

# Painbearer

## Immortal Souls

Eve of the cold I take a walk outside;  
To escape the inner fight..  
Wind blows the snow over my troubled soul;  
Pain that won't leave me alone..Under the burden that makes me insane;  
I fade away..  
They pull me into their lonely world of pain;  
A horror parade..Sorrow in my torn soul;  
And a war within..  
To whom can I turn?Hollow in my thorn crown;  
The load of grief..  
The pain that I bear..All the confessions poured upon my soul;  
The turmoil inside..  
To whom can I turn to on my own sorrow;  
I pray for my soul..Sorrow in my torn soul;  
And a war within..  
To whom can I turn?Hollow in my thorn crown;  
Can I turn to You?  
The Painbearer

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