

In the face of grave defeat
Are heard cries for mercy
No barrier of self control
No innocent composure
Abusing love and, like a child,
Inflicting pain upon itself
When the calling finally comes
Will there be no one waiting?

In blind despair taken in
By any glimpse of freedom
Sell your soul to buy some time
Infect all your longings
The thought that god has taken sides
On the path to breaking down
Disconnected but not alone
Scream to the tune of the background noise

Endless thoughts of what is wrong
Arrive at no conclusion
On the floor still nursing wounds
No sense of self to speak of
The thought that god has taken sides
On the path to breaking down
Disconnected but not alone
Scream to the tune of the background noise

When does enough become enough?
When does "no" have meaning?