

# Vicious Crusade, Misery

Don't ask me I'll tell you no truth, locked the door of my mind,  
Don't call me I'm too deaf to hear and my feelings too blind,  
Don't plant the seeds of your love, now my soul is dead land,  
I am gone on my ruins of past in the kingdom of sand.

CHORUS:

Desperate play with dying me  
Passionate play of misery.

I'm the book with the pages torn out, I'm a woen out dress,  
You will never slake your heart's thirst in my sea of distress,  
Never more the tune of my life will resound in the air,  
Run away and leave me alone on my road of despair.

CHORUS.