

## Foreign Pain

### The Warriors

Trouble.  
Looking at a heart once gold, life already lost.  
Beginning to the end (a mental holocaust).  
And it's so depressing, worrying.  
Truth is hard to find.  
Trouble here.  
Still seeking, repeating.  
Still I gotta strive.  
I gotta strive, I gotta try.  
Engaged with foreign pain, bombs dropped right though your brain.  
Life's hard you know the game.  
I try but still it rains.  
Hearts just explode (Awake I try to see).  
Lock and reload (Inhale this life I breathe).  
Searching, seeking, now exists a problem somewhere deep inside,  
now I gotta know.  
And I cut though snakes with deadly knives of mind.  
And the serpents' fangs again will kill in time.