

# 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....