the fight
But watch me bet they will win
When we know they won't
Lead into the thoughts that (noemergencyexit) was right
Now I curse myself more than the bitch who took a razor blade to my throat
I wanted to die
I lost my best friend
Inside I was fine I used to say everyday but I fall under a spell
I had my friends turn to wolfs in the door frames



You know how I feel about fur I don't mind killing the wolf for a warm fur coat for the long
winters we are said to bring
Battle for the night we couldn't wasn't ever to win even though we said we would
We don't fucking lie
We just don't offer the truth
It's a bitter pill to swallow
The world is a big scary place
But when you're fazed as me
You grab the Halloween mask and scare the boogie man in the cupboard
Tonight my baby sleeps peaceful
And if anyone disturbs her you will get to meet me in person
Don't risk your life trying
So say your prays in old tongue while I say mine in Irish
Travelling to a place that's broken
Refused to be the bad guy tonight
Sitting on the Sliver Thorn all because gold is fake
Up rooted the Kings and Queens of foreign lands
We don't invade your castle
We knocked on the door and you let us in
We clap our hands and you dance like it's the only thing you've ever known
We had front seats at the Salem witch trials but we was a few hours late arriving
Our testimonials were thrown out the window
So sorry if you're offended but the truth is we never seemed to have cared
You can't kill someone who wrote the slit wrist infernos
It wasn't fair but it some how was
I'm coming home
I'll bury the persons who called me fake
This isn't a business
This is my life
My anger never gets the best of me
Stupid people need to think before they talk
The spade has no problems with digging fresh graves
When I return turn to the motherland
And I'm bring The Centralia, Pennsylvania inferno with me too
So welcome me home

By
Shads'

