

# 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/>