

I've buried my joy and faith,  
Those deceitful delusions  
And thus I've found a way  
To purify my mind from desolation

What could I gain but suffering and deception,  
If innocence is lost?  
There is no cure for this tainted desire,  
When everything was done

I am nothing but frustration,  
I end my life with no regrets  
And, falling on my knees,  
I'm still waiting to find redemption

There is no cure for this tainted desire  
To expurgate the pain out of my head

My flesh is cold, I feel no pain -  
The bitter art of dying fast  
A shroud of frost cover my skin -  
My bleeding soul is lifeless

The barrel of gun against my head  
Is like a promise to  
Release my fears on a wall of concrete:  
What a fine day to extinct

What could I gain but suffering and deception,  
If innocence is lost?  
There is no cure for this tainted desire  
To expurgate the pain out of my head

What is existence but a relentless demise?  
To live is to die, with no absolution  
Nothing could be saved, my heart is dry  
I bury my ego and choke my hopes  
I've cursed myself  
For this foretaste of ruins or just a glimpse of light  
Ascending like a star I've discovered my own mortality

Am I the one to blame If I've failed to live?