

# Type O Negative, Suspended In Dusk

&quot;Damn me Father, for I must sin...&quot;  
Four centuries of this damned immortality  
Yet, I did not ask to be made. Why?  
I will never again feel your sun upon my face  
Or the comfort of a grave  
I am not alive and I am not dead  
This is Hell on earth  
How can I possibly explain this eternal youth?  
When I can do nothing, but sit by  
As my loves grow old and wither  
And with each of them, take a fragment of my heart  
And prolong this endless winder  
It is October's perpetual agony  
It is the shadow realm  
Father, please forgive him  
For he knows not what to do  
With every victim I pray for my own death  
And as much as I love the night  
I curse the moon's eerie glow  
Tis bloodlust that drags me to forever  
The toxic rays of dawn that condemn me to limbo  
I am forced to dwell in grey Autumnal twilight  
I am suspended in dusk  
Father, please forgive him  
For he knows not what to do  
Father, please forgive him  
For he knows not what to do