

Paradox

Alesana

Dearest love, I hope this finds you well
I am kidding this is probably hell
Lonely stranger with a brush in hand
Never saw me sneaking up on him
Tonight say goodbye to what you thought you knew
They'll blame the blood spilled on you
I'm closing my eyes, one more kiss before I never wake again Immortality will soon be mine!
Two moves ahead of you!
You are a pawn
Castle now but I'm behind your king!
As your queen lays bleeding on the board!
Accept you have lost the game, misjudged your enemy! Unleash the myth (I'm trapped!)
living in your worst fears (Don't wait!)
Page abandoned, the stories write themselves
The author lost his way again and he forgot to write the end
Race towards the sun (The story...),
seeing who comes undone (...is ending!)
The villainess, the broken bride, we sit and watch the world's collide Would you remember Joan
of Arc was her flesh yet unlicked by flame?
Will you remember how the waves crash on the shores of time?
Who would've ever known that each choice made sense?
Who could've ever known? Are we not our actions?
Our lives are poetry, make them sonnets
Unleash the myth (I'm trapped!)
living in your worst fears (Don't wait!)
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The author lost his way again and he forgot to write the end
Race towards the sun (The story...),
seeing who comes undone (...is ending!)
The villainess, the broken bride, we sit and watch the world's collide Why do the floorboards
creak like a heartbeat
This room is driving me insane
What's behind the bricks?
Who's rapping at my chamber door? Pendulum, why do you torment me? What am I saying?
Have I lost my mind? No longer Fatima, goddess, light
I've become Rusalka, demon of night!
Two moves ahead of you
You are a pawn
Castle now but I'm behind your king As your queen lays bleeding on the board Accept you have
lost the game, misjudged your enemy
Don't wait... (Defeat!)
Page abandoned, the stories write themselves

The author lost his way again and he forgot to write the end
Race towards the sun (The story...),
seeing who comes undone (...is ending!)
The villainess, the broken bride, we sit and watch the world's collide
We sit and watch the world's collide (make them sonnets!)
The night that I died I had become
Rusalka.
I was no longer me. I was no longer Annabel.
The beautiful evil coursed through my veins and
I saw so clearly what needed to be done.
As you lay, fast asleep, I penned her farewell and kissed your cheek.
The knife felt so light in my hand, so heavy in my stomach.
There is something about this room...

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>