

Dead Weight

Indian

This is survival.

This is my exile.

I find no solace.

I find no solace beneath a Godless sky.

Will I find shelter in the places the Sun could never find?

Now behold the consequence, the aftermath of ignorance, shackled to my worthless neck.

Give me one reason to resist.

So I slip below.

I can't resist the undertow.

I find no solace beneath a Godless sky.

Will I find shelter in the places the Sun could never find?

Because everything's turning black and I see no hope of turning back.

Cold terror grips my lungs, to let it in would be to accept defeat.

But what's left to fight for?

When I look inside, nothingness confronts me.

Vexed by the hands of time.

This is survival.

I against I.

What's left inside?

So I slip below.

I can't resist the undertow.

I can't resist.

No, I can feel the dead weight.

I can feel the dead weight of my soul dragging me from this world.

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