

Time Does Not Heal

Dark Angel

It's always darkest before it goes
Completely black
I'm older now so I should know
You never can look back

But the scars of childhood memories
Dominate my head
The inner pain I've vowed to keep
Until the day I'm dead

You can't see, the life I was forced to lead
What it's like to die daily
You can't feel, the thoughts I've learned to steal
Survival is my reality

When I was young I lived in fear
The hands of doom forever drawing near
I wonder how I learned to persevere
As time advanced deceit was my life's truth
Spurred on by the peace I never knew

Time does not heal
The scars that burned me in my youth
Time does not heal
The pain that carved in me the truth
Time does not heal
The torture struck upon my past
Time does not heal
The scars that were left and meant to last

Over the many years I've tried
To bury deep my past
Attempting to cope with what's inside
My wastelands of regret

But defeated before I began
To join the human race
Indelibly I've felt the brand
Of scars I can't erase

I was the fool, subversive and overruled
Into my abyss I was pulled
The ways of hate, constantly agitate
The scars as they'd eviscerate

Inside my head desolation forms
Shadows grasping my mind through its storm
I couldn't see that I was being forewarned
That anguish was to take my life's controls
And rake it's wounds forever into my soul

Time does not heal
The scars that burned me in my youth
Time does not heal
The pain that carved in me the truth
Time does not heal
The torture struck upon my past

Time does not heal
The scars that were left and meant to last

I have learned to live alone, it's meant to be
Endless lies and emptiness fulfilling me
Life's there to deceive the truth you'll never see
Understand that I am dying to be free

Images have haunted me since I was young
Chilling were the arms of fear I was among
What were once just nightmares now have since become
Real atrocities which I can't escape from...

It's always darkest before it goes
Completely black
I've realized now that it's impossible
Surviving their attack

Through duress I'm borne, a past that's brought me scorn
And when I'm dead, will I be mourned?
The scars I've worn, the mental flesh I've shredded and torn

Time does not heal
The scars that burned me in my youth
Time does not heal
The pain that carved in me the truth
Time does not heal
The torture struck upon my past
Time does not heal
The scars that were left and meant to last