

In Flames "Scorn"

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I parish and nobody will know
As my mouth remains still
My heart awaits me filled with gravel
And the pain grows with each touch..

Since I marked her out from my tower
Reality focused through forbidden lenses
She owns enough of preciousness
A penalty given by the source

I parish and nobody will know
As my mouth remains still
My heart awaits me filled with gravel
And the pain grows with each touch..

But I still have no choice through
The hinderens frighten
A labyrinth closing at the edge of space

She owns enough of preciousness
A penalty given by the source
But they never allow
She's shut... for all beings but one

I give, I scorn, I threat

Since I marked her out from my tower
Reality focused through forbidden lenses
She owns enough of preciousness
A penalty given by the source

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