

Loss **"Enclosure"**

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The first time I came close to death was in the
beginning of my change
The reaction of my body stroke my soul like nothing
else

Senselessness mends all that's weak
The pain I felt pushed me to seek

Tortured by my past I went just deeper in my vain
Strength by what I found I couldn't wait to see the end

The dark side of mentality

Deeper than all I have seen

Weed, rest, waste, gone
Stab, blow, choke, free

Reached the gate

I reign my end with possibilities of making it original
The greater I fall into sleep remembrance increase

Sacrifice of life to be
Remembered to those left behind

Weed, rest, waste, gone
Stab, blow, choke, free

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