

Nightshade "Sanctum"

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In the depths of an abandoned soul
A cold throat in search of oxygen
Her pale body lost in surreal movements
And shivering hands reaching for reality

The echo of her thoughts never made it outside
These chambers of corroded anxiety
No one will ever comprehend
Why some of us were left behind and broken down

Wishing for another place that holds another day
As fear saturates my eyes
A clergy of corrupted saints feeding me with lies
I sigh

The distant warmth of a weakened heart
Resists against the chains that tear her chest apart
Her shoulders seem relaxed in spite of the pain
Calm and waiting for a world which will never be the same

Her life written on the walls in chalk and coal
Words that tell of her last dance with sanity
There's acid on the scriptures of her mind
What have they done to her...what has she become?

Wishing for another place that holds another day
As fear saturates my eyes
A clergy of corrupted saints feeding me with lies
I sigh

Waiting for another world that holds another chance
The sun sets before my eyes
Though their shadow's binding me I find some kind of
light
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