

Forsaken

Benighted

Forsake

Every night happens the same relentless terrifying scenario
Alex ten years old has to confront hell to finally find the sleep

Closed eyelids do not prevent him to see
The hands on the ears and he still listens
Afraid that his heart stopped in the hammering of a funeral march

Forsaken, the hour has come
He's forsaken by the ones he trusted the most in

Between invisible creatures as darkness is falling around
Freezing kisses from his mother rejoining her bed in heaven

Closed eyelids do not prevent him to see
The hands on the ears and he still listens
Afraid that his heart stopped in the hammering of a funeral march

Scary noises under him

An uncertain place on the Earth and the ritual reject
Lead him to surrender himself in terror
Slave to the aggressive outside
In the lair of the ashamed child

As he stands close to the Styx
Ready to fall and swim
Convinced that he will never be able to cross it
Abysses inhale him from underground

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