

When We Were Kings

Born from Pain

Darkened is the mirror
As life shows signs of decline
Buried beneath, six feet and breathing
Suffocated, still doing time
Image in the mirror
Staring back with empty eyes
Deep down the chaos ever bleeding
Can't turn back the hands of time

In a time of suffering
Will you take the offer
Sell one's soul to eternity
Betray the love of a brother

Cannot erase all sin
Deserve to burn within
The image fades...

Twist and turn
Twist and turn the thorn in my side
Never asked anyone the price of what's to be
Inside out, left hand path, now check reality
As the image darkens, swallowed up in time
Eyes sewn shut, crown of thorns, worn throughout this life

Life is getting darker
The chaos ever bleeds
Life is getting harder
That man in the mirror is me

That man is me...