

The Void

Stygma IV

I know there is something
I know there is something
I know there is something inside of me
I don't know what it is, but I know it is there
I know there is something
I know there is something insideThe void, the existential nothing
The void is growing under skin
The void, I am the son of nothing
The void, the emptiness withinI can't say how it feels
I can't sense where it is
I'm not sure if it's real
But I know what I feelI'm hollow, I'm drying
I am afraid of dying
I'm crying, I'm trying
To stop my own decay
I'm hollow, I'm drying
I am afraid of dyingThe void, the existential nothing
The void is growing under skin
The void, I am the son of nothing
The void, the emptiness withinSo hollow, so drying
There is no place for hiding
The horror, so nameless
Grown under my own skinI know there is something
I know there is somethingThe void, the existential nothing
The void is growing under skin
The void, I am the son of nothing
The void, the emptiness withinThe void, the existential nothing
The void is growing under skin
The void, I am the son of nothing
The void, the emptiness withinI'm hollow, I'm drying
I am afraid of dying
I'm hollow, I'm drying
I am afraid of dying
I'm hollow, I'm drying
I am afraid of dying
I'm hollow am dying
The emptiness inside

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