

Shroud of Frost

Anathema

Undying odyssey... a myriad of times

The soul has seen
Through eyes of heaven
The imperium of earth
There's nothing left to perceive

Help me to escape from this existence
I yearn for an answer... can you help me?
I'm drowning in a sea of abused visions and shattered dreams
In somnolent illusion... I'm paralyzed

Infinity distraction
A pious human disorder
Blind to passage of souls
Conclusion from one remembrance

Help me to escape...

Transfixed... I gaze through my window at a world lying under a
shroud of
frost. In a forlorn stupor I feel the burning of staring eyes,
yet no one
is here. Detached from reality, in the Knowing of dreams, we know the
entity of ensuing agony waits to clasp us in its cold breast, in an empty
room. We awake and it's true...
I dreamt of the sun's demise, awoke to a bleak
morning. In the emptiness I beheld fate for the dead light is a
foretelling
of what will be... I saw a soul drift from life, through death,
and arrive
at Elysian fields in welcoming song. Yet I stand in a dusk-
filled room
despondently watching the passing of the kindred spirit... and
there
is no song... just a delusion of silence.