

Disdain

Aesma Daeva

The sun grow cold in the western sky
And earlier and earlier
The sun submits to the moons rise
And after a summer of sorrow
I now embrace myself for a winter of despair

Every day deaths hand grips me so much tighter
And my mistakes are frozen in my mind

Even though I've often questioned why he has placed me here
I never had the motivation to challenge him
I once had a name but you have forgotten me
I still have a face one you could never forget
Pale white
And cold with sedation in my eyes
Where there was once life

I seem to be more machine than man
Now a shadow of what I used to be
With murder in my eyes and malice in my heart
I drop the final curtain on the bloodiest of tragedies
I quiver and shake with my remorse
As I head back into the storm from which I was born.

Now I know what it means to be alone
Oh, what it means to be so cold
A lonely assassin
With no place to go
A lonely assassin
With no place to call home
A lonely assassin
With no place to call his own.