

Abyssmal Sorrow

"Echoes Through The Fields Of Death"

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Ravenous waters as distant as my misery,
That voracious longing for my days, my blood
Soaked days to turn a dreadful grey.
Dying beneath the empty sky, Drowning below the
Dreadful waters, Buried by the dust of misery and
Burnt by the winds of despair.
Among the stones I walk, with austere rays of empty
light.
So terrible to behold, and chants of death ever so cold.
Trees of loneliness and gnarling mists
Their branches holding in their hands, the silhouette of
my end
Echoes of clutching rope and empty lungs, My Dirge.

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