

Madder Mortem, The Grinding Silence

.....and when the ocean washed me up onto your shore, was I then saved?
Oh, loveable liar
You whispered tales to me at night, but how come you never gave them voice?

Staring into enticing darkness, you chose to close your eyes
I could never have predicted this loss of self and time

And I am crushed against your stone
(Under the silence, the grinding silence)

.....and yes, time will float by, but never will it heal a single wound
You cannot remake this
You grind me to dust with your pain
Now, will you let me have mine?

And you, still standing there, swept in your moth-eaten pride:
I never wanted this to be
I never wanted this

And I am crushed against your stone
(Under the silence, the grinding silence)