

Madder Mortem, Loss

No one to trust or depend on no more
Nothing is left of what I found before
Tears of blood as I bury your name
Easier to deal with anger and shame

Cut the pleasure to the core
Am I scared or are you bored
Silently drifting, or on your shore
Why is it and who can tell for sure

Mouth made of sand and my heart made of stone
Nothing to say and the hands left alone
What did I do, did I hurt you sweet soul
All that I wanted was warmth, now it's cold

Like forever, the rain keeps falling
Down
Like forever, it hurts

Cut the pleasure to the core
My loss