

Peccatum, I Breathe Without Access To Air

The wind escapes
The present of mine
Leaving stillness behind
"The state of suffocation
- of suffocation"
I breathe without
Access to air

There is no option
There is no freedom
When abandoned in
The state of manifestation

Once more and once again
My lungs are receiving
The air which nothing brings
"The state of starvation
- of starvation"
Forcing me to strangle
From within