

# Empty

## Anathema

Empty vessel under the sun  
Wipe the dust from my face  
Another morning, black Sunday  
Coming down again, I'm coming down again  
Empty vessel, empty veins, empty bottle wish for rain  
That pain again wash the blood off my face  
The pulse from my brain, feel that pain again  
And I feel that pain again I'm looking over my shoulder  
'Cause millions will whisper  
I'm killing myself again Maybe I'm dying faster  
But nothing ever lasts, I remember a night  
From my past when I was stabbed in the back  
And it's all coming back and I feel that pain again I abhor you, I condemn you  
'Cause this pain will never end you  
Got away without a scratch  
And now you're walking on a lucky path  
I have to laugh but you'd better watch your back This pathetic opposition  
They're the cause of my condition  
I'll be coming back for them  
I've a solution for this sad situation  
Nothing left but to kill myself again  
Because I'm so empty

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