

# Param-Nesia, Home

Pray to your maker, beg to be found  
Trapped within a lucid dream  
A void, depthless, the darkness  
Suffering, as the images of your children  
Fade from mind's eye  
Breaking the will to survive  
Encased within an eternal tomb  
One of your making  
To lie within and rot away  
Endlessly throughout the ages  
Time here stands still  
Yet spans the rise and fall  
Of empires and nations  
Die has been cast  
The knife has been raised  
To cut out your heart  
Scarabs appear from seams in the stone  
To scour the flesh and blood  
From your bones  
They burrow deep beneath the skin  
Consuming your blackened soul  
Forever trapped within this place  
Welcome home  
Ashes replace all hope  
To ever leave this place  
Alone with this pain  
The silence, a crushing embrace  
Free me, save me  
Release me, kill me  
Anything to escape this fate  
Blinding, malice  
Seething, hatred  
Doomed for eternity  
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