

Whenever I Suffer

The Wake

I deny and questionize my being
Exhaling all the living
Pour it down the drain

I'm a rambler where near-dead herds take their place
Whenever they suffer
Death pays the piper

Rising and descending
Pain is neverending
Get used to deal with it
Riding on a ridge - Making excuses till i flip

Cannot flee this slow motion story
Revealing all in me
Ripping hearts in two

Im just a puppet that can be thrown away
Whenever i suffer
Death pays the piper

[chorus]
Do you recognize this masterpiece - A catastrophe in our hearts
A soft and tender work of art - A human heart
Have I felt this way before?
Last will transcribed..

Glory killed - Hours marked with days
The art of suicide
By my weary side

Cannot connect these feelings with the stoned life
Whenever I suffer
Death pays the piper