

Rest In Oblivion

Dark Fortress

Still, I gaze upon to the death-drowned skies,
Where all my buried visions lie,
Still, the pulse of "life" tears me apart,
Like a burning dagger within my heart

Smothering, suffering,
My face in the mirror
Just another carved monument of transience
Like a grey illusion in a midnighth's dream

Longing for the final coronation
The day of this sickness' cremation

A weary soul, pierced by the wounds of "life"
Depressing emptiness,
Loss of perception
Misery, come and bless my soul once more

Forgotten, the time, when I was free
Forsaken, the place, where I wish to be
Just one picture marked in my mind,
Death take my hand,
Take me to the ruins of my destination!

Rest in oblivion my persihed soul,
In places so drab, in timeless spheres,
Never to be called again

Life is all in vain, for only ashes will remain