

## **Pain Of Salvation "Lilium Cruentus"**

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Music, lyric and arrangements by Daniel Gildenlöw

A Scene in Brown and Yellow:

At first I don't know why your presence fills me with  
unease

Though I've missed you more than Life itself  
I freeze

It's like you've been lost and now you're glad to see my  
face

But as you sit down my confusion turns to distress

Not knowing how to let you know that you are  
Dead

(I wake up sweating)

They tell me you are better off

Where you are now

Well, I don't care

They tell me that your pain is gone

Where you are now

Well, you left it here

See, I need to be strong

Need to be brave

I need to put faith in something

How could I live on

Not hoping we will meet

Again?

A Scene in White and Grey:

Under the icon's weight the old thoughts lay

Under the cross so still and pale

The flowers usher the stale breath of Death away

And someone tries to sing

But the bird of song has lost it's wings

Now it twitches

Rips the stitches of a chest where tears are torn

And where all loss begins

Life seems too small when Death takes it's toll

I need something to blame for this pain

A Scene in Amber - Flawed:

And have you ever had that dream

Where one you love passes away?  
And you wake up crying to a world  
Where she's long since gone  
But you feel the pain  
So close  
As if she'd died today  
But I need to be strong  
I need to be brave  
I need to put faith in something  
How could I live on  
Not hoping we will meet  
Again  
Some day?

Earth to Earth, Dust to Dust  
A verse we know too well  
Like a nursery rhyme  
Just in reverse  
'Cause we are all the little tin man  
With hearts like little tin cans  
And as we line them down with tears  
Over the years  
They inevitably turn  
To rust

Life seems too small when Death takes it's toll  
I need something to blame for this pain  
I try, I fail, I fall, like anyone you know  
I break, I bleed, like anyone you know

A Scene in Blood on White:  
Where the linen's changed just for tonight  
And somehow we beat her to this sight  
This ghostly room of Exit  
That she enters by the flicker of candle light  
And in her breast  
A desert storm is taking form  
An old thirst that can never be quenched or killed  
Sweeps over the cold  
Broken but thousandfold  
"My Love!"

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