

Dying Chant

Insomnium

As I lay dying at the eve of my days
There is a void inside me, hollowed by the years

Time has made these scars, burned them in my soul
Mouldered this ugly figure of anguish and woe

Only death by my side, in the darkness waiting
I weep for what I've done, cry for what I've not

I beg for salvation, that cannot be found
Never in this life, not whit these memories

I have never shown regret or asked for forgiveness
I have never relented, no, or yielded to prayers

Only vision in my mind, as I give my life
How she hides her face, and turn away