

Fun Lovin' Criminals "Under Ebony Shades"

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Abased by my grief,
The troubled mind I bear,
Drags me down the abyss of
Endless loneliness.

Enlight the reek in which you dwell.
You re the weak your soul has fell.
-Hear the prayer of a lost soul.

Even though the greatest of my wishes
Is being stoic, God has made me
One of many stooges.

Trusting only thou
Who is alike myself.
I merge with the darkness
That embraces me for who I am.

Emaciated by their faulter moves,
They hide under the cloak of blasphemy.
Desperately yearning for love,
Finding only misery Avount

Now I loath the presence of God,
Whom I had such trust in.
Only to be abandoned,
My hardest of times.

Pierce the mind see what is not.
Try to sense the spirit rot.

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