

Oceans Of Sickness

Pain Confessor

As the colors turn to grey
Savor the sigh of relief
There were woes aplenty
Yet I asked for none of them
Hindered by this poisoned shell
That goes against itself
I ponder my ways, the wrongs I did
With karma to burn I cannot yield

Oceans of sickness and despair flow and form streams
ever free
A sea of endless colors fills this black and white that
was me

Now speak, pain, my ever present friend
Speak the words that let me rest assured
My choice is the right one and not one of haste
I have contemplated this for unbearable years

My body is my temple
My temple has been ransacked

First it chokes me, then it burns my heart
All the bitterness in there, for all to see
Hail pain, the ever present friend
That lets me know there is still one day more

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