

# 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 !