

Silverstein, The Weak And The Wounded

The end begins.

I can't escape as it pulls me
further into anesthesia.

Tear down my sense of conviction.

Corrupt my soul.

The end begins.

In my eyes. In my heart.

I have laid upon a deadman's bed, only to fall into a
trap of lies and seduction that rivals the greatest sense of love.

Play it back until the voice becomes just a sound.

Penetrate your mind with all these images of you.

I have given up an angel's kiss. Only to break apart your
path of trust and burn myself down. Struggle to the end;

I scare myself.

Play it back until the voice becomes just a sound.

Penetrate your mind with all these images of you.

The end begins.

I'd give it all to have it back.

I could have had it all in front of you all by myself.

Love in my eyes, lust in my heart.

I made it all up.

Lies, deceit empowers me, so it ends, ends.