

Witness Your Own Oblivion

Callenish Circle

Relieve, the realm of the dead
In complete darkness you awaken
Not knowing where you are
Breathing tastes thin and dry
Your primal fear begins to stir
Helpless awaiting the reaper to come
Fighting against the nothingness
A thousand colours surrounding you
Relieve, the realm of the dead
Tasting blood coming
from under your nails just makes you aware
All the scratches in the wood mark your final attempt
Tasting blood coming
from under your nails just makes you insane
Being just six feet underground
Still an escape cannot be done
Heavily breathing your last breath
Your face expressing it all
Witness your own oblivion now