

Haunted, The "The Guilt Trip"

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Crawl inside it
Become the sickness
Drink it
Elevate the threshold
Destroy the mind

And you suffocated
You learn to hate (yourself)
And take one the blame
As it burns

(sweeping the ghosts away)
(but they keep coming back)
And it burns
(the sky is turning red)
It burns

We're right at the end
And it's all dead quiet at the centre of the pain

Tighten the noose
Ascend the scaffold
And give in
Assume the position
Bow down your head

A ritual to purify
Undo what is, absolve
Everlasting the torture

And it's all dead quiet at the centre of the pain

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