

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.