

Anathema, Empty

Empty vessel under the sun wipe the dust
From my face another morning black sunday
Coming down again, coming down again
empty vessel empty veins,
Empty bottle wish for rain that pain again
Wash the blood off my face the pulse from
My brain and I feel that pain again

I'm looking over my shoulder coz millions
Will whisper I'm killing myself again maybe
I'm dying faster but nothing ever lasts I
Remember a night from my past when I was
Stabbed in the back and its all coming
Back and I feel that pain again

I abhor you I condam you coz this pain
Will never end you got away without a
Scratch and now youre walking on a lucky
Path i have to laugh but you 'd better watch
Your back

There's pathetic opposition they're the
Cause of my condition I 'll be coming back
For them I've a solution for this sad
Situation nothing left but to kill myself
Again because I'm so empty!