In This We Dwell

Paradise Lost

We adapt to pain
In the hour we'll fight until the grave
As darkness sets on dead cells
Crawling rise, to which they fell
The dead sing out for my soul
Before they hide in their own hell
In this we dwell
In this we dwellWe are trapped in blame, in a tower of spite
Until the darkness strikes the death knell
Paralysed bewitch the spell
The dead sing out for my soul
A torment thrives this dismal shell
In This We Dwell
In This We DwellAs darkness sets on dead cells
Crawling rise, to which they fell
The dead sing out for my soul
Before they hide in their own hell
In this we dwell
In this we dwell

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