

## Chapter 4 A Song for My Sorrow

Black Sun Aeon

Throw of the scent  
To cease the chase of life  
When one with death no light in sight  
I have been told that before the end  
The angels will come, angels will come  
Years has taken the best out of me  
The sharpest edge  
Endless burdensome journey without a rest  
Murder in cold blood instead of a suicide  
This crime is justified  
I have killed myself so many times  
That for me without a doubt  
Heaven is denied  
I am here, I am waiting, In silence  
With no fear of dying  
No more bleeding inside  
Waiting for the black sun to rise