

Pain Confessor, Ruin

There's a crimson star in my sky tonight
She shines my will to fight
There's an island in my sea of emptiness
She wants to keep me ashored, so I go...
There's a roomful of best intentions
Hopelessly scenting funeral song
It doesn't matter, it's on now
Burning my pain of solitude

I've travelled over the long distance
Far beyond the wounds of dark days
I've screamed the songs of broken hearts
On the verge of rude awakening
This poetry of ruin swaying on
Ripping my guts so violently
I've been waiting for so long
That song to end, kill the white noise in my head

Night and day, my enemies scar me
Now I face my anguish alone
A thousand stings cutting my chest
Guiding my rage against me

There's a poison pillow in my bed
Stealing my dreams away
Lying awake and hating the sleep
It holds me until I drift away
This poetry of ruin swaying on
Ripping my guts so violently
I've been waiting for so long
That song to end, kill the white noise in my head

Night and day, my enemies scar me
Now I face my anguish alone
A thousand stings cutting my chest
Guiding my rage against me

Night and day, my enemies scar me
Now I fight my anguish alone
A thousand stings cutting my chest
Guiding my rage against me

A thousand stings cutting my chest
Now I face my ruin alone