

Scorn

In Flames

I perish, nobody will know
As my mouth remains still
My heart awaits me filled with gravel
And the pain talks with each touch Since I marked her out from my tower
Reality focused through unforbidden lenses She owns enough of preciousness
A penalty given by the source I perish, nobody will know
As my mouth remains still
My heart awaits me filled with gravel
And the pain talks with each touch But I said I have no choice, the hinderens frighten
A labyrinth closing in at the edge of space She owns enough of preciousness
A penalty given by the source But they never allow
She's shut for all beings but one I give up my storm, my threat Since I marked her out from my tower
Reality focused throughout forbidden lenses, alright ya She owns enough of preciousness
A penalty given by the source

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