

Shallow Seasons

Paradise Lost

The sullen man before me turns a head and demonstrates
The power of a weak mind can't conceal or captivate

It's lost in a bleak scope of fragmented ways
Eternal non-events occur throughout its poor days
You're lost forever unable to see yourself
The thoughts arising, there's
no disguising where you've been...

Reveal to me, your mind's identify (BIT:identity?)

You'll pay, pay for the feelings that you feed me
Don't hold on to what you call a life...

Anger compels a force of weakness or fear
I'll promise no forgiveness for the rest of my years
A negative release, subliminal urge
Unwish declining, grey thoughts reviving all the way...

Your fallen prey, a loser pays

You'll pay, pay for the feelings that you feed me
Don't hold on to what you call a life...
To what you call a life...