

# Scythe, Am I Really Here?

vengeance knocking at my gate  
something less than scents of shades  
drips from my hands and paints me pale  
dragons waiting to exhale  
am i really here?

pandora grins my blood to stone  
gnaws her teeth into my throat  
whilst guilt sneaks through the sullen air  
wrath and sloth unfix your hair  
am i really here?

just one glance from your eyes  
blood on the floor  
knives you spoke glide inside  
and you want more

green and grey to black and white  
swords forever in my side  
red tears float in neonlight  
makes the night a day too bright  
am i really here?

autumnal leaves on barren land  
castles built on poisoned sand  
the dagger sparkles in your hand  
nothing left here to defend  
am i really here?

stains of fear sweep my pride  
a lock on the door  
all run out, turning tide  
still you want more

beautiful memories still in my head  
daisies and roses, needle and threat  
all ripped off me

days in the woods, nights in lakes  
magic books, going out late  
all ripped off me

expressions that wait for signs of my fear  
assassins to kill on verdict of weakness  
better than i  
satanic sadism looms back from your eyes  
demons besmear your lips with their lies  
better than i

just one glance at your eyes  
blood on the floor  
all run out, turning tide  
still you want more

feel me bleed deep inside  
crimson drips reflect your eyes  
scream

all run out, turning tide  
hit the ground, end my flight  
scream

promise the world and give what you gain  
virgins to vamps and killers to saint

greed in your eye

apathy yawns, movement dies  
so much truth behind your lies  
no more princess, shining knight  
blame and guilt form your spotlight  
am i really here?

vengeance knocking at my gate  
something red as nereus' fate  
drips through your clothes and paints me pale  
horror grows, but tears still fail  
am i really here?