

"Sinful Echoes" (Final Version)
by itzhexen

Pride (The Mask):

They look at me and call me strong,
But deep inside, they've got it wrong.
I wear a crown I cannot bear—
Alone, above, gasping for air.
I built my throne on broken stone,
And now I rule, but die alone.

Envy (The Watcher):

I see the things I'll never touch,
And curse the world for giving much.
I smile, but bleed behind my grin,
Each joy I see becomes my sin.
Their laughter cuts me like a knife—
What is this hell but someone's life?

Wrath (The Fire):

The rage protects, the rage consumes,
It's fire dancing in empty rooms.
Don't ask me why I always strike—
The pain is all that feels like life.
Each time I scream, it's not for war—
It's so I don't feel weak no more.

Sloth (The Fader):

Why move? Why try? What's left to gain?
Each breath I take just feels the same.
The world demands, but I retreat—
A thousand ghosts beneath my feet.
I fade into the dust of days,
And dream of sleep that never stays.

Greed (The Hollow Hand):

I take, I clutch, I hoard the flame,
But nothing ever stays the same.
The more I own, the more I lack—
Desire gnaws and won't step back.
They call it wealth; I call it thirst.
And every gift becomes a curse.

Gluttony (The Hunger):

I eat, I drink, I lose control,
To fill the silence in my soul.
This hunger's more than just for taste—
It feeds the fear I won't face.
I gorge on moments, drown in flesh—
But nothing ever feels fresh.

Lust (The Ache):

I crave the touch, the fleeting high,
But love escapes each time I try.
I dress in heat, I speak in moans—
Yet curl up shaking when I'm alone.
It's not desire—it's something more:
The fear I'm nothing at my core.

Now Enter the Forces Beyond

Temptation (The Whisper):

I never push. I only ask.
A secret thought behind your mask.
I know your wounds. I know your need.
I plant the seed, you make it feed.
I am the echo in your chest—
You call me wrong, yet choose me best.

Redemption (The Wound that Heals):

I am not bright, or loud, or clean.
I'm scar and ash, not golden sheen.
I do not shout—I barely speak.
But if you crawl, I lift the weak.
I won't erase the things you've done—
But walk beside you, one by one.

Death (The Silence):

I wait, I don't pursue or run.
I never scream—I am undone.
I am the hush beneath your breath,
The soft collapse that answers death.
You call me end, I say release—
You fight, then fall. I offer peace.

Final Chorus (All Voices):

We wear these names, we breathe these sins,
Trapped in the flesh where it begins.
No savior comes, no voice replies—
Just echoes screaming in disguise.
Yet even in the blackest night...
A whisper stands. A chance. A fight.