

I Treasure The Sadness

Enslavement of Beauty

She said pucker up and take it like a man
when the shit hits the fucking fan
caught in a public display
where all your sins are foully portrayed

Pucker up and take it like a man...

I see the demons gleam
in all my dreams
I feel the pain...

I take the highroad again...

If you take a long hard look at my soul
you will be so alarmed
and if I told you how I really feel
you would leave...
cause suddenly it's clear
I can only improve if you make me feel

I can only promise you that it won't be alright
pre pain and pro delight
and hindsight makes me sad
B.A.D. - yeah, bad...
all the grief that I've assembled herein
memories of past tense and previous sins..

...is pouring fuel into the fire of the heart of the
soul
you are pouring fuel into the fire of the heart of the
soul

I treasure the sadness;
the only friend in a world of foes
and I remain alone
reaching an all time low...

All the times I didn't, replaced by what I won't
all the nights "alone" and all the shit I don't
whenever there's a reason, whenever there's a cure
I know we'll grow apart, I've seen this shit happen
several times before

I still loath the hypothesis of tomorrow
and I fear the comedies of the past
aiming for superficiality tonight
tediously entertained by a shallow cast

I remain alone...