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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