

# Marshland

Mortiis

I have been here for too long.  
In this lonesome twisted land.  
Marshland...

It is deep and sickening.  
I have to find my way back home.  
Marshland...

The only way to find myself.  
Is to descend deeper still.  
Marshland...

I'm stuck and cold.  
I'm stuck and cold in marshland.  
I'm stuck and cold where life is  
Plentiful but nothing lives.

A voice I know speaks to me.  
Of self-deceit and mockery.

I search for life and sights to see.  
Somewhere beyond this cold  
Machinery. (So take me out of this insanity).

Nothing that I say or do, Matters to the  
Big machine. Nothing that I think or  
Feel, matters to the big machine. If I am  
Dead when tomorrow's gone,  
The big machine will just move on.

The scar you gave me left my soul,  
Hollow like the love you showed.

That empty shell you offered me,  
Took me further away from the  
Machine.