

Numb

I'm tired of being what you want me to be ...

Von HellSindustries

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*I'm tired of being what you want me to be,
feeling so faithless, lost under the surface.*

I am what you want me to be? No, that is not what I am! I was it ... maybe too long! I became your slave, did, what you wanted me to do, said, what you wanted me to say ... thought, what you wanted me to think. You wanted a perfect little copy of yourself But I'm not you, I'm not able to be perfect.

But you never understood. I still can hear your voice. Shouting at me. I never heard you speaking softly, maybe caring. No, all I can remember is this rough voice you always used when you talked to me. "A Hiwatari isn't weak! He doesn't cry!" You said, just before beating me with your belt again.

And this voice is still In my head. Every time, I want to cry, I want to show my feelings it's whispering in the back of my head, telling me to be strong. And it's like you are beating me again. I feel the old scars, witch never really healed, hurting me. They seem to tear up again, just because of the thought of you.

*I don't know what you're expecting of me,
put under the pressure of walking in your shoes...*

Now I'm here. With my new team. The Bladebreakers. I'm standing in the bathroom. I turn my back to the mirror. Broad weals are running over it. They ... never .. healed. I'm smashing my fist on the little filing between the washbasins. I'll never forgive you! Never forgive you, how you brought disgrace on me.

Nobody had ever seen them. Nobody should ever know about the disgrace you have brought on me. Nobody should tell me that it's okay, that I should not worry. Nobody should console me. I'll not permit that. I'll not permit that anybody makes me weak. Nobody should see the tears I'm crying.

It's making me laugh. How obsessed I am of being strong. Though I hate you, don't

want to be your slave, want to tear off you, I can't. I can't even be weak. I still think it's a shame to be weak, to show your feelings, to be yourself. Myself? Is it me, or is it just the same old mask that is thinking like this? Has it become me? Or have I become it?

*Caught in the undertow, just caught in the undertow...
Every step that I take is another mistake to you...
Caught in the undertow, just caught in the undertow...*

Nothing I do, is meeting your demands. I know that, so why should I care? Why do I care? I can't ban you out of my head. Why can't you just free me? I'll never be the grandson you wanted, so why should you want me? I'm not enough for you, don't you see that? I can't even stand the thoughts of you.

My life has become living hell. I can't do anything, without thinking of you. Your voice whispering cruelly in my head. It's telling me to leave the Bladebreakers. To get back to you. To let my team mates down. Mates? Your voice is asking. Your mates? It's laughing and it hurts inside my head. Again and it's asking: Your mates?

No, they're not my mates! They hate me, as I pretend to hate them. Why should they like me? Why should anybody like me? I'm not worth being liked, I'm weak, I'm nasty, I'm never speaking softly, maybe caring. Laughter again. Wasn't that, what I hated about you? Weren't that your words that told me I'm not worth being liked?

*I've become so numb, I can't feel you there,
Become so tired, so much more aware.*

Like a puppet on string you controlled me. Moved me like you wanted. Like a chessman. I'm sure you would have sacrificed me, if it was necessary. You would have killed me with your own hands, if you weren't afraid that they could get dirty. But fortunately you never got into this situation.

I look at my back again. The weals have formed a scurf. I'm taking a razorblade and cutting them away. I feel this lovely pain. Delivering me from you for seconds. Tears are running over my cheeks. I can't stop them. But nobody is watching me, so I don't care. I look in the mirror. And I see you, laughing at me.

I often wanted to cut deep into the flesh of my face, to make me less similar to you. Also today I want it. I'm lifting the razorblade, but that is also one thing I'm too weak to do. I'm lowering it again. I want to see blood. My own blood, want to feel it flow out of my veins. Want to taste it's bitter sweetness on my arid tongue.

*By becoming this all I want to do,
Is be more like me and be less like you.*

The razorblade is cutting into my wrist. Not very deep, I don't want to die yet. Why? I don't know. Maybe I'm afraid of death. There is nothing in this world I would miss. Nothing I hadn't experienced, but I want to experience. It's just that I don't know, what will happen to me then. Will I get into hell? What hell could be worse than my life is?

You're laughing again. You life? Awful? How can you dare talking this way? I gave you everything! You're the best Blader in this world, and whose merit is it? Mine! I made you, what you are now. Without me, you were nothing! You wouldn't even have a home. I took you as a child treated you like my own son. You're ungrateful to me!

