

With Pain

Dyecrest

(Takala)

Never was a problem (to you)
to slam the door
before my very eyes
Never bothered you
to know I'm fading,
this way I'm dying

You are the shorn in my flesh,
the poison in my blood,
torture in my soul

I am just asking you
I'm begging you to tell me
what I am to you
If only you could see
inside me,
there alone
with my pain

"Did it ever cross your mind
that it could hurt - the way you say (so sweet)?
Did you ever think that I could get hurt
- the way you treat me (so sweet)?"