

Symphorce, Nothin' Left

Your tales, you told me,
Of monsters that filled my mind
You know i... can't get higher
I've tasted pure desire

I lift up my head
To the scent of the air
The wind grows darker
Glass fingers in my hair

So much time has passed
Standing here before you
But there's nothin' left
Like a thorn of pain in all i do
Do we love to hurt eachother
Every time you froze me out
Every punch, every shout
This is what we can share-
This is all we can lose

I lift up my head
A hatred blind
The wind grows darker
Human bondage of mankind