

Dark Sermon

"Forfeit I: The Crooked Quill"

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The tremendous weight of my burdened past
Has become too much to bear
How heavy the pen grows with each stroke
When the words will never be shared

Bury me with my crooked quill
Let us weep and mourn alone
As for the volumes of texts over which I have slaved
May they be burnt and forgotten

All these pages I've written for no one
I'll be long gone before they're ever read
There is no hope
No belief in salvation
And I've grown too tired to care
I've found that
There is no point
No greater purpose
We were all designed to fail

Bury me with my crooked quill
Let us weep and mourn alone
As for the volumes of texts over which I have slaved
May they be burnt and forgotten

I want to be rid of my life
And everything I've ever felt
If you won't take it from me, God
I'll take it from myself

This is for the friends who act as foes
This is my resignation from the human race
This is for the family that betrays
This is my resignation from the human race
This for the world that turned it's back
This is my resignation from the human race

This is my resignation from the human race

