

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.

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