

Ihsahn**"The Pain Is Still Mine"**

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The word is easy
dripping sweet and cocky from the tongue
vaguely describing the taste of blood

A distant cry arise
from the fathomless well
that is my soul
I can not hear the words
so I throw my heart in
like a coin
and wish that it would sink
forever

A purpose, a sacrifice
or merely temptation?
Is my solitude anything but a perversion
of my vanity?

I never cared for this weak inclination
this paranoid tendency
to flock
And in between the noise
all the guilt
a silence would carry my spirit away
from diminishing obsessions
Away from fools and poisonous flies

The birth of a dreamer

Behold, an angel of vengeance
a lion
a sword of fire
Alas, the burden of my heart
is violence undone
pain unfulfilled
silence

When I finally cut deep
into the flesh of guilt
the un-naked body of shame
and the veins of repentance

open wide
sending rivers of blood
into my mouth
the pain is still mine

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