

Whigfield

"In Aeturnum"

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Tearstained are the halls of my empty soul
Melancholia's haunting call is the only one I have known
Innocence has lead me into this void
While years eroded a youth I never enjoyed
Through childhood I slept unsheltered from the scorn
Now I've awakened with age to love ever lorn
Forever and ever I'll search for the solace
Which can only be found in an embrace

In throes of desolation I prayed unto divinity
I endured the emptiness and frigid pain but even god
had forsaken me
I prayed to find a solace for my heart bereaved
Only to be forgotten by the god I once believed
Now I serve this punishment under the ice condemned
For my loss of faith to hell I was damned
Downfallen in iniquity, desolate I'll be
My somber stare traverses sepulchers lonely

Eternally, my limbs sealed in place
Livid, and dead I bow my face
The only shelter from the cold
Of the ninth circle of hell

To see what awaits in forever
A lifeless gaze, my final endeavor
I looked through the blackened skies
And beheld the radiance of paradise
My eyes have frozen in false sanctity
Eternally bound, my tears have turned to ice

[Lyrics by: Tom Phillips]

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