Liar! Another voice in my head is shouting. My head is hurting more every minute you're talking to me. I fall on my knees, holding my head in my hands, crying. Can't this voice just disappear? Leave me alone. I want to fall into darkness. Silent darkness. That is ridiculous, I'm thinking. You can't argue with Voltaire, when he's not around.

*Can't you see that you're smothering me?
Holding too tightly, afraid to lose control.*

As you noticed that I wanted to leave you, you were harder than ever. If you hadn't been like this, I would have stayed. When I left you, I thought I had left the cage you had carefully built around me. I thought it was easy to destroy it. To free myself, to display my wings and fly away, but I was mistaking.

To free my body was one thing, but my soul is still in your cage. And I'll never get it out. Not even if I killed you. But ... wait. If I killed me. Wouldn't this voice disappear? The razorblade is still laying next to me. With trembling fingers I'm taking it. Hadn't I sworn not to kill myself? Wasn't that what you would want?

I don't care. When I'm away, you don't get me and at long last this voice will leave me alone. Yes that's it. I'm cramping my fingers around the small razorblade, holding it so tight that my finger start bleeding. But I don't care. This small blade in my hand is the solution. It's the way out. The only way out!

*Coz everything that you thought would be
has fallen apart right in front of you...*

You would be disappointed in me, if you could see me. And it's some kind of satisfaction. I'm creeping over the red bathroom carped, my face red, swelled ad wet with tears. The blue streaks on my face are smeared over my hole cheek. My clothes are stained with blood, as my hair is. Nobody should see me in this state.

But suddenly the door is opening. Had I forgotten to lock? My thoughts are coming thick and fast. Nobody should see me in this wretched state, especially not You. Ray, why are you opening the door? Why is it not Kenny or Mr Dickinson or anybody else. Everybody, but not you. I don't want to be weak in front of ... you.

You're flinging open your eyes. These golden eyes I love so much. Don't look at me this way. I fell so embarrassed. But you keep looking at me, staring. Then you're precipitate closing the door and locking it. You turn around, looking at me again. I can't stand it. I don't want you to look at me anymore. Not those eyes. I want to put them out.

Caught in the undertow, just caught in the undertow...

*Every step that I take is another mistake to you...
Caught in the undertow, just caught in the undertow...
And every second I braced is more than I can take!*

I'm afraid. Afraid of myself. What am I thinking? I don't want to hurt you. I think I'm getting lunatic! Is that, what you wanted? I'm thinking. Is that, what you wanted? I'm thinking again. IS THAT, WHAT YOU WANTED? I'm looking up, through the ceiling, screaming out loudly. Then I'm curling up again. Still quietly crying.

You're running towards me. I can hear you coming nearer. Then I feel your hand on my shoulder. You're telling me to calm down, asking me to tell you everything, say that you'll help me, whatever makes me cry. Your voice is telling me that you can't believe what you see. And I can't believe it either.

I laid in your arms, quietly crying. You caressed softly over my back, did not care that you washed your fingers in my blood. And then you said these words I didn't want to hear, but needed so much. "It's okay, don't worry! I'll help you!" You whispered into my ear. Goose-flesh ran over my back as I felt your breath on my skin.

*I've become so numb, I can't feel you there,
Become so tired, so much more aware.*

Hesitant I began telling you what was up. I felt that I can trust you. You didn't ask, why I hadn't come to you, didn't say that you had helped me. You just nodded, stood up and took bandages. You put a tourniquet around my arm and started to bandage me caressingly. You said nothing, nor did I.

You always brushed gentle over my wounds, before you bandaged them. I always felt a wonderful tingle under my skin. I loved how your fingertips feel. I grabbed your wrists, when your hands laid on my back. I pulled you towards me. Laid your arms around my stomach. Felt your hesitant breath in my neck.

When you laid your head on my shoulder I let go of your hands, laid one of them on your neck and pulled your head next to mine. Again you whispered. "Let me console you!" Then you placed a shy kiss on my cheek. I was shocked. You blushed in seconds, as I didn't react. But I was just too positive surprised.

*By becoming this all I want to do,
Is be more like me and be less like you.*

You were just about to pull back and maybe leave, as I held you tight. "Please, do it!" You knew that I hated being consoled. Carefully you pressed your lips on mine. Still lips together I turned around. Laid my arms around you, pressed you to the ground. Your spittle tasted sweet.

I kneeled over you. One of my legs between yours. I took your wrists again. Laid your hands left and right next to your head. In the moments I kissed you, I didn't think about my grandfather, but I always knew that no love could be stronger than my hate for him. Not even my love to you.

