

Abandoned in exile
A veil to conceal
What on earth could be worse than
not to know what you feel

A piece of me still holding on
to what is lost
and gone

You know every liar will burn in my fire
and still I keep asking me why do you lie to me?
You know every liar will burn in my fire
and still I keep asking me what do you want from me?

So desperate with grace
A disguise to protect
Still no words to describe
what it is that I feel
A piece of me still holding to what is lost
and gone

Your soul consolation
is the time that goes by
and the only companions:
the grimaces of life

Did it hurt now to end here
or is the pain more distinct
Was it worth to give in now
or is that the true sin?