

Enslavement Of Beauty, And Still I Wither

My mind is wrapped in winds of enslavement
"I'm sorry I blasphemed thy beloved kingdom"
With a kiss of grace thou besmear my soul
Nothingness can now be seen mirrored in my feeble eyes

This is the coldest hell...

So now I experience a void I know so well
A song of emptiness are fed again
Thorns arise with the breeze of cold insanity
I am alive but yet so dead

So fucking dead...

Written in blood over a wasteland of bones
Reflected upon a frozen horizon
Sinister and terminal this hope of desolation
With a whiff of desecration and hate

So let my burned out mind fall dead to the ground
And rape my soul with a demoniacal smile
Stab these thorns deeper into my heart
And free me from these depressive thoughts

Cleanse me...

This is the coldest hell...