

OnceOver

"I"

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A morose fount of human Death that lies before me,
At the end of this thornclad road
My wounds are deep,
My cries are harsh
Was it Hell that I witnessed, has my time come?
Or may I stay to witness the Devil's work?

Time to die; it has been far too long
Sternly bound I depart from this foul
And morbid life as it has given me nothing

A morose fount of human Death lies before me
A creature of all my woes and awes, an entrance for
me to pass

What importance am I?
Evil is in the deed of every man

Everything pure may go lose as the ways of evil are
opening
Wider and ever darker,
A shadow cast of the Devil

Time to die; it has been far too long
Sternly bound I depart from this foul
And morbid life as it has given me nothing

Everywhere, and all around I see what you don't see;
I see the vastness of the accuser

Time to die; it has been far too long
Sternly bound I depart from this foul
And morbid life as it has given me nothing

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