

Funeral For A Friend

"Beauty Is Derelict In Mine Eyes"

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I feel not the spark of life
Just the cold of a knife
Splendor is empty, starved of it's soul
Mirrored by my heart, an empty blackened hole

My world is black
My words are solemn
In the murk of my nest I dwell
A private Hell
Coldly I sigh towards you all
I hate you and I want to die

Let my name fade in time
Leave me to my weary ways
Sick of heart, sick of mind
Sick of never-ending days
The world is grey

It is for this I choose suicide
Beauty is derelict in mine eyes

Life is stale
My blood runs black
Fuck you all
All must end

It is for this I choose suicide
Beauty is derelict in mine eyes

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