

## The Guilt Trip

## The Haunted

Crawl inside it  
Become the sickness  
Drink it  
Elevate the threshold  
Destroy the mind  
And you suffocate  
You learn to hate yourself  
And take on the blame  
As it burns  
(Sweeping the ghosts away)  
(But they keep coming back)  
And it burns  
(The sky is turning red)  
It burns  
(We're right at the end)  
And it's all dead quiet at the centre of the pain  
Tighten the noose  
Ascend the scaffold  
And give in  
Assume the position  
Bow down your head  
A ritual to purify  
Undo what is  
Absolve  
Everlasting the torture  
And it's all dead quiet at the centre of the pain