

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