

# Diary Of Dreams, Malice

I dread panic within your tight embrace  
I ban the violence from my feeble frame

Choose your weapon and go to war instead!

Anchor me in a sea of silence  
Harbor me with my restless mind

I live revenge with my second skin  
I feel the echo pounding in my head  
I know this feeling deep within  
It makes no sense to hide from what you are

Malice, i dare to linger  
Malice, i won't attempt to flee  
Malice, just for a moment  
Malice, to bundle all my rage

Poorly gifted i still try to reluct  
Let me surrender my weakish sense of bliss  
Kind of awkward to find this faith in you  
Torn between extremes  
Please meet my state of mind

Please accept my reason for being born  
to grant my last request  
my malice never fails