Advent, Doubt. Fear. Desolation

Go, go away
Get away, get away
Go away, get away
Get away from me
These demons that I fight
Keep screaming back at me, back at me
These skeletons in my closet
Keep screaming back at me, they keep torturing
And these voices in my head
Will not leave me alone, leave me alone
I will not die alone in this room
'Cause the hole in the middle
Keeps growing bigger and bigger
And I see the faces staring back at me
I see them contorting, so I fight with my eyes closed
Afraid to see what awaits me at the bottom of this
Bottom of this deep black hole
Where are You?
When the knife is at my throat
Where are You?
When the knife is at my throat
Where are You? Where are You?
Where are You? Where are You?
Where are You, You, You?
Where are You? Where are You?
God, where are You?
What will become of me?
What will become of me?
I guess I'll never know
What will become of me?
Doubt, fear, desolation