

Deep-pression

"I Walk The Life In Depression"

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THE LAST DROP IN A DRIP

These are the last moments
Last drops of life
In a drip
While landscapes of death open
The scythe gate...
It's the last sound
Of beating hearts
It's all dead!
It's all dead...
I wander the woods in hatred
I walk the life in depression
And there's something inside
Which blows like an atom bomb...
Now...

ITCHIN' SKIN

It seems that this skin
Is dead...
It seems that my life...
It stopt...
... whiles ago...
I don't know where is the shadow
In which I hide myself...
Some kind of joy
Is all... around...
And I'm becoming
Even deader than I was before
Among autumnal woods
I scream in possession
Slay me!...
Oh slay me...
Slay me the trees!...
...

NOTHING

Trees of november
In sephia mist
The world grows with emptiness

Ah fucking life!
Never allows to walk the Way
Everything must die
Before my very eyes
To let me touch the Throne
Everything is the shade of Emptiness
Everything decays
And remains still...
And they leave
Into oblivion state
Fucking existence!
Hypocritical NOTHING!

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