## Anasarca, Like Thorns In My Head

Suffering life is brutal, my mind is weak. I can never endure (the) confusions in my head!

Daily increase of hostility, may I become mad? Resignation -What can I do? This will ever be like thorns in my head!

Exploding dreams, destruction of my own world. Never to see the ending of consuming my soul!

You' re blowing out the flames of my illusions.

Out of control ...

Conscience is fading, it is out of control!
My eyes turn black,
my emotions turn to hate!

Turn to hate ...

Life seems to be like a never ending corridor, it's so weird and obscure.

Exploding dreams, destruction of my own world. Never to see the ending of consuming my soul!