

# Moulded Pain

## Madrigal

i hide from truth  
living in denial  
caught in a dream  
afraid of waking  
see through tears  
uncried and forgotten  
someone save me ...  
save me from myself i'd rather die true than live a lie  
open eyes and open wrists i face...  
the truth...the higher i climb  
the deeper i fall  
a downward spiral  
to my destruction  
my own mind  
is my prison  
is this the way...  
the way it has to end...?i'd rather die true than live a lie  
open eyes and open wrists i face...  
the truth...see through tears  
uncried and forgotten  
see through tears in a crowd but all alone  
isolated by myself  
left alone with my own pain  
moulded by my own hands...

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