

# Paradise Lost, Mouth

Feel So Low Some Days  
And Only I Can Taste  
Resent Security  
Obscuring All I See

In My Mind  
In My Mouth  
In My Soul  
Only You Provide These Symptoms That I Show

I Could Go Out In Style  
Go Back From Where I Came  
But Luck Sees To Us All  
And Rarely Plays The Game

We've Seen It All Through Many Years Of Lonesome Hell  
Back To A Place Where We All Terminate