

# 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