

Paradise Lost, Requiem

Slow the art of fear
Writhe against the fading
In these sheltered years
I escape from this cruel world

Chose to domineer
Thrive against all failing
Are these wretched tears
Just remains of my ruined worth...

You'll never save me again....
Reanimate me again...

Into the grave
With all the symptoms you create
Into the fray
With all the sickness you'll remain