

Occult "The Reaper's Call"

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Cursed with an empty life, senseless existence
Suffering consumes my mind, internal world of fear
Scarred by the horror of enduring nothingness
No reason to live on, in this endless misery

For years I have struggled, alas to no avail
Seeking for fulfillment, yet never I fit in
Why can't I be like them, or is it they can't see?
All the things they cherish are just just illusory

Hear the call - The reaper's call
The final call - Feel the cold
Hear the call - The reaper's call
The final call - Feel the cold

Finally I stare into the eyes of death
I answer his call, my soul is laid to waste
Life leaves my body, after I slit my wrists
Nothing could save me, but death's cold embrace

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