

From the urge to seek my sources  
I travel to restore  
and bring myself to break down the door  
I'm taken in by vicious forces  
to realms of death and horror  
Submersion into the underworlds at war

Must face the madness  
though it hurts  
Must face the blackness  
though it hurts

Mortal dread's become  
a drag on being one with my self

I seem to struggle with defences  
and the infinity of man  
threatened by the vulnerable "I am"  
In every corner of my senses  
there's a will to alteration  
It's been haunting me ad nauseam

Must face the madness  
though it hurts  
Must face the blackness  
though it hurts

Mortal dread's become  
a drag on being one with my self

If someone's out there  
I need a word for protection  
And if you're out there  
this oath of blood is bonded by affection

Mortal dread's become  
a drag on being one with my self  
Mortal dread's become  
a drag on being one with all else  
Mortal dread's succumbed  
Mortal dread's succumbed