

## Sirrah

# "Pillbox Impressions"

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(Slave To Her Lair)

Rainy mood haunts our minds looking through the  
agony  
Depression brought by the darkest times  
When hope is hard to feel  
Tell me the truth of heart that throbs in you  
The rains they freeze me through  
Then grief is like the wound  
Drown in sin with pain that dwells within  
When hopeless views are falling to the past  
As hands not young and strong as before  
We are in ruin  
With the lack of hope, distrust, undying love  
We lie among them bleeding

The truth of what will come from beneath  
It dwells inside our hearts  
Staring at my windows, black, I see nothing  
But the end  
No escape and no way out  
Stay with me and force me to stay  
Comfort me I live on the edge  
Slave to my own grief  
Do as you wish but I don't understand  
How you could bear all this  
Solitude is a complaint of nuclear tribes  
Effusive feelings bring them down  
No way to ease this pain when hope melts in rain  
The tears from silent heaven

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