

Tomb

Evile

Dark the days begin to grow
With nothing more to show
A sense I've lost my grip on all I know
Where I hide begs me to stay
This temple's in decay
What more to see?
The tomb calls to me

When alone I know my place
All suffering erased
I turned my back on every chance I waste
When belief is stripped away
Only fear remains
What more to see?
The tomb calls to me
It screams for me

Where will I go twisted in need
Deep is the thorn that poisons me
Voices remain honest and clear
Freedom they whisper as sorrow nears

Imprisoned in a cage I cannot feel
Elusive is the change I need to heal
Shadows gather round
Bringing misery unbound
And an offering of more beyond the mortal sound

Struggling against what drags me down
Another day is swallowed by the ground
Looking past the pain
In the moment I remain
Should I answer when the tomb is calling out my name

Where will I go twisted in need
Deep is the thorn that poisons me
Voices remain honest and clear
Freedom they whisper as sorrows nears