

Anathema, All Faith Is Lost

As the dawn emerges I cry in grief
Sorrows flow,
the sadness of another day tortures my heart

Life fades. Echoes, voices calling
Within my mind. Shadows. I cry

My senses deteriorated
I break down devoid of hope
All faith is lost. Why live?

I beg for mercy, I plead, tell me
Why? Why me?
Why must I be one of the chosen?

Forgive me for my inquisition
Please answer, I offer my condition
My eyes are closed, I call to the darkness
allowing the gloom to swallow me
I relax

Gripping my soul as I'm extracted from reality
The umbra chills me
I levitate, staring at my inanimate corpse
Drifting towards the eternal bliss
Beckoned by beings superior
Colossal roar of silence deafens me

I disburden myself
Where am I bound?

My trappist ways are forgotten
as peralized souls cry out for me
Impassive, I strive for the light
My true self finally manifests
I am found.