

Behind Closed Doors

Disarmonia Mundi

Fractured and frail the course of your virtue's faltering
Among the decayed the spurt of injustice will teach all your fear to behave

I am the nail
The thorn in your side, I'm calling back to you
I am the blame
The torture and shame lurking behind closed doors

I see the rejection slowly taking control
As defenses crumble to sustain the guilt alone
Abased to a tool redefined, the action of breathing a torment
Malicious and vile, unknown to yourself, tearing your structure apart

I am the nail
The thorn in your side, I'm calling back to you
I am the blame
The torture and shame lurking behind closed doors

I've tried to conceal
From the murmuring abyss
But the guidance I yearn to behold
Slowly fades beyond my grasp

Come forth, don't hold back a thing, cause I won't fall
And you shall be the one to wear the scars
Leeches feeding on my wounds, till I am sore
For all the seasons spent in anger shall remain

I am the nail
The thorn in your side, I'm calling back to you
I am the blame
The torture and shame lurking behind closed doors