

# Not a Good Sign

## The Duskfall

I feel cursed, who cast this spell?  
I feel trapped, reminding me of mortality.  
I feel the melting, this can't be real.  
I feel I'm melting and I'm almost gone. I sense my existence, becoming smaller.  
I sense the creation of me...I'm like water in the desert sand.  
I feel infected, my heart still pounds.  
I can't quench this thirst of mine.  
I still bleed, it's not a good sign. I sense my existence, growing shorter.  
I sense the creation of me, becoming smaller.  
Going in reverse...My world needs me no longer, a struggling existence.  
No hope of survival, no escape from extinction. I feel chosen to take the beating.  
I'm incapable to move an inch.  
A coincidence, kicked by a cloven hoof.  
I can't clutch this mess I'm in. I sense...My world.....Becoming...My world...

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