

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