

Echoes Of Terror

Anathema

Existence, throught a spirit's will
A force, use the power of evil
Darkness, visualize
As light pierces through your yearning eyes
Rebirth of a lost soul
Your body, a channel with witch to grow old
Mephitic, smell of death
Rancid flesh, of the undead
Inner screams,
Useless tears,
Shattered bones.
My prayer...
"Oh Lord..."
...Help me die."
"Please help me die."

This inner gloom,
A subterranean hell.
A morbid sleep,
In my stygian world.
My mind is locked,
At chains my thoughts.
I pray for death.
Euthanasize my soul.
Sanctify me!
Epitaph, to mankind
Engraved, on your mind
Stigmata, on the flesh.
Dead images, put to rest.

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