

## 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