

Crown

Samael

If eyes are the mirror of the soul
You will find in mine the scorn and apathy
You will read my hatred as in a curs'd book
You will see yourself as I see you
It is a mirror sombre and opaque
Which protects me, which stifles me
A great ditch around the heart
Which rejects, which estranges me
There is a world in my head
A dead world where nothing lives
And it is there I am, too far,
Far to far to be rejoined
A crown of thorns is still a crown
I am a king in a kingdom of suffering
I have taken my time to reach this stage
I have taken pains to torture myself
To descend, to descend
Into Pain, I exist
And if my brain is numbed
The thorn in my flesh
Can overcome apathy
There is glory in humiliation
A throne to be taken, a crown to win
I have no more tears,
And my smile has lost its brilliance
I have forgotten who I was
I have killed my emotions
Crushed, empty, weary
Always standing, I am a tree
Awaiting the lightning

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