

# Abyss

## Wolfheart

By each circle of the sun  
My soul is growing colder  
It's building into a voidHollowness and futility  
Of any counter-actions  
Fails to compare  
With the non-fulfillment  
To mold and repairThe world is darker than in aeons  
And the sky is free from starsThis full is colder than before  
Glacial it has become  
Frozen fire of the sunNew dawn of the sky  
Carries and altered grandeur  
Distorted tranquilityIt's in the eye of the beholder  
Singular view of the world  
Without warmth or colors  
Was assembled my universe

Lyrics provided by

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