

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 falter moves,
they hide under the cloak of blasphemy.
Desperately yearning for love,
finding only misery. Now I loathe 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.

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