

# Trail Of Tears, Dry Well Of Life

Seek shelter in the void  
And vanish slowly in the heart-felt terror  
Sterile is your thoughts  
but not your needs  
Attempting to be brave  
but still a slave  
A possessed servant  
A slave to the blade  
Burning panic, nothing more to gain  
For behold  
your precious love is slain

Seek the lies you hail  
Seek the lies you left alone  
Nailed to the ground  
Seek the lies you hail  
Seek the lies you left alone  
Leaves you no traces to feed of

Leaves you no traces to feed of  
Now that desperation run you down  
Leaves you to be raped by the dreams  
which slit and shred  
Yet another week attempt  
to reject the knife  
and to strengthen yourself  
from the source of all life  
an endless struggle to get rid of the lie  
But you are down on your knees  
Because the source has run dry