

## Miscreant "Agony Of Despair"

Visit "[Agony Of Despair](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He feels self constrained between casket boards.  
He cannot breath freely and to rise hands.  
It's impossible to be turned  
And cadaverous toxic steams  
Fill his cramped casket in the dead cave.  
The thought about burial alive  
Perforate into his brain  
Unspeakable horror and the fear  
Will be widge in his consciousness:  
"To die in an own grave" -  
Agony of despair.  
Screaming... Suffering...  
Heartrending voice from under earth.  
Desperation... Desolation...  
Terrible death in the common grave.  
He cry, with hope,  
That he will be heard,  
But thikness of ground  
Muffles his the harrowing cry.  
Air is condenced, the forces are strained,  
Chest rises with heavy breath.

Face glow. The blood flows from a nose and month.  
The blood fills the cascet.  
He scratches boards of coffin stripping off finger-nails,  
He pull out hair, he tears to pieces own flesh.  
The thought about burial alive  
Perforate into his brain  
He knock on a cover of a coffin,  
The lumps of ground crush his body.  
He swins in the blood.  
Black feeble dark around.  
Screaming... Suffering...  
Heartrending voice from under earth.  
Desperation... Desolation...  
Terrible death in the common grave.  
His cry chokes in bloody musilage  
Current from a throat,  
Mixing up with gurgle and death rattle  
...He is dead.

