

## Pensive "Pain"

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Eyes on this flesh the windows of my soul  
from these i look inside and see it all  
thorns in my heardtand needles in my bra?n  
is pa?n ?nfect?ous or is ?t from the core  
my fate is hiding in the dark  
or ?ts my m?nd that steals the light

Heavy consc?ence on my shoulder  
cant hold on any longer  
cold ice now,darkness kill my pain

I asked my father why he passed me by  
he said i'm always here and watch?ng you  
dont be afraid when you have lost your way  
follow the sings and they will be leafing you  
why do i fear to leave the l?e  
when t?me has come to say goodbye

We are the ancient sages for whom the sing is shown  
forgetten ones from the realm of the unknown  
without a name or trace in death we sank  
and in the book of time our names are blank

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