

# Cultus Sanguine, Highest Depression

I've reached  
the highest depression  
I've gained  
the boundaries of  
compassion  
now only death  
can understand me  
she's the only one  
who can  
stand all my fears  
and take my hands  
how lone I am  
how betrayed I feel

Now I feel the cold hand  
of doom  
caressing my face  
as a serpent  
surrounding my skin  
this dimension of emptiness  
it fills my days so empty  
gives taste to a life  
already lost

Now the light  
has faded forever  
on the days  
that will never come  
the coffin welcomes me  
as a mother  
embraces her son

...lost...