

Sleeping Princess In Devil's Castle

Emmure

And I hope every morning you wake up, it hurts more and doesn't
stop.
And I hope everynight you rest you lay and pray for death.
You made a better trophy in my dreams.
And now you are my nightmare.
I wonder, Where did I go wrong?
And you were all that's left of what it meant to live.
Don't worry, this will only hurt for a second.
Sleep soundly.
Just where did I go wrong?
And hoping for changes, we've wasted this, and what for?
One more day of this weight.
One more day of this dissolved presence