

Dying - I Only Feel Apathy

Theatre of Tragedy

Now as I am to be bereft of my troth
I cry aloud my last words of lost hope
A violent gust of wind is my frame of mind
Huxes like moisture through pores I am unwilling to forgive him who deprived me of my life
Gloaming the sequence, a momentary view
Perishing intervals of rejoice
My supreme happiness is lost
Baleful emotions of fear, my body is the earth
The earth is now destined to be made forlorn
Forlorn from the enlivening energies
Am I not any longer living?
In mournful silence I suffer, in mournful silence I suffer
In peace I now will rest, in peace I now will rest
My hard-working hands, my hard-working hands
Are now reposed, are now reposed
I close thee, my beloved, into my heart
Conceal thy memory in my inner sanctum
In my thoughts thou shall forever be
As a dear and precious remembrance
I'm dethroned in the reign of entity
My tears descend like of ebony
Life is the theatre of tragedy
Dying, I only feel apathy
Dying, I only feel apathy

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