

# I Treasure The Sadness

## Enslavement of Beauty

She said pucker up and take it like a man  
when the shit hits the fucking fan  
caught in a public display  
where all your sins are foully portrayed

Pucker up and take it like a man...

I see the demons gleam  
in all my dreams  
I feel the pain...

I take the highroad again...

If you take a long hard look at my soul  
you will be so alarmed  
and if I told you how I really feel  
you would leave...  
cause suddenly it's clear  
I can only improve if you make me feel

I can only promise you that it won't be alright  
pre pain and pro delight  
and hindsight makes me sad  
B.A.D. - yeah, bad...  
all the grief that I've assembled herein  
memories of past tense and previous sins..

...is pouring fuel into the fire of the heart of the  
soul  
you are pouring fuel into the fire of the heart of the  
soul

I treasure the sadness;  
the only friend in a world of foes  
and I remain alone  
reaching an all time low...

All the times I didn't, replaced by what I won't  
all the nights "alone" and all the shit I don't  
whenever there's a reason, whenever there's a cure  
I know we'll grow apart, I've seen this shit happen  
several times before

I still loath the hypothesis of tomorrow  
and I fear the comedies of the past  
aiming for superficiality tonight  
tediously entertained by a shallow cast

I remain alone...