

Demiurg

"The Cold Hand Of Death"

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It chews me from inside,
the feeling there's no meaning...
No meaning to this life

Awaken into a morning of inanity,
wide open to a world of insanity

Just like a spike,
inserted in my brain,
the gnawing feeling that all is inane

Awaken into a morning of inanity,
wide open to a world of insanity

Trapped in a life of still waters,
threading the same path another day
Its like being drowned,
over and over and over again

Awaiting a death you fear,
feeling the end that is drawing near
The cold claw of something n,
crouch in your house nothing saves you now...

Fisted by the cold hand of death

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