

## Theatre Of Tragedy

# "Dying - I Only Feel Apathy"

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Now as I am to be bereft of my troth  
I cry aloud my last words of lost hope  
A violent gust of wind is my frame of mind  
Huxes like moisture through pores

I am unwilling to forgive him who deprived me of my  
life  
Gloaming the sequence, a momentary view  
Perishing intervals of rejoice  
My supreme happiness is lost

Baleful emotions of fear, my body is the earth  
The earth is now destined to be made forlorn  
Forlorn from the enlivening energies  
Am I not any longer living?

In mournful silence I suffer, in mournful silence I suffer  
In peace I now will rest, in peace I now will rest  
My hard-working hands, my hard-working hands  
Are now reposed, are now reposed

I close thee, my beloved, into my heart  
Conceal thy memory in my inner sanctum  
In my thoughts thou shall forever be  
As a dear and precious remembrance

I'm dethroned in the reign of entity  
My tears descend like of ebony  
Life is the theatre of tragedy  
Dying, I only feel apathy  
Dying, I only feel apathy

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