

Elvenking, The Blackest of My Hearts

Maybe I should cry, maybe I should deny
My tired face looking so grim
A jarful of thoughts is waiting under the sheets,
Another sleepless night
I don't feel ashamed, I feel no guilt
I need to stay alive
Since there is time, since the sands still flow
I will be there
The blackest of my hearts, the sweetest of my words
Am I strong enough?
I'll never forget, everything lives
Until my flesh will be no more
A sense of a deep frustration tinges with black my heart
I cannot cry I want to die
A grandeur manifestation of a wrong self-addiction
There's no end to ease this pain
Lost in those eyes, stolen by that scent
Digging down my skin
Shivers that cut like sharpened knives
My wounds, will they ever heal?
This story is a black spiral without an end,
Carry me follow me deep into this hell
Take my hand now and everyday of a life that won't exist
Are we gonna meet again one day? so many years from now
What I'm asking you is more tha everything, no more compromises