

A person wearing a bright red, hooded cloak stands in the center of a room. The room features large, multi-paned windows on both sides, through which a hazy, overcast sky is visible. The lighting is dramatic, with the red of the cloak standing out against the muted, teal-toned background of the room and windows. The overall mood is mysterious and somber.

Anna Fiori

TORMENTS OF MY PAST (FEAT. JONATHAN THORPENBERG)

COUNTING ALL THE RIVERS CRIED
TEARS AND SHAME BECOMING ONE
I'M ALWAYS RELIEVING OUR DARKEST TIDES

I AM BLINDED BY YOUR LIES
THINKING THERE IS NO WAY OUT
RAIN IS FALLING DEEP INSIDE MY HEART

WHY IS THIS LIFE SO UNBEARABLE?
(WE ARE FALLING)
WHY IS THIS LOVE NOW BECOMING PAIN?
(BECOMING PAIN!)

FEELING LOST AND TRAPPED INSIDE
WORDS ARE HAUNTING ALL THE TIME NO
PLACE FOR THE LIVING

TRY HARD!
BE A PERFECT MAN DISGUISED
SO NO ONE CAN SEE ME
IN MY OWN SACRIFICE

WHY IS THIS LIFE SO UNBEARABLE?
WHY IS THIS LOVE SO UNTRUE?
(YOU CAN'T TEAR ME DOWN)

THERE IS FEAR INSIDE MY EYES
ALL MY MEMORIES COMING BACK
YOU AND I, WE'VE GONE TOO FAR
FOR I CAN'T LEAVE BEHIND THE
TORMENTS OF MY PAST

WHY IS THIS LIFE SO UNBEARABLE?
WHY IS THIS LOVE SO UNTRUE?

WHY IS THIS LIFE SO UNBEARABLE?
(WE ARE FALLING)
WHY IS THIS LOVE NOW BECOMING PAIN?
(BECOMING PAIN!)



