

Callenish Circle, Witness Your Own Oblivion

Relieve, the realm of the dead / In complete darkness you awaken / Not knowing where you are / Breathing tastes thin and dry / Your primal fear begins to stir / Helpless awaiting the reaper to come / Fighting against the nothingness / A thousand colours surrounding you / Relieve, the realm of the dead / Tasting blood coming / from under your nails just makes you aware / All the scratches in the wood mark your final attempt / Tasting blood coming / from under your nails just makes you insane / Being just six feet underground / Still an escape cannot be done / Heavily breathing your last breath / Your face expressing it all / Witness your own oblivion now