

Pantheist, Curse The Morning Light

From a crack on my sealed window enters a ray of light
It falls down at the foot end of the bed
that I'm not going to leave (any more)
I curse you morning light, spot on my solitude
No one here to mourn with me the loss of hope in this life

The light that brings the day reminds me that I'm dead

I want to break out, I want to be free
And leave behind these chains that keep me captive
My life a ruin, it has ruined me
I smell my soul rotting; it fades away with the years

O bastard life, for too long you fooled me
You made me believe that you are worth to live

A growing fury, a growing pain
enveloped my soul, paralysed my heart
love is a lie, hope is a morbid joke
every day the same old song

I want to break free from this vicious circle
To hear some words of comfort, to breathe some joy

I have passed the point of no return since long:
The gravity of this black hole is too strong
Look at me, disappearing within its darkness
My God, it hurts more than I could possibly imagine!

I must cope with the emptiness
Which has weaved its web around my soul
I've sunk in the abyss of desperation
And yet I'm here, a fool among the fools

The hour has come...
the angel of death looks me straight in the eyes
like a basilisk
He stands there staring
with empty gaze- like an ancient statue
and tries to break the shield
which guards my empty soul
But all those joyless years
have eventually dried my tears
drained every emotion of my well-worn body
which slowly rots and disintegrates
The angel smells the stench of slow death
disgusted, he disappears into the night
I cut my flesh with my broken nails
enjoy the fluid of life flowing
The cancer has left my heart
and yet I'm more than ever dead...