

Sentenced, One With Misery

The stars shine down on the crimson sky as the night falls upon
The pain arrives and hurts like a twist of a knife
It makes him wish to be gone

So hes facing the curtain descending with a razorblade smile
Hes taken "the path neverending" yet only to walk for a while

Hes gazing through all that is there
and sees the world left for him to despise
Blissfully feeling so dead, no glimmer in his eyes

So no more joy or forgiving, hes one with misery
Nothing left to believe in, hes reaching out to be free

On that trail the warrior rides
chasing the fall of his soul
Lifes been too dire so the fullest desire has died
deep from inside

On that trail the warrior rides
from the cradle straight to the grave
Within his heart he feels his souls being barred
yet aberrant aberrant