

# Carpathian Forest, Thanatology

The cold hands were yours  
The stiff face was yours  
But you were not there  
The eyes were yours, but they were closed  
And would not open  
The rays of the distant sun were there  
The moon on the hills white shoulder  
The trip of death, into the unknown  
Silent and numb  
The human mind, a vast universe  
Dive into darkness  
Falling further down in despair  
The silent watcher of truth  
You have lost your battle once, the quest of man  
God given immortality  
Pain strikes, the horror in their eyes  
Rigor mortis, the death stiffness  
The trip of death into the unknown  
Silent and numb  
The human mind a vast universe  
Dive into darkness