

If eyes are the mirror of the soul
You will find in mine the scorn and apathy
You will read my hatred as in a curs'd book
You will see yourself as I see you

It is a mirror sombre and opaque
Which protects me, which stifles me
A great ditch around the heart
Which rejects, which estranges me

There is a world in my head
A dead world where nothing lives
And it is there I am, too far,
Far too far to be rejoined

A crown of thorns is still a crown

I am a king in a kingdom of suffering
I have taken my time to reach this stage
I have taken pains to torture myself
To descend, to descend
Into pain, I exist
And if my brain is numbed
The thorn in my flesh
Can overcome apathy

There is glory in humiliation
A throne to be taken, a crown to win

I have no more tears,
And my smile has lost its brilliance
I have forgotten who I was,
I have killed my emotions
Crushed, empty, weary,
Always standing, I am a tree
Awaiting the lightning