

Carve My Cross

Arsis

Being right never felt so wrong...
We must deceive to belong.
Now I believe being right never felt so...
wrong. We were to face the truth,
when the screams of the lie were absolute.

Romance this pain,
Mourn my loss.
Cry my name,
You carved my cross...

To bear from spite that turned to night in the sky.
When torture of the light starts to madden your eyes.

With mirrors and crosses
My pain will carry on.
I am starving.
It's tragic.
Nothing left of me for you.

We must to deceive to belong.
Now I believe being right never felt so wrong.
Romance this pain,
Mourn my loss.
Cry my name,
You carved my cross...

No faith to resurrect.
This is the lie we can't forget.
Pain romance.
Torture sooth and we must tell the truth...
Tell the truth...
Tell the truth!

Poor faithful you...
With mirrors and crosses
My pain will carry on.
I am starving.
It's tragic.
Nothing left of me for you.