

## The Grief

# "The Art Of Suffering Well"

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First she has the entire World,  
Then she loses it all.  
And when she thinks the worst all passed, itâ€™s just  
about to come.

A bud of desperation  
Has taken now her soul.  
Sheâ€™ll need to do the best she can  
Cause here starts her war.

But sheâ€™s got to be a master  
In the art of suffering well.  
And when sheâ€™s got the skill to kill  
Her mind is ready to begin the conquest  
Of the art of suffering well.

She must forget her previous time  
Sheâ€™ll have to see beyond.  
Sheâ€™ll live with no regret at all,  
But the pain will never go.

She must destroy her feelings.  
A mishap she has to own  
Sheâ€™ll be at one with darkness and  
Spit at Jesusâ€™s throne.

Demon of sorrow, my life recieve.  
I want to play with you Crueltyâ€™s melody...

... I want to play with you  
Crueltyâ€™s melody...  
... In Hell!

Sheâ€™ll suffer therefore she will exist  
May the Grief be revealed on her  
By a psycho succubbu, demon of sorrow her skilled  
soul shall receive.

For her, who has improved the art of suffering well.  
Give her refuge  
Beneath your wings.

Give her the keys  
That opens the door to the Realm of The Grief.

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