

Pagan Lorn, Epitome

With your pride
You are spraying the souls
Not for me
And not for who I am.
At any image area
You feel at home
Just to see
How far you can go
To behave like a child
Just to see how honest we are
To get us surprised as we are
To find out how deep a smile can hurt
To find out how deep a thought can be
To find out a thing you will never know
Without killing and overstraining the bow
Tears in your eyes ruined by a laugh
Many words burden your thoughts
Every soul cries no matter how it kills
There is nothing you could understand
Nothing you would ever choose
Nothing you would ever bare
Nothing you would ever feel
Nothing you would ever know
Nothing you would ever see
Nothing you would ever reach
Nothing you would ever get
Nothing you would ever be
Do not need a mirror
To see my sad eyes
Do not need broken glass
To feel my inner-wrong
An unlived dream
Does not have to grow
Still in the nowhere
Still ain't coming home
Your front is washed away
By an icy rain, a burning sun
Can finally melt, what
You have already known
A new picture is born
Remote, empty, lifeless
Your lies will not catch you
When you fall, when you cry, when you die
Still left behind
Wearing my smile
A crown of nothing
It is the same dust
You have swallowed
A long time ago
You know this game
It is your own harvest
By jerks you stand up
Reacting on yourself
The deepest fall cannot
Melt such a heart
You are the winner
Of your lost game