## Tristania, Endogenesis

There is only one way out One word left to shout The last little slope to climb Then my feet slip again Your threatening voice Gets me back up on my feet again I will find the truth within your skin You keep feeding me distractions Feeding me lies But I know the truth is there In fragments in bits and pieces Tall and slender But your eyes are lustreless Your facade may glimmer Your surface may be smooth silk You've been convinced of your own illusions But your weary eyes unveil a sinner Running... Steadily you hunt me down Until my feet collapse Gasping... You never rest Struggling to breathe You try to sink me in the mud My dearest enslaved Shackled Locked up in my cage My dearest enslaved

Fragile beauty depraved