

Into The Arms Of Misery

Dew-Scented

Like a lamb to the slaughter, unseeing I march,
Speed along this descent, poised without a safety net.
Alive, suppressed by torment, while the terror from inside grows near,
Consuming aim, irresolution, straight ahead into these arms that await.
Compelled to align, I am forced to resign,
Out of place I drift away, seeking shelter in your embrace.
Like a moth to the flame, I'll burn in the end.
Hear the voice of malice devious without fail.
Follow me into the arms of misery,
Straight ahead into the arms of misery,
Alive, suppressed by torment, while the terror from inside grows near,
Consuming aim, irresolution, straight ahead into these arms that await,
Watch me as I fall, led astray, preyed upon,
Was I redeemed, or victimized?

Follow me into the arms of misery,
Straight ahead into the arms of misery,
Compelled to align, I am forced to resign,
Out of place I drift away, seeking shelter in your embrace.
Like a lamb to the slaughter, unseeing I march,
Speed along this descent, poised without a safety net.
Go! Hear the voice of malice devious without fail.