

Shape Of Despair, Curse Life

I used to feel...
I used to sense what were
Inside of me
To feel waves of difference
Waves which brought me to live
I enjoyed this life in me
Breathing and feeling
Burning and suffocating
Didn't curse the hour
Which gave birth to me
Didn't curse another life
When bearing death inside

Now all things I do bear
Are all gone and free
This, myself...
Now fleeing around death
Cursing the hour
And another life...
Which whom I used to care
Now...
Watching myself
My own life
Fading to afar...
Listening these voices
And trying to tell them
That I will soon be gone

(For me... what did you really gave... life...)