

# Grief Machine

## The Sorrow

Crawling through broken glass  
But I feel no pain, no pain at all  
Fed through the grief machine  
Just lifelessness within my soul

My trembling hands on  
A cold tile floor  
I had a vision  
The night before

That I am bleeding  
My inside out  
In need for shelter  
I'd die without

According to my heartbeat  
I'm already dead, already dead  
I'm falling down a black hole  
My sleep won't bring relief, won't bring relief

Wake up in fear  
Scared of the dark

Cold hand touches my heart  
But I feel no cold, no cold at all  
Craving for inner peace  
Colliding with an evil force

These revelations  
Shown in my dreams  
I cannot read them  
I just hear screams

And still I'm bleeding  
My inside out  
In need for shelter  
I'd die without!

According to my heartbeat  
I'm already dead, already dead  
I'm falling down a black hole  
My sleep won't bring relief, won't bring relief

Wake up in fear  
Scared of the dark

From the depths of hell my fate will rise  
Profound and inferior, an opponent to warming lights  
My nightmares start to become reality

According to my heartbeat  
I'm already dead, already dead  
I'm falling down a black hole  
My sleep won't bring relief