I detached from you. Looked into your eyes. They had this shine I always had loved. You seemed lucky to be with me. I knew that my eyes looked as cold as they always did. Maybe you knew that I even looked cold when I was lucky. In this moments I was lucky. But I always knew my luck wouldn't last long. It had never lasted.

*And I know I may end the feeling, too.
But I know you were just like me when someone disappointed in you...*

Have you ever disappointed someone, grandfather? Are you disappointed about your grandson, who is kissing and loving a boy? Do you still want me now? Am I still good enough for you? Would you be able to look right into my face. Or am I embarrassing you? Have I done it?

You ask, if everything was okay. I'm just nodding. Putting on a false smile and bent down to you, to close your lips with mine. And again your warm tongue is demanding admission into my mouth. And I afforded it. A long time our tongues just played a mad game, then we detached again.

"I'll never leave you alone! I'll go with you wherever you go!" You whispered. It surprised me, but this promise calmed me. Somehow I felt safe. "Do you want to sleep at mine today?" I know I could have asked if he wanted to sleep with me, but this would have been a little to direct. I knew you knew what I meant so we went to my room.

*I've become so numb, I can't feel you there,
Become so tired, so much more aware.*

We had sex in this night. It felt like ... I can't even describe it. For one night you allowed me to forget my grandfather. To ignore his voice to feel free and lucky. You filled every fibre of me. My heart, my soul, my body. Everything felt easy, I thought I was able to forget everything. And for one night it worked.

I didn't care that you were the one who took me. I felt the same lovely pain I always felt when I hurt myself. It was great to feel you inside me, to smell your hair, I had opened, that was flying through the air with each of your thrusts, to taste your spunk, to see your beautiful body, to hear your groaning.

You made me yours, but just for this short time. You know, you always owned my heart, my body is mine and my soul is Voltairs. I feel torn. Can't escape, can't unite myself to make me completely yours. Lucky? I know that I'll never be lucky, so, why do I try? Hasn't everybody urned his peace of luck?

*By becoming this all I want to do,
Is be more like me and be less like you.*

You're laying on my bed. Still asleep. I'm watching you, feeling guilty. Repulsive, you're nothing but repulsive! Your voice is screaming in my head. No, am I not, I try to contradict, but your voice is getting louder and louder. I can't ban it, I can't help

myself, I want to open my bedside table. And I do it.

I take out a gun. Watching it carefully. Get the gun, your voice is telling me. I always did what you wanted, so I lifted it. Suddenly I glanced at Ray. "I'll never leave you alone! I'll go with you wherever you go!" His words reverberated in my head. I leaned over you. Kissed you, though I didn't want to wake you up.

I placed the gun at your temple. "Soon we'll be forever together! I promise!" I whispered. Then - your voice again. Shoot him, than get back to me!" You ordered. "No I can't, I'm not a murderer!" I want to contradict, but I know, I can't stand the demand to shoot you very long.

*I've become so numb, I can't feel you there,
Tired of being what you want me...*

My eyes start filling with tears again. I don't want to hurt Ray, I want to shelter him, to be there for him. To love him, be loved in return. He loves me, for the first time in my life I'm sure that someone loves me. It makes me feel happy. And his love will never end. He promised, often enough.

But, will you keep this promise? Won't you disappoint me, as everybody else has disappointed me? Is your love just a lie to keep your Teamcaptain alive? Do you play with my heart? Do you want to break it? Are you a subordinate of my grandfather, here to betray me, get me back to him?

I don't know, if I can trust you. I don't even know, if there is anybody in this world I can trust in. But I want to try. I have let you into my heart so long ago. Now, prove that it was no fault. Prove that your promise, to stay with me, to go wherever I go, wasn't a cruel lie to take the piss out of me.

*By becoming this all I want to do,
Is be more like me and be less like you.*

I don't care. If you had lied to me, you didn't urn to live. If you hadn't lied to me, you would follow me into death one way or another. I made a decision. I'll kill me. And ... I will kill you. I bent over you, kneeling. I kiss you, put the gun to your temple again. My hands are shaking. Suddenly you open your eyes.

You seem to wander what is up. You haven't recognised the gun yet. "I love you, Ray, more than anything else in this godforsaken world!" I say. You see the gun, your eyes fling open, I can the see the fear inside them. But I don't care. I close my eyes and push the trigger. Blood. Nothing but blood.

I'm kissing you again, licking the blood of your lips, then I straightened up, putting the gun to my temple. My trembling fingers don't want to push the trigger. But I force them. Pain, blood, tears, I fall on your dead body, feel the life leaving mine. And now? The voice has disappeared.