

## **Paradise Lost**

### **"In This We Dwell"**

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We adapt to pain  
In the hour we'll fight until the grave  
As darkness sets on dead cells  
Crawling rise, to which they fell  
The dead sing out for my soul  
Before they hide in their own hell  
In this we dwell  
In this we dwell

We are trapped in blame, in a tower of spite  
Until the darkness strikes the death knell  
Paralysed bewitch the spell  
The dead sing out for my soul  
A torment thrives this dismal shell  
In This We Dwell  
In This We Dwell

As darkness sets on dead cells  
Crawling rise, to which they fell  
The dead sing out for my soul  
Before they hide in their own hell  
In this we dwell  
In this we dwell

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