

A Quietly Forming Collapse

Doom:vs

The weight upon me
In the shape of buildings
Crushing hope
A white sky collapse

The stain of a broken life unfolds
Through the ashes I walk
My hands soaked with blood
From the burial of my heart

In the depths
A quiet cold
Forming muted will

The sun collapse into the nether
Blood on my hands forever
Forever

The river only brings poison
The well brings nothing but tears
Nothingness becomes the shadow
The shadow turns into me

These hands...
Was meant for greater things
These hands...
My heart...
Clenched and leaden winged
My heart...

Inside the sickness
This coil of darkness
Breathing lifeless

The sun collapse into the nether
Blood on my hands forever
Forever