

Withered

"Drawn Black Drapes"

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Compassion has it's limits
Vermin clamor below me
Absurdity of it all
For there will be no redemption

Overwhelming, suffocating, overwhelming, suffocating

I dream of black drapes.
Swaying with the wind

An inferno burns, below them
In the distance a muffled wail
A procession, slowly enters
Holds the key, to our salvation

Cleanse this, filth
From the, soil
The drapes, sway

The inferno, rages on
My last words
Will be my first

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