

Esoteric, The Noise Of Depression

I cry and my eyes spill blood onto the floor.
Acheron flows in silence,
And the noise intensifies my pain.
No will to speak.
Not even enough hope left to weep. Anymore:

I travel on through the noise,
Searching for relief.
Distorting my mind.
Only when intoxication distorts is the time I can laugh,
When clear I laugh only through scorn.

For I have seen of the blackest,
And each sight hath taken from me.
Such misery:
Such sorrow:
Such desolation:
Such death:and I've travelled for it in times of silence.

Close to death so many times.
When my hope's been shattered,
When my anger's been unbound.
And my torn soul has cried out for death.

Killing myself through constant abuse,
But I have always awoken,
My scars still bleeding,
And the noise it still carries on:

[Music - Greg. Winter 1993/94]
[Lyrics - Greg. Winter 1993]