

Monumentum, A Tainted Retrospective

IN THE VAST SEA OF MY OLD AGE
I STARE THE WALL AND BREATH
MY FINAL WAVES

SOMETIMES I FEEL SO COLD
MY IMAGE COLD AS STONE

I USED TO LIVE
LIKE AN OLD MAN BY THE SEA
EVERY KIND OF TORMENT
IS WELL KNOWN BY ME
IS REVEALED TO ME
AND IN DEEP BLUE WATER I SEE
THE MONSTER WHO DWELLS IN ME

HIS NAME IS DECAY
HIS NAME IS DECAY

I USED TO BE AN OLD MAN
LIVING BY THE SEA
HOW MANY SHADES FLOATING
IN THIS FICTION, FORESEEN

MY DAYS ARE OVER NOW
MY ARMS HAVE MELT DOWN
THE SWEETEST TASTE OF LIFE
AND THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF MINE
WERE JUST A STATE OF MIND,
WERE JUST BREAD FOR MANKIND