

Madrigal, Moulded Pain

i hide from truth
living in denial
caught in a dream
afraid of waking
see through tears
uncried and forgotten
someone save me ...
save me from myself

i'd rather die true than live a lie
open eyes and open wrists i face...
the truth...

the higher i climb
the deeper i fall
a downward spiral
to my destruction
my own mind
is my prison
is this the way...
the way it has to end...?

i'd rather die true than live a lie
open eyes and open wrists i face...
the truth...

see through tears
uncried and forgotten
see through tears

in a crowd but all alone
isolated by myself
left alone with my own pain
moulded by my own hands...