

# Symphony X, Thorns Of Sorrow

Beckoning me through aeons of time - captured by you  
in dismay  
I try to elude these prisons of flesh - but return to  
shattered domains

There's no image in the mirror  
Shattered glass impales my soul

She's like thorns of sorrow - ripping through my head  
She's like thorns of sorrow - visions turning red

Enchanting me - defying my love - I'm hindered with  
penance and pain

False reflection of grandeur and light - leaves my heart  
bleeding and stained

There's no image in the mirror  
Shattered glass impales my soul

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(solo)

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