

## **Beyond The Embrace "...Of Every Strain"**

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Why can't I feel the life that I breathe?  
Why am I so consumed?  
Despair the face of every strain my thoughts are weak  
and torn

Reap what you have sewn  
The flame that burns my heart is blown

I wear a face that hides my pain amidst my world of  
anger  
How much longer can I remain, behind this mask of the  
damned  
As I walk along this bacchanal of sin  
It allows the darkness of my soul to fester within

Reap what you have sewn  
My faith in life is gone

This world prepares a feverfeast that feeds the beast  
Governed by the wayward souls of forgotten worlds

My world prepares a feverveast that feeds the beast  
Spoken by the wayward souls, their forgotten words

I bide my time awaiting one final chance to reflect on  
the past  
Of this disease I call my life

As I walk along this bacchanal of sin  
It allows the darkness of my soul to fester within

Reap what you have sewn, my faith in life is gone

This world prepares a feverfeast that feeds the beast  
Governed by the wayward souls of forgotten worlds  
My world prepares a feverveast that feeds the beast  
Spoken by the wayward souls, their forgotten words.

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