

Ens Cogitans

"Canticles"

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Oh, yeah, she comes
I am glad so rainy
My outer skin
Will be imbibed by the ground
I cannot stop this rain
Let it weeps in sadness
Cimmerian gloom, cimmerian gloom
Bats awaiting for my blood

Having wrapped by twisted downpour
Confused by frustration time
With the odd sways on the my walls
I'm draying miserable life
Scream, yell and cry
I'll never become myself
Like a wounded bird in the sky
I've forgiven my bloody Kill

Stop killing me
Confuse and bleed
Except my life
Except my life
You're killing me

Dying, dying, dying
And crisis and chase on me
I'm chanting all the prizes
Of Nonentity I used to be
In mask
I turned away from all religions
I've lost my living way
I'm longing to be in visions
Desederating still in death

If you look into me
You'll discover red
It's a wounded fury
And the futile Dread
And this hopeless landscape
Has the something saint
Palace "Isolation"

Place of final escape

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