

Aching Beauty, Masked Life

Now you share the primary sin of humanity
Alone to endure the weight of fault
A bleeding scar you hide that will not heal
Torn apart, then crushed by sorrow
Wearing two faces in a masquerade
You hide, cover your own face

So much to endure, so few to share with
Better crushed than torn apart
Live a life of remorse
You would trade for regrets
Live a life of remorse
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Live a life of regrets
You would trade for remorse