

Dead Blue Sky, Essence Of Creation

It haunts me that my pain pours out in symphony
When measures and harmony can rip my insides out
My passion is the blood that drips from open wounds
Best friend's creation captures the essence of my sorrow
I unravel as my defenses wither
My devotion is stirring ablaze
Another tearful ending as notes strike the pain
My hands begin to tremble
As all my emotions are stirring ablaze
Another tearful ending as notes strike the pain
My hands begin to tremble
My passion is the blood that drips from open wounds