

Painful Mind Contradiction

Crimson Moonlight

Feel how it taste, the scraps of the thorns develops the blood that
is flowing without a prevent, down, all the way down until it's
reaching the ground Feel the taste of the pain who is laughing you
in the face exactly like you have done, in a now looking far away
time Feel how it draws you to the ground how it passage your
whole situation, the thought feel unreal but yet close, what drives
you - holding you up? What comes to you...the situation is inevitable, you falling in
the so often safe surrounding, you are thrown around in the
darkness where no one seems to care-Who am i? The question is
an echoe that going round, you don't know - is there a me? The
nightmare becomes reality everything is dark - you take a shape of
a ghost you don't know, hiding behind the mask that is choking
you, the blood starts to flow the thorns are reminding, you stapple
around and fall in the shadows where you are alone and empty.Can no one see? Can no one see? - I fall down in
the deep tunnel
there nothing is like me. Can no one see? Can no one see? - Feel
how it draws you to the ground how it passage your week
self esteem Can no one see - i'm obscurity, Can no one see - the
retribution thru me? The thought is unreal but yet close, my only way - drink the wine,
face the blood, qouncer myself.Lost in my thought, Lost in my
body, feeling the thorns, reminding the pain.I feel how it draws
me to the ground, how it passage my whole situation, the thought
feel unreal but yet close, what drives me holding me up? Once more the shadows of night have darkened my
existence, but
somewhere in my in blackened unpleased mind I have a small
beginning of a remembrance, like an unreadable note from a long
time ago that still is valid.When the shape is forming I know there will be something more -
I know..At the mirror of my soul - many times I'm convinced - all
concepts have lost their meaning, when the situation is inevitable
and I'm falling down in the so often safe surrounding.When the question is an echo that going round and I don't
know
is there a me? I have my remembrance reminding me that I know;
yes I know there will be something more a new morning -
the everlasting the fullfilled

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