

Suspended In Dusk

Type O Negative

"Damn me, Father, for I must sin"
Four centuries of this damned immortality
Yet, I did not ask to be made, why?
I will never again feel Your sun upon my face
Or the comfort of a grave I am not alive and I am not dead
This is hell on earth
How can I possibly explain this eternal youth?
When I can do nothing but sit by As my loves grow old and wither
And with each of them, take a fragment of my heart
And prolong this endless winder
It is October's perpetual agony
It is the shadow realm Father, please forgive him
For he knows not what to do With every victim I pray for my own death
And as much as I love the night
I curse the moon's eerie glow
Tis bloodlust that drags me to forever The toxic rays of dawn that condemn me to limbo
I am forced to dwell in gray Autumnal twilight
I am suspended in dusk Father, please forgive him
For he knows not what to do
Father, please forgive him
For he knows not what to do

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