

## Through The Wound

### My Ruin

Late at night I watch as the sun comes up - the break of day is not enough, was I really dead!  
And I remember how I felt this time last year - wonder will it disappear somethings gotta give...

Never let go of that fiery sadness, throat full of heart - mouth of madness!  
By mistake I swallow another pill - bittersweet is such a thrill - try to feel alive!  
And I forget all the pain just goes away - wish that I could sleep all day disconnect myself...

Is it better to defeat this monster - be secure in the silence or to be devoured, devoured!  
And when I stand before you at the end of this...  
Will I have enough guts to love those little slices of my death!  
Never let go of that fiery sadness... never let go of that fiery sadness!

And I would rather have eyes that can't see, ears that can't hear -  
Lips that can't speak... than a heart which no longer can beat.  
..  
This strange melancholy pervades me at which I hesitate to give the grave that beautiful name of... my life!

On the other side of the scars - the way out is through the wound!  
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Courage doesn't always roar, sometimes courage is that little voice at the end of the day that says... I'll try again tomorrow  
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