

Advent, The "Doubt. Fear. Desolation"

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Go, go away

Get away, get away

Go away, get away

Get away from me

These demons that I fight

Keep screaming back at me, back at me

These skeletons in my closet

Keep screaming back at me, they keep torturing

And these voices in my head

Will not leave me alone, leave me alone

I will not die alone in this room

'Cause the hole in the middle

Keeps growing bigger and bigger

And I see the faces staring back at me

I see them contorting, so I fight with my eyes closed

Afraid to see what awaits me at the bottom of this

Bottom of this deep black hole

Where are You?

When the knife is at my throat

Where are You?

When the knife is at my throat

Where are You? Where are You?

Where are You? Where are You?

Where are You, You, You?

Where are You? Where are You?

God, where are You?

What will become of me?

What will become of me?

I guess I'll never know

What will become of me?

Doubt, fear, desolation

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