

Funeral "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 falter 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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