

## **Cultus Sanguine** **"Depths You've Fallen"**

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Out of focus  
Need to get a grip  
So you don't slip  
Into the realm  
Of lifelessness  
As you crawl through  
The debris of the past

Feebly arise to one knee  
Inhaling the treachery  
Bearing witness to the actions you've chosen  
Closed mouth, unspoken  
The fallen one

Sometimes you hate yourself  
And everyone else  
Go ahead and hate yourself  
For not awakening your dreams  
And nightmares

Screams to an immortal one  
Supposed only son  
Never sees the tears in your eyes  
Never hears the ungodly cries

Behind the mask that you've worn  
Bitter and scorned

Hourglass and mournful stillness  
A tribute to sorrows passing  
As time drips in endless  
Melancholy and gruesome recollections

Through depths you've fallen  
Unsurmountable odds of ascension  
Succumbed by fathoms  
Washed adrift, suspended in grief  
Never to lift your filthy spirit

Soul cleanse, blank the imagery  
It must be nice to have  
The burden of thought

Whisked away  
And let astray

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