

Evoken, Descend The Lifeless Womb

I saw the world descend beneath a black pall breathing, seething
The unanimated now alive in murky, abstract horror
Upon the casket, lying in ruin upon its side
The writhing abyss obscene in the burning lamp's ghostly light
Stretching into infinity; the open lid reveals a view into the depths of internal hell
Petrified by visions in this hypnotic interlude
For I am the deceased, within the crawling skin and sightless eyes as cold as death
Demons silently extract my sanity

The march of a funeral drum, beating
So like my blackened heart
May the darkness I welcome
Enlighten the enigmas of my faith

Solitary figure in the endless cycle of mortality
A self-constructed purgatory to languish in for time unknown
In this gloom-filled room, the true frailty of life is revealed
The spirit disintegrates long before the flesh is lost
The concept of eternity crashing down
Desperate to believe in the unreal, for truth is the path of pain

Close the curtains; shed some darkness on
The intricate patterns that adorn this spectral carpet
Pity me such as I've yearned for, mourners gathered in solemn rite
Their misery was always my own

Breathe once again; the passages drone distant and detached
I shut my eyes and pine for the funereal essence
The presence of death slowly fades