

Pathos, Torn

Stone cold reality, clinging hard to my anxiety
Sensors inside of me, triggering pain and instability.
Denying the source, disconnected and sore
The choice is there but my eyes are blind
Now what can be done? I stand alone
Something inside me tells me something is wrong
Fighting alone, exhausted and torn
This time it's for real but my will is weak
What if I'll fail, no one will stay
Put out the light, wave of anxiety I ride...
A stone cold heart
Further into the shade...
Torn and confused
Wave of anxiety
Torn by the rage and the fear...
Choking my soul, reacting too slow
The choice is there but my mind is weak
Now what can be done? I stand alone
Blindfolded, torn by the rage and the fear
Madness awaits, watch me reload
This time it's for real and there's no turning back
What if I'll die, no one will cry
Blessed by the pain, let the madness begin....