

Paradise Lost "Year Of Summer"

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There's two arms you could break
How low can you descend?
Approach the subject kindly
You've chosen to defend

Those tears are not for real
They're falling on command
A harsh decision maybe
You're living on remand

Your mind is thinking madness
Much more you could not take
Before you fall on bad days
And lower your defence as always

Suddenly demanding
Choosing not to feed on all this sadness

My stomach tends to fold
When I speak of your name
Accept that you're regretful
Accept that you're not safe

Your life is contradiction
A life that's bruised and torn
I've chosen toleration
You've chosen to dismiss as always

Suddenly demanding
The truth is always worse when you are sober

Suddenly demanding
Choosing not to feed on all this sadness
Suddenly demanding
Choosing not to feed on all this sadness

This sadness is my own

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