

# 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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