

# Anathema, Echoes Of Terror

Existence, through a spirit's will  
A force, use the power of evil

Darkness, visualize  
As light pierces through your yearning eyes

Rebirth of a lost soul  
Your body, a channel with witch to grow old

Mephitic, smell of death  
Rancid flesh, of the undead

Inner screams,  
Useless tears,  
Shattered bones.  
My prayer...  
&quot;Oh Lord...  
...Help me die.&quot;

&quot;Please help me die.&quot;

This inner gloom,  
A subterranean hell.  
A morbid sleep,  
In my stygian world.  
My mind is locked,  
At chains my thoughts.  
I pray for death.  
Euthanasize my soul.

Sanctify me!

Epitaph, to mankind  
Engraved, on your mind

Stigmata, on the flesh.  
Dead images, put to rest.