

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?