

# My Sorrow

Mono Inc.

No lacrymose departure  
No innovative scene  
I'm cutting all my strings to be  
Slumbering and free

No hidden hands to catch me  
No tunnel For no light  
I'm saving all my hate for those  
Who burried me alive

Nothing to do  
Nothing to say as I am so tired  
Nothing to do  
Not where I'm gone to

With a little fire in my eyes  
With a little truth in my lies  
with a little red in my skies  
I'm bleeding out my sorrow

With a little spike in my brain  
With a little love in my pain  
For a little you in my veins  
I'm bleeding out my sorrow

No movement on the stretcher  
No letter at your feet  
Ani't leaving my ideas and all  
My tortures on the street

No sad romantic windup  
I'm certain bout the score  
So save the unreal mourning rain  
Can't touch me anymore

Nothing to do  
Nothing to say as I am so tired  
Nothing to do  
Not where I'm gone to

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