

Catholic Sunday

And now I'm happy willing to die
but still fond of my life
this is a symbol for taking up my cross I had such
confidence in myself that day
This is art of war
I'll undoubtedly be burned alive
failure makes things seem stupid
That is what I have come to
watch your heart being torn
Without staying to look behind
I'm a scoundrel ain't I?
Sucking your life blood
you shall live eternally
In my heart
I say.

It was the wound to my pride that made me fall ill
I was upon the point of killing myself a time
I like to suffer that's my role
you say
I'm going to run away
I'm going to run away

On Catholic Sunday

Watching my heart being torn
yes I wanted your tears
Watching you all the night
I'm running home now
Your eyes will follow me to the end of earth
Among the ruins
engaged at seeing my own blood flow
I'm not able to control my mind
Have been getting too full of bile
as most people do their first love
Collection of false maxims and dull commonplace
time has come to unravel the know
A clean break
I thought you had died
Is there really to find such strength in your will to
live that life
Despite your melancholic eyes
there's something wrong
inside
oh what a vile

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