

## The Gift Of Discernment

Byzantine

I'm drowning in darkness  
Someone, shine a light on me.  
Fixated on the outcome of all  
Death whispers denouement  
The end is clear to me  
Coping with sorrow I splinter the last straw

It's been a long sad day  
And this will only make it worse  
As devils whisper angels pray  
This gift will only be a curse

So this must be my hell but I can not discern  
I set sail for Charon my soul the river Styx will burn

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And this will only make it worse  
As devils whisper angels pray  
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Fire in the hole and glory be to God  
Disregard the soul beneath a foot a sod  
Oh, God.  
Bane of my existence and crux of my dismay  
Soul backed into a gaping hole day by day  
By day, by day, by day, by day  
I'm washed in the misery bathing the soma  
I pray for your mercy to vanquish this coma