Shallow Seasons

Paradise Lost

The sullen man before me turns a head and demonstrates
The power of a weak mind can't conceal or captivateIt's lost in a bleak scope of fragmented ways
Eternal non-events occur throughout its poor days
You're lost forever unable to see yourself
The thoughts arising, there's
no disguising where you've beenReveal to me, your mind's identifyYou'll pay, pay for the feelings that you feed me
Don't hold on to what you call a lifeAnger compels a force of weakness or fear
I'll promise no forgiveness for the rest of my years
A negative release, subliminal urge
Unwish declining, grey thoughts reviving all the wayYour fallen prey, a loser paysYou'll pay for the feelings that you feed me
Don't hold on to what you call a life

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