

Constant Suffering

Corpus Christi

Compassion, a possession I do not obtain
I belong to no one, just a lost soul with nothing to live for
I once had a friend, but now she lies in pain
She belongs to only me, I have nothing to live for anymore

Sympathy, I have never known
I belong to my own sorrow
I once had a lover, but she lies alone
She belongs to only me, and I shall not see tomorrow

I guess it was I who murdered her
But she was most deserving
My suffering shall show me the way of murder
I shall lick my wounds and clean the dirt out of me

With my knife in my hand, and blood from my eyes
I walk along this lonely valley
With my heart split open and empty inside
I wander through this emptiness that has taken so much out of me