Under Ebony Shades

Funeral

Abased by my grief,
the troubled mind I bear,
drags me down the abyss of
endless loneliness.Enlight the reek in which you dwell.
You re the weak your soul has fell.
-Hear the prayer of a lost soul.Even though the greatest of my wishes
is being stoic, God has made me
one of many stooges.Trusting only thou
who is alike myself.
I merge with the darkness
that embraces me for who I am.Emaciated by their faulter moves,
they hide under the cloak of blasphemy.
Desperately yearning for love,
finding only misery AvountNow I loath the presence of God,
whom I had such trust in.
Only to be abandoned,
my hardest of times.Pierce the mind see what is not.
Try to sense the spirit rot.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/