

## **Limbonic Art**

# **"Sources To Agonies"**

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Through the mirror of the soul  
I'm staring deep within  
To see what dwell behind the wall  
The beauty of pale skin

The aura that surrounds me  
Is not of noble kind  
The blackness of the heart  
Is all that's left to find

A dark river runs silent through my life  
Like a floating nemesis  
A dark shadow of what that used to be  
Drift's now in lifeless misery

Live only to witness what I've become  
Midnight is my shallow home  
Soon to enter the last deed of mine  
I'm forced to follow the streaming bloodline

When the wine of life is shed  
And dark cosmic space consume  
I bring the memories back from the dead  
Sources to agonies, a devouring monsoon

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