

Satisfied in Suffering

While She Sleeps

What a life, what a fucking war
I left my greed outside, Hung my hopes at the door.
No religion means no wishing on nothing, never a broken
promise.
No hope for the hopeful, Let's give it all and take it
back from the masses,
Let their guilt take a seat with their sadness.
We're all better off, it's clear in the dust. We're not
giving this up
I lay my head in the gutter where the sinister rest.
I find faith in sickness and death.
Hold me down keep me bottled up, we're strong enough.
If you're sick of feeling useless, sick enough to do
this.
If honesty gets the better of me, I'm satisfied in
suffering
If you hate the hand you hold, but you hate to be alone
Stop blaming the sadness you gave in to.
We've been burdened all along.
When all that you have is all that you'll ever know. Are
you living?
This is from the bottom I don't want to admit.
But I can see the safety in admitting defeat,
This is not a problem or a promise I'll break
It's just another ghost I know I'll never erase.
I see the safety in giving this up, I see the safety but
it's never enough.