

## Bliss of Solitude

Isole

Autumn :  
Let your rain wash my sins away  
A gentle stream down my face

My skin is stained and bruised  
Crimson drops on pale flesh

Ease my pain  
Erase this despair  
A nendless sleep  
Would be the bliss  
Of solitude

My soul is soiled and tainted  
By the guilt and the shame  
The wounds I bear left scars within  
Profound in my being  
The tears I cried turned to blood  
Drained my soul  
I am sorrow and sorrow is me  
As autumn dies I close my eyes...

Ease my pain  
Erase this despair  
A nendless sleep  
Would be the bliss  
Of solitude