

Sources to Agonies

Limbonic Art

Through the mirror of the soul
I'm staring deep within
To see what dwell behind the wall
The beauty of pale skinThe aura that surrounds me
Is not of noble kind
The blackness of the heart
Is all that's left to findA dark river runs silent through my life
Like a floating nemesis
A dark shadow of what that used to be
Drift's now in lifeless miseryLive only to witness what I've become
Midnight is my shallow home
Soon to enter the last deed of mine
I'm forced to follow the streaming bloodlineWhen the wine of life is shed
And dark cosmic space consume
I bring the memories back from the dead
Sources to agonies, a devouring monsoon

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