

Withering Seclusion

Morta Skuld

Running through solitude
The walls last for ever
Mere flesh and blood
Destine to this place
My screams for help ignored

Laughs possess all being
Withering in seclusion

Fear to inhibit by the meek
Is before our God

Sadness covers me
As I rise to fall
This illusions is
For our past lies

This place taunts me
Darkened by fear
Guarded by all apin
Cast down by all fate

In agony do I weep
To exist on falling ruins
Pieces of sinful diversion
Torn apart in seclusion