

# 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