Abigor, Exhausted Remnants

Silent screams - beaten and torn
Sanctify - this life of scorn
Innocence withdrawn in fear
Night grows cold and twilight's near
But the light I see is none
Just a spectrum of unreal colours
Which appears before my eyes
For you neither to see, nor to feel
Shattered scattered - remnants of life
What can be extracted from nothing
What can be found within the emptiness
Within the emptiness from which I am fed
I deal in pain - all life I drain
Cherished - the grandeur of melancholy
Always and never - the skyline seems so unreal
If I had wings, would I be forgiven
If I had horns, would there be flames to show my cry
Laughing and crying - nothing remains
No future and no past
No one could foresee
The end has come so fast
And I reach my hand towards this ocean of despair
To grant my soul a lifetime in hell