

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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With a little truth in my lies
with a little red in my skies
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