

# How Like A Winter, To the Farthest Bound of Life

Wintry and desolate in this hall  
A long way to the farthest bounds of life  
Waiting on a shore, where I can't see any boat  
But my reflection on this noxious water

Ut moriens obliviseatur sui  
qui dum viveret oblitus est Dei

Phlebotomize and drunk up  
'cause life is a lie  
is a lie...

Here  
in what they call the Swedenborg's room  
a long long hall where thousands lay in misery  
a sad gathering where no one can feel  
other than a coarse blade on their neck  
unearthed corpses from unearthed worlds

Lost  
this is death  
only a roaming  
without sense  
without senses  
without end