

Claymore "Mental Hell"

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Since then I have to bring a flower like a curse
All these moments lost in time reversed!
It's getting worse!

I won't walk alone tonight.
It is the light so white and bright
Trying that another action!
Misery was satisfaction
Distraction follows my reaction!

All these scenes I have to witness
Inevitably shatter my fitness.
I have lost my mind!
What is there behind I cannot find!

I fetch my breath in disgust
Where it hides below the dust!
I can't believe
This is mental hell!

There, in the internal flame,
I can see the one to blame!
It does not recall any memories
Of how wrong is there was glimmer.

Good riddance of forgotten tale
Myself, the lighthouse and the gale!

I've seen so many faces,
I have been to many places
I threw the flower with disgrace
For we all fall in her embrace!

Forlorn of myself up to brace
And my inner fear I retrace.
She picked it up and disappeared!
Later I forgot everything feared!

Since then I have to throw a flower like a curse!
All these moments seem to me rehearsed!
It's getting even worse, even worse rehearsed!

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