

# The Pain is Still Mine

Ihsahn

The word is easy  
Dripping sweet and cocky from the tongue  
Vaguely describing the taste of blood.

A distant cry arise  
From the fathomless well  
That is my soul.  
I can not hear the words  
So I throw my heart in  
Like a coin  
And wish that it would sink forever.

A purpose, a sacrifice  
Or merely temptation?  
Is my solitude anything but a perversion  
Of my vanity?

I never cared for this weak inclination  
This paranoid tendency  
To flock.  
And in between all the noise  
All the guilt  
A silence would carry my spirit away  
From diminishing obsessions.  
Away from fools and poisonous flies.

The birth of a dreamer.

Behold, an angel of vengeance  
A lion  
A sword of fire  
Alas, the burden of my heart  
Is violence undone  
Pain unfulfilled  
Silence.

When I finally cut deep  
Into the flesh of guilt  
The un-naked body of shame  
And the veins of repentance  
Open wide  
Sending rivers of blood  
Into my mouth  
The pain is still mine.