

## Enclosure

## Loss

The first time I came close to death was in the beginning of my  
change

The reaction of my body stroke my soul like nothing else

Senselessness mends all that's weak

The pain I felt pushed me to seek

Tortured by my past I went just deeper in my vain

Strength by what I found I couldn't wait to see the end

The dark side of mentality

Deeper than all I have seen

Weed, rest, waste, gone

Stab, blow, choke, free

Reached the gate

I reign my end with possibilities of making it original

The greater I fall into sleep remembrance increase

Sacrifice of life to be

Remembered to those left behind

Weed, rest, waste, gone

Stab, blow, choke, free