

Concealed Revulsions

Ghost Brigade

The beaten ends of this sickening life
And mistakes we've been crying about
Born to a world of lies
It's the constant sorrow - bolted into your heart
You own the agony - the one I'm looking for

Meaningless mess boils inside your head
Can't let it out
Maybe someday is all you can say
That is not a promise but a lie
Found myself on the tracks
Following my own traces
Made myself my own shadow

One vision, a distorted self-image
Always overloading the one you love
Kill yourself and everyone with you
Is this the end?
You own the agony - the one I'm looking for

Meaningless mess boils inside your head
Can't let it out
Maybe someday is all you can say
That is not a promise but a lie
Found myself on the tracks
Following my own traces
Made myself my own shadow

I am an empty frame

Meaningless mess boils inside your head
Can't let it out
Maybe someday is all you can say
That is not a promise but a lie
Found myself on the tracks
Following my own traces
Made myself my own shadow