

The Circle Of Sorrow

Adamantra

The day is gone
But the morning seems so far away
And what remains is an empty bed of thorns
She sold her soul along with her body
Feeding off hate to make it to another day

Fighting revulsion
Smashing the mirror to the wall

Yesterday lives on in our today
The past reborn enslaving her
What tomorrow will bring
It will go on
Breaking her will
Trembling with fear
Circle of sorrow
With heartbreaking pain
It will not cease
It will go on and on

Puts on her clothes
And buries her face into her hands
Like a puppet on strings
The charade will begin
Sticking the needle in
For a breather full of mercy
The overture for a symphony of disguise

Fighting revulsion
Smashing the mirror to the wall

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