

# Paradox

## Alesana

Dearest love, I hope this finds you well  
I am kidding this is probably hell  
Lonely stranger with a brush in hand  
Never saw me sneaking up on him  
Tonight say goodbye to what you thought you knew  
Theyâ€™ll blame the blood spilled on you  
Iâ€™m closing my eyes, one more kiss before I never wake again

Two moves ahead of you  
You are a pawn  
Castle now but Iâ€™m behind your king  
As your queen lays bleeding on the board  
Accept you have lost the game, misjudged your enemy

Unleash the myth living in your worst fears  
Iâ€™m trapped! Donâ€™t wait!

Page abandoned, the stories write themselves  
The author lost his way again and he forgot to write the end  
Race towards the sun, seeing who comes undone  
The villainess, the broken bride, we sit and watch the worldâ€™s collide  
The story is ending

Would you remember Joan of Arc was her flesh yet unlicked by flame?  
Will you remember how the waves crash on the shores of time?  
Who wouldâ€™ve ever known that each choice made sense?  
Who couldâ€™ve ever known?  
Are we not our actions?  
Our lives are poetry, make them sonnets

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Iâ€™m trapped! Donâ€™t wait!

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Why do the floorboards creak like a heartbeat

This room is driving me insane  
Whatâ€™s behind the bricks?  
Whoâ€™s rapping at my chamber door?  
Pendulum, why do you torment me?  
What am I saying? Have I lost my mind?

I am her!

No longer Fatima, goddess, light  
Iâ€™ve become Rusalka, demon of night!

Two moves ahead of you  
You are a pawn  
Castle now but Iâ€™m behind your king  
As your queen lays bleeding on the board  
Accept you have lost the game, misjudged your enemy

Donâ€™t wait...

Page abandoned, the stories write themselves  
The author lost his way again and he forgot to write the end  
Race towards the sun, seeing who comes undone  
The villainess, the broken bride, we sit and watch the worldâ€™s collide  
Page abandoned, time is ending  
The story is ending, make them sonnets  
We sit and watch the worldâ€™s collide

The night that I died I had become Rusalka.

I was no longer me.

I was no longer Annabel.

The beautiful evil coursed through my veins and I saw so clearly what needed to be done.

As you lay, fast asleep, I penned her farewell and kissed your cheek.

The knife felt so light in my hand, so heavy in my stomach. There is something about this room

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Lyrics provided by

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