

# 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