

Viatrophy

"Mistress Of Misery"

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As the dust settles, the clouds disperse - it still remains
a weight forcing down upon us.

Crushing our bones, always the same glazed eyes and
empty stares hollow souls drained of what once was.

Those words penetrate my skin like bullets, a crimson
explosion of our unison, bruises still remain.

Endless days, eyes fixed to the asphalt, the tides
drawn in our feet still planted in the sand.

The spark ignites, stuck in a revolving door drawn into
darkness in disguise, the only saviour that remains.

Eyes smudge into the deep pools in which we drown,
the repetition makes all attention fade.

The fog clears inner beliefs unveiled, follow us into
despair or take the reigns to release us of this pain.

The freedom I seek -- never caught, help soften the
blow.

The comfort I seek hidden deep from the path I roam.

Uncertainty rules over me, my friend, my enemy,
leaves me broken and destroyed.

Life's design fails me, this beast I've become, the
mirror reveals a destroyed soul.

Singed edges of ecstasy -- all that's available to
cleanse my mind, still you draw me in my Mistress of
Misery.

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