

# 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