

Pagan Reign

"Symphony In E Minor"

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Weep.
Weep for all the tears you've caused me shed.
Weep.
Weep for all the times you've fucked with the shattered
carcass of our love.
It was slowly stripped away.
Leaving battered torn and bleeding,
a rancid shrine to hate.
So you can cry.
Cry for your lost love.
Cry.
Cry for what we have become,
'cause you're a symphony of sickness
and you're spreading your disease,
like an animated cancer,
you corrupt and then deceive.
So you can weep.
Weep.
Ask me for forgiveness,
Absolution from your sins.
Smell the stench of rotting roses,

tell me what have we got left.
'cause I can see it in your eyes
that you don't want to be alone.
Watch me turn and leave you,
so you can suffer on your own.
After all the pain you've caused me,
I'll never be the same,
because the agonies of life have left me numb to all
your games.
And now you're bleeding on your knees,
pleading me to feed the beast,
so you won't be consumed by guilt,
but I won't give an inch of help,
'cause I don't care for you any more.
I just don't care.

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