

Surge of Pity

Nightrage

Lie hurts more than the truth.
My favorite scary colour,
Peered into the darkness
These small uncertain moves.
Is there any truth in their words?

Misfortune never come singly
They went over to my enemies.
Fighting against heavy odds.
Shameless lie uncontrolled figures.

Bow to the inevitable
Life playing such games
Can you really answer these
Harmless questions of life?

Audience of the madness remnants of my mind
Invading my thoughts.
Conjure up the spirit of the dead.

Deeds speak louder than words
Harsh actions a suspicious look.
The pricking of thorns, the sting of remorse
The stimulus of praise.

Listening to this dead march, under a maze of pity.
A surge of pity. The pricking of thorns.
The stimulus of praise.