

## 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