Empty

Anathema

Empty vessel under the sun wipe the dust From my face another morning black sunday Coming down again, coming down again empty vessel empty veins, Empty bottle wish for rain that pain again Wash the blood off my face the pulse from My brain and I feel that pain again

I'm looking over my shoulder coz millions Will whisper I'm killing myself again maybe I'm dying faster but nothing ever lasts I Remember a night from my past when I was Stabbed in the back and its all coming Back and I feel that pain again

I abhor you I condamn you coz this pain Will never end you got away without a Scratch and now youre walking on a lucky Path i have to laugh but you 'd better watch Your back

There's pathetic opposition they're the Cause of my condition I 'll be coming back For them I've a solution for this sad Situation nothing left but to kill myself Again because I'm so empty!