

Prisoner Of Pain

Thyrane

No longer I can take the blame
For the things you've made
No longer I can hide the hate
Now I'll confront my fate
Your words of understanding
How you are forgiving
You say your god is healing
Speak of compassion - that's dreaming

Your holy temper spitting lies
Smiling still blindfolding my eyes
Eloquently chaining me into the wall
I'll break out and smash down the doors

Now I realize your dubious mystery
Now I understand your translucent treachery
I have reached the peak of agony
My rage cannot reach the infinity

Prepare the face your punishment
To write your sordid testament
As you enjoy your rotten last rites
You can see the death in my eyes