

## Desire The Pain

Demon Hunter

This is your dying will...  
Forced to feed, and over again  
Flies to filth, greed, wealth  
And we take what they give  
Every piece that we can hold  
Is it all that we are, is it all we seek to be?

Soiled hands will meet us there, choking the light from our souls

I desire the pain  
I desire the weight  
And I will face my grave

Draining the life from our veins  
Into a curse that we despise  
What a sickening way  
To spend our lives

Soiled hands will meet us there, choking the light from our souls

I desire the pain  
I desire the weight  
And I will face my grave  
I desire remorse  
I desire release  
And I will chase this away

AWAY

I desire the pain  
I desire the weight  
And I will face my grave  
I desire remorse  
I desire release  
And I will chase this away [X2]