

Past Life

HeXeN

This is a song for the grimly depressed,
Whose worst place to be would be inside their head,
Left the womb crawling in this place they detest,
And only in death can one solemnly rest.

Pain was pleasure: every moment incomplete,
Until the last thing you do; the world disagrees,
We remain in the shadows; in obscurity,
For only in death can one truly be free.

Won't forgive me, past life I have confessed,
It's been completely buried; a memory is all that's left.

All these mental scars accumulate in the end,
Recollections would hit time and time again,
There's nothing left to do for people like me,
But live in this aftermath of a distant memory.

I look into the past; despair and misery,
Blaming the perfidious nihilist in me,
One thing I learned in this passage of time,
Without the somber, there is no divine.

Won't forgive me, a life that has long since passed,
I should've known since this began...
That lies can never last.

Solace is hard to find and fate's as cold as ice,
One thing I must clarify before the event of my demise:
Relent is something life just would not allow,
So I'll be on my way, withdrawn and disavowed.