

Witness Your Own Oblivion

Callenish Circle

Relieve, the realm of the dead / In complete darkness you awaken / Not
knowing where you are / Breathing tastes thin and dry / Your primal fear
begins to stir / Helpless awaiting the reaper to come / Fighting against the
nothingness / A thousand colours surrounding you / Relieve, the realm of the
dead / Tasting blood coming / from under your nails just makes you aware /
All the scratches in the wood mark your final attempt / Tasting blood coming
/ from under your nails just makes you insane / Being just six feet
underground / Still an escape cannot be done / Heavily breathing your last
breath / Your face expressing it all / Witness your own oblivion now

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