

God Macabre "Ashes Of Mourning Life"

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Possess the power to create
A gift of birth through flesh
Life so painfully built
Brought to this futile world...

Drowned in sorrows...
Mourning the life...
Which sleeps eternally...

Dreams so easily drained
When veins are frozen cold
Frustration to not control
The last moment of sorrow

Drowned in sorrows...
Mourning the life...
Which sleeps eternally...

A repulsive foolishness
To not perceive mans triviality
Nothing can escape...
... it's destiny

What man can't understand
Won't be accepted...
The macabre weakness of fear
For the silence beyond life...

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