

We Have Ways To Hurt You

Throes Of Dawn

Another me
Another you

We wear the best of our masks
in this masquerade
Of the all-lost emotion
of all decay
We stand apart
Infected by the sick world
in satin longues
in velvet rooms
the symptoms growing worse

Camouflaged
among the empty
Court jesters
Lost kings
This is life
This is life
This is life
We take from you