

Fading Out,Pt. III

Kingcrow

I remember that winter was so cold
Holding my breath while I was walking down the stairs
Oh - that was so strange

His hands were moving under her young teen clothes
I could feel the smell of true profanity
Oh - that was so insane

Scars on me

Out of the understanding
One soul in misery
Her eyes aglow with tear drops
The face of fear itself

Scars - screams - my world turned gray
Used - a big mistake
Pain - never again
Lust - will be his grave

He has sold her dreams for his desire
But desire has turned his own life to rust
Withered heart and cold, tormented eyes
Is this the love that should make us more thick?

He was always
Much less human
Than we wished for
He will be no more