

Worship "Endzeit Elegy"

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A bed of stone
To wake upon
To a world long dead

May this sight strike me blind
Lest I envy the dead
Let my bones melt to earth
To cease and forget

In brittled cloth
A grave of rock
Above the world's remains

[Qorban:]

"I broke the surface of a lifetime of sleep,
Or so I felt. For minutes I couldn't will my aching bones
to move,
To rise from my bed of stone, or my gaze to bend from
the tomb of rock above me.
I willed my body over the edge and crushed to the floor
below.
Through a mist of pain I started to see: I was
imprisoned.
A forboding fright dawned in me, as I slowly struggled
to free myself from my own grave.
It seemed my limbs would burst before I was free,
But finally at the very end of my strength I could see
the world beyond,
And to my horror - It was no more!"

I have lost to sleep
Man's final days
Now to awake
Just to be tortured by grief

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