

Icon Of Coil, Fiction

Suffocation, the candle lost its breath
Like my soul, the flame fades out to death
Never to consist of anything at all
Penetration the fiction says goodbye
My former self, why I had to die
Never to resist from anything at all

Diet of nothing keeps me out of time
But in the meantime I will try
Do consider, erase the pictures in my mind
Expect nothing, make it clean,
Everlasting, like it's never been
Do consider, erase the struggle in my mind

We cannot follow this path no more
You'll be the first to know I'm gone
We cannot follow this path no more
...and now I'm gone.

Pure enjoyment, fill it up with lust, splintered doors
Fades out to dust, can you hear me? are you around?
We don't need to live forever, let's make it tomorrow is better
Can you hear me? Do you even understand?

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