

Insomnium, The Killjoy

To know love is to ache;
hurt yourself and repent
For in the end all is gone;
lights go out, your time is spent
If I were you I would retract and lock my heart
Concede defeat and admit I was off the mark
If I were you I would turn away and hide my face
Swallow my pride and then finish ere its all disgrace
All of our dreams now laid on the sand
To wait by the perilous tides
To be washed away into the depths
And sink without a trace
Just a fools hope remains
To rejoice is to lapse;
fool yourself and repent
Mirth will soon turn into woe,
reveries to contempt
If I were you I would now bring the curtain down
Accept my lot and thus fathom out my own bounds
If I were you I would rue the day when I was born
Cleanse all in life and redeem myself from scorn
Remember these words when tide is turning
The less you hope for, the less you suffer
If you dare to trust, then you shall shatter
Lunge from the heights and fall to smithereens
And when you come here with charred wings and a defiled heart
Wait not for compassion or words of consolation
For only a gleeful smile is greeting you