

Antestor, Depressed

Fighting seems so in vain
Weakened by my own brain
Mindless torture blackening my thoughts
I'm flying away to my deepest decay
I'm falling through the black hole
I've lost my tears now I'm cold
Deeper deeper deeper I'll fall
I have no strength hear my call
My soul is screaming let me free
Take away this pain I see
Descending feelings where are you leading me
Desires of death rules in my darkness
In the shadows I'll die all alone
Blinding sorrow there's no tomorrow
There's no place my soul can hide
Slain by the thoughts that lied
Fighting seems so in vain
Weakened by my own brain