

Forgotten Tomb, Disheartenment

(Music and Lyrics by HERR MORBID - Autumn/Winter 2001)

Lying in a dark corner
The black candle light is dying out
Trying to refuse this suffering
As coldness burns my pale naked flesh

I faced my fears a thousand times
Endless doubts - Life of paranoia
I try to find a way out
From this state of suicidal urge

I watch with empty eyes the blade
As tears begin to fall down my face
Another night alone with myself
At one with melancholy and depression

I bleed because the dark is near
I cry as i realize you can't be here
I need to caress your skin in the night
But now my only friend remains this knife

Why must i live with these fears?
I know my only tragedy is my mind
Sometimes i think i'm wasting all the joys
And with this bitter thought i fear to die

I feel so jaded now, so far away
I can't face next morning with this pain
Another cut lacerates my flesh
Sometimes i think it will be the last

I'm only trying to objectivate this hate
I prove towards myself and life itself
I only need to watch these fifty wounds
I opened upon my body in the night

I only need to stop these sick death thoughts
And cry for joy when you'll be here again
I'll watch you sleeping naked at my side
I'll kiss you and this blood will stop to flow

Everyone can kill himself one day
Life brings pain and suffering on our way
Cut your wrists, it's simpler than it seems
But in death you'll know...
Disheartenment wins