

Mythopoeia

"The Ugliness Inside"

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By freezing nights of wind and rain,
a pale corpse is gazing at the moon
Mortified to solve the secret
and find the purity this time
To blow off my tortured soul...
The ugliness inside...

Today the few that's left for me
is tainted with blood and ugly thoughts
And even in centuries, pain will forever remain

A statement of a wasted life,
darkness turned to grey sorrow,
under the silver starlight
No Flower nor wreast, no cry no regret,
just let me rot, that's enough for me
To blow off my tortured soul...
The ugliness inside...

Those nights of despair seem to never end
Drowned in illusion, cut from any life
All has been so grim so far
Death awaits, it's time to day
Stillborn or already dead?
One night I'll rip this life like a big sow!

I ask for no pardon as I soon get what I deserve
And remember all I've done... I've done it against
myself.
Everything's so ugly now, I hate what surround me,
moon... I'll miss you
No flower no wreast, no cry nor regret,
just let me rot, that's enough for me.
To blow off my tortured soul...
The ugliness inside...

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