

# Anathema, At One With The Earth

The intense grasp death's strangle-hold has over me  
confines me to my own personal agony  
Set me free, let me go  
Release the chilling grasp with which it clutches me

The earth issues it's extreme unction  
as I realise my punishment for sin  
Enguifed by death for all eternity  
In my bones I no longer feel the cold  
as the mire unbosoms it's secrets to me

Ubiquitous fetidness, death is everywhere  
My God, unshackle me

My suffering grows with increase of my guilt  
Destroy devotion. Be at one with the earth  
I sink down into the clammy soil  
At one with the earth.