

Rakoth

"Tiny Deaths"

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I leave grey ashes covering my sight self-sentenced to
exist

Atrocity of silence preys worst yet silence I crave

Leprous vultures feast upon my bones dancing round
and round my plagued still

Writhing corpse wraths arise to guide my steps beyond
arousing memories buried deep I thought buried deep

Burnt my cage with lies searching (the) dream to find a
cure

Crust of scorn upon my rusted empty shell

Playing life twisted sorry masquerade poisoned
granted tiny deaths to celebrate

Great... I have lost my worlds my universe I built in
tears and blood caught in childish snare in hollow
abyss hand-made for me alone

Why what a pity word regrets sorrow - just shallow
symbols lost in pain lost in vain lost the game of fear
that binds me to this self

Crawling to feel (the) sky below again I shall inhale an
emptiness but (the) healing for dire wounds of my
sanity out of reach of my morbid being

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