

Pain Confessor

"Lilium Cruentus"

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On the Loss of Innocence

Music, lyric and arrangements by Daniel Gildenlöw

A Scene in Brown and Yellow:

At first I don't know why your presence fills me with
unease

Though I've missed you more than Life itself

I freeze

It's like you've been lost and now you're glad to see my
face

But as you sit down my confusion turns to distress

Not knowing how to let you know that you are

Dead

(I wake up sweating)

They tell me you are better off

Where you are now

Well, I don't care

They tell me that your pain is gone

Where you are now

Well, you left it here

See, I need to be strong

Need to be brave

I need to put faith in something

How could I live on

Not hoping we will meet

Again?

A Scene in White and Grey:

Under the icon's weight the old thoughts lay

Under the cross so still and pale

The flowers usher the stale breath of Death away

And someone tries to sing

But the bird of song has lost it's wings

Now it twitches

Rips the stitches of a chest where tears are torn

And where all loss begins

Life seems too small when Death takes it's toll

I need something to blame for this pain

A Scene in Amber - Flawed:
And have you ever had that dream
Where one you love passes away?
And you wake up crying to a world
Where she's long since gone
But you feel the pain
So close
As if she'd died today
But I need to be strong
I need to be brave
I need to put faith in something
How could I live on
Not hoping we will meet
Again
Some day?

Earth to Earth, Dust to Dust
A verse we know too well
Like a nursery rhyme
Just in reverse
'Cause we are all the little tin man
With hearts like little tin cans
And as we line them down with tears
Over the years
They inevitably turn
To rust

Life seems too small when Death takes it's toll
I need something to blame for this pain
I try, I fail, I fall, like anyone you know
I break, I bleed, like anyone you know

A Scene in Blood on White:
Where the linen's changed just for tonight
And somehow we beat her to this sight
This ghostly room of Exit
That she enters by the flicker of candle light
And in her breast
A desert storm is taking form
An old thirst that can never be quenched or killed
Sweeps over the cold
Broken but thousandfold
"My Love!"

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