

World Beyond

Chastisement

The drip, drip, drip of blood drains me, I feel cold.

My eyes turn inside out and I can see the inside of my soul. My old, torn hand points in the air.

I still feel I'm aiming for you.

Out of reach, I somehow fly above. Behind my closed eyes I see, I see the world beyond,
where I can feel your pain, where I can taste your pain. Attack! The greatest gift, the lie untold, the past calls.

The sign was there, now I know, the lie was I. Behind my closed eyes I see, I see the world beyond,

where I can feel your pain, where I can taste your pain,

where I take my place in the hall of tortured souls. My number has been picked. Stand tall and strong.

As I walk through the tormentors mind I leave my hell behind.

Feel world beyond, taste world beyond.

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