

Cal Bennett

"Witness Your Own Oblivion"

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Relieve, the realm of the dead / In complete darkness
you awaken / Not
knowing where you are / Breathing tastes thin and dry /
Your primal fear
begins to stir / Helpless awaiting the reaper to come
/ Fighting against the
nothingness / A thousand colours surrounding you /
Relieve, the realm of the
dead / Tasting blood coming / from under your nails
just makes you aware /
All the scratches in the wood mark your final attempt
/ Tasting blood coming
/ from under your nails just makes you insane / Being
just six feet
underground / Still an escape cannot be done / Heavily
breathing your last
breath / Your face expressing it all / Witness your own
oblivion now

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