

Ihsahn, The Pain is Still Mine

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