

Flying, My Pain

You need my pain
And sight of suffering
You want to get this feeling
And you'll have what you are asking you
I'll give it all to you like in a play
And you will never understand the composition

On the surface, there always were
The tender feelings, those
Which anyone could see
But inside there stayed the thing
Which you will here now
'tis niether hatred, not blind fury
Out the mean of what I feel
With my since heart

It seemed I could be used
You thought that I could like
Being suboned by you
The worse of it is it you believe
That I'm just angry like a snake
'tis not nevenge, like you could do
It's my entine self
And it's the shape which my soul takes
When I just think of you

I did not betray or wanted to destroy you
I just want to bring a motto to your consciousness
I am the master and the rulen of the play,
And I want take this general defeat, like you could do
I live, I suffer and I ache
This pain is mine, the one you'll never get