

Cardiac Catharsis

Burden Of Life

What is this force that I called upon?
A glowing crimson entity,
Of mephistophelian quality

Is this my gateway to finally live at ease
And let my pathetic feelings forever rest in peace

Quiet young lovelorn, I might have the cure
The answer you're craving for sure
Gently I'll put your sore heart in standby
And claim your soul when you die

Is this my only solution
A covenant with forces of evil
Am I not obliged to endure the pain?

But I revisited this path again and again
And it entails nothing but grief in the end
So no longer do I deserve the suffer
Well dear friend, what can you offer?

Quiet young lovelorn, I might have the cure
The answer you're craving for sure
Gently I'll put your sore heart in standby
And claim your soul when you die

I'm infested by affection
By affection for a non-deserver
I will learn the art of apathy
And employ it on her

Tell me young lovelorn, how do you decide?
So obvious no use to hide
Gently I'll put your sore heart in standby
And claim your soul when you die