# The Pain is Still Mine

## Ihsahn

The word is easy
Dripping sweet and cocky from the tongue
Vaguely describing the taste of blood.A distant cry arise
From the fathomless well
That is my soul.
I can not hear the words
So I throw my heart in
Like a coin
And wish that it would sink forever.A purpose, a sacrifice
Or merely temptation?
Is my solitude anything but a perversion
Of my vanity?
I never cared for this weak inclination
This paranoid tendency
To flock.
And in between all the noise
All the guilt
A silence would carry my spirit away
From diminishing obsessions.
Away from fools and poisonous flies.The birth of a dreamer.Behold, an angel of vengeance
A lion
A sword of fire
Alas, the burden of my heart
Is violence undone
Pain unfulfilled
Silence.
When I finally cut deep
Into the flesh of guilt
The un-naked body of shame
And the veins of repentance
Open wide
Sending rivers of blood
Into my mouth
The pain is still mine.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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