

Annie Whitehead

"Via Dolorosa"

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Your ideals are wicked and deceiving
how can you find peace
you seek the righteous, but find the void

Die by the sword of live by the book
Glimpse your death within the scunt
seek the righteous, find the truth
the book of eternal youth

Of generations
cold as stone, you wander still
awaiting your inevitable death
your quest has ended where it began

But is there really a life for me
is there a place to dwell
pleasures of the flesh
vio dolorosa

Of fear and despair, you've wandered
of hatred and grief, you've slaughtered
I've seen you in your darkest hour
I know you as myself

But is there really a life for me...

Via dolorosa, memento mori

In you I've found my nothing
in you I can't hide my pain
in you my love has gone
in you I've kept my cold

Captor of sin, you've stolen my past
via dolorosa
I've wasted my life for you

My hate you create
My blood is water
my life means nothing
my warmth has vanished

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