

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
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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