

Highest Depression

Cultus Sanguine

I've reached
the highest depression
I've gained
the boundaries of
compassion
now only death
can understand me
she's the only one
who can
stand all my fears
and take my hands
how lone I am
how betrayed I feel Now I feel the cold hand
of doom
caressing my face
as a serpent
surrounding my skin
this dimension of emptiness
it fills my days so empty
gives taste to a life
already lost Now the light
has faded forever
on the days
that will never come
the coffin welcomes me
as a mother
embraces her son...lost...

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