

The marsh land that is down and deep,
Holds me tight it's clutching me.
Like black cold chains forever,
Dragging me towards hell's misery.

The things that I've seen with Your eyes.
The things that You choose not to see.
Have scorched me like ten thousand burning years.
In a purgatory.

I don't want to think my own thoughts.
That make me feel ill at ease.
I make me want to not live.
When all I do is freeze.

Is this Damnation?

Is it in my mind or is it something I don't know.
Something that I should control,
I've got to find,
Find the machine.
That makes me want to be me.

Cannot face another mirror,
Cannot face another truth.
I've got to find,
Find some new eyes,
I've got to find a substitute.

My omnipresence this is me.
My weapon against your dynasty.

I've got to stop existing mentally,
In places that i do not want to be.
I have to move away,
From thoughts terrible and gray.
It will not let me go,
is this Damnation?

My Omnipresence this is me.
My friend, turns into an enemy.

Must control, I must control the evil daemon.
Antimental!