

## Weak and Tired

### Reflexion

Look out, here it is again  
The master of pain and pleasure  
Wake up or you will go insane  
It's the art that we used to call love

It's waiting, graving, something that makes you feel loved  
It's bleeding and dreaming  
Searching for the reason to go on

I know that your heart is always on fire  
You're losing yourself to desire  
Your body is weak and so tired  
And you are ready to die for this love

When you get lost, things will never be the same  
You will carry the shadow of a broken soul  
"The less I care the less I cry" you said  
and now your eyes are smiling but your soul is dead

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Is it the pain you feel, that makes your world more real?  
Was it the perfect sin that murdered your only dream?  
In sickness and in death, no memories, no regret  
Until life do us apart

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