

The Justice of Suffering

Swallow the Sun

I curse the love for you
And the pale souls you have tasted
The sings of filthy passion
Will soon turn to cries of pain
When I claim what is mine
Through the justice of suffering

When the paying of her sins come closer
The night will end in tears
And the moment you dirt her skin with your fingers
You will be sentenced the same
Every second with her I count
And for every second you will suffer too

No light will save them now
When the words of hope have all been spoken
And I wash the blood from my hands
And let them lie silent and cold on the flowers

For my anger is greater
Than the hand that once swept your cheek
And my anger is greater
Than the human I was
I will claim that is mine
Through the justice of suffering

No light will save them now
When the words of hope have all been spoken
And I wash the blood from my hands
And let them lie silent and cold on the flowers

Is this poison in your womb
Worth of the burning flesh
In this pyre of ghost lovers

But every second with her I count
And for every second you will suffer too
The night will end...
It will end in tears soon