Out Of Spirits

Rotting Christ

Great dilemma
Detestable thoughts
Non-existing facts
And it's the grief that accompanies you
Life and death are struggling
The outcome is wavering
The decision is ours
But the truth escapes me
The sadness of bereavement
The loss of innocence
Hate made an untrodden path
Of my soul
I walk lightly
Trying not to wake
My sleeping consciousness
Trying to resist myself
The fate has schemed
Against us
The weak are condemned
Fear now
I want to be alive
But my soul is asleep
You can say whatever
I go on all alone

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