

Celtic Frost, Obscured

Somewhere inside.
It's still obscured.
Darkness reflects.
Stronger than fear.
I seize control to inhale this final day.
I shut my mind but I'm falling anyway.
No.
And I think that I'm all alone.
I can feel the rain pull me down again.
No.
And I know that I have no home.
I can feel the pain take a hold again.
Tied to the ground.
In mounting shade.
My soul is bound.
And so it fades.
And I know that I won't escape.
My remaining faith is draped.
Like my hurt and my fleeting grace.
In this numbing empty space.