

## Constant Suffering

Corpus Christi

Compassion, a possession I do not obtain  
I belong to no one, just a lost soul with nothing to live for  
I once had a friend, but now she lies in pain  
She belongs to only me, I have nothing to live for anymore

Sympathy, I have never known  
I belong to my own sorrow  
I once had a lover, but she lies alone  
She belongs to only me, and I shall not see tomorrow

I guess it was I who murdered her  
But she was most deserving  
My suffering shall show me the way of murder  
I shall lick my wounds and clean the dirt out of me

With my knife in my hand, and blood from my eyes  
I walk along this lonely valley  
With my heart split open and empty inside  
I wander through this emptiness that has taken so much out of me