

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.