

# Ihsahn, The Pain is Still Mine

The word is easy  
dripping sweet and cocky from the tongue  
vaguely describing the taste of blood  
A distant cry arise  
from the fathomless well  
that is my soul  
I can not hear the words  
so I throw my heart in  
like a coin  
and wish that it would sink  
forever  
A purpose, a sacrifice  
or merely temptation?  
Is my solitude anything but a perversion  
of my vanity?  
I never cared for this weak inclination  
this paranoid tendency  
to flock  
And in between the noise  
all the guilt  
a silence would carry my spirit away  
from diminishing obsessions  
Away from fools and poisonous flies  
The birth of a dreamer  
Behold, an angel of vengeance  
a lion  
a sword of fire  
Alas, the burden of my heart  
is violence undone  
pain unfulfilled  
silence  
When I finally cut deep  
into the flesh of guilt  
the un-naked body of shame  
and the veins of repentance  
open wide  
sending rivers of blood  
into my mouth  
the pain is still mine