

# Nightrage, Surge Of Pity

A lie hurts more than the truth.  
My favorite scary colour, peered  
into the darkness these small uncertain moves.  
Is there any truth in their words?

Misfortune never come singly  
They went over to my enemies.  
Fighting against heavy odds.  
Shameless lie uncontrolled figures.

Bow to the inevitable  
Life playing such games  
Can you really answer these  
Harmless questions of life?

Audience of the madness remnants of my mind  
Invading my thoughts. Conjure up the spirit of the  
dead.

Deeds speak louder than words  
Harsh actions a suspicious look.  
The pricking of thorns, the sting of remorse  
The stimulus of praise.

Listening to this dead march, under a maze of pity.  
A surge of pity. The pricking of thorns.  
The stimulus of praise.