

# Paradise Lost, Breeding Fear

Staring down into the depths  
Subconscious has taken my life  
Breathing this foul and dank air  
Eyes cannot penetrate the light  
No room to panic or move  
I pray my death will come soon.

My sorrows are breeding on my fear.

The tombs of 1000 lie near,  
Soon to diminish am I?  
Lying here, minutes from my death  
The nausea breeds on my fear  
Calling to the victims of fate  
The dead cannot answer my calls.

My body falls to the depths  
And darkness has engraved my mind...  
No visions or solution  
Gagged for air, deeper below I sink...