

...And I Lust

Anathema

Wandering aimlessly through dead filled fields
Rewards are just. who knows what absence yields? By the golden beauty of dusk
and the sun low in our sky
By the haunting shadows of trees
and graves, mesmerised am I Searching deep inside trying to reach my dreams
I see a face stare back at me... oh, so serene By the golden beauty of dusk
and the sun low in our sky
By the haunting shadows of trees
and graves, mesmerised am I Those whispering shades... sad, silent glades
Pain is a far away land, misery, a lifetime's journey.....and I lust for death (judgement)

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