

Love Lies Bleeding

"Surrounded By Infinite Nihilism"

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Curse of ages that surrounds me now
Paintings depicting nightmares absurds
I fear what my own hands bring out of the clay
Colours out of controls melt in visions I flee
The portrait changes itself by everyday
I can't even look at my forsaken face

With it wicked eyes it lurks around
Seeking its reflection my eyes always down

It forces me to murder every night
And feed the colours with the taint of life
Rotting more by everyday as I glorify misery

Icons of oblivion
Take forms into my hands
Twisted writings
As all around blurs and merges black
I forbid myself to create any further
But the creation holds me like a puppet
Pantomime without shape
I ritualise through pain
And I'm sure
That it lives
It seeks me out
It hunts me down
It feeds on me
It licks my fears
It's eyes are evolving to pure evilness
Pain. Art. Crime.
It. is. I.

The portrait changes itself by everyday
I can't even look at my forsaken face

With it wicked eyes it lurks around
Seeking its reflection my eyes always down

Scissors will cut through all this light
And bring my eyes to nothingness
How could obsessions follow me into monochromy?
I won't even see the blood of my eyes

Will reality fall with sight?
Does anything exist out of colours?
And the damned eyes of the mirror
Will they still see and look at me?

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