

## **Violent Work Of Art**

### **"The Worst Is Yet To Come"**

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I run in circles, dodging bullets all the time.  
Avoiding conflicts, but it hardly ever works.  
A lot of people seems to know what's best for me.  
It doesn't matter, 'cause the worst is yet to come.

Running away, running away from what I am.  
Driven by shame, hiding from myself.  
Down on my knees, waiting for you to count me out.  
Waiting for pain, to show its ugly face.

Opress emotion, fake affection, fake a smile.  
I'll never win this game, no matter how I try.  
Your love means nothing when I cannot love myself.  
It doesn't matter, 'cause the worst is yet to come.

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Waiting for pain, to show its ugly face.

I try to accept my faith, that I am a total failure, failure.  
Looking inside myself, trying to find my saviour,  
saviour.  
Trying to understand, trying to understand.  
The meaning of life, the meaning of life is dying.

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The worst is yet to come.

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