

How can you stand there  
like a weakening fire  
awaiting the final end?  
If you consider  
still hanging in there  
You will wither  
in each and in every way

How can you stand it?  
Say can you mend it?  
Don't you pretend that  
the world is a better place?  
If you're in denial  
life is worth while  
You can rely on  
there's comfort in exit ways

In a manica the reaper comes around  
And the winds they sweep my manic funereal ground  
Some deranged and some devour  
to haunt me down in my darkest hour  
Yet another mind of the Devil's design

When we gather our frail souls beyond our persistence  
When we cope for our lives with fantasy  
When we cover our eyes and mourn our loss of existence  
When we falter, deprived and out of dreams

Do you see there are times?  
to read in the lines?  
And trust me you will find  
the things that you know  
will hurt you so  
You can't deny that anymore,  
you can deny that no more!