

Sloth

Pantheist

I risked my soul's redemption
For I'm dying to know
Whether annihilation awaits my soul
Or into hell's fire I'll be thrown

For I prefer to die knowing
Whether my life makes sense
Rather than live in piety
Hoping that this will save me from hell

Instead of those doubts inside
I'd rather succumb to Your wrath
Instead of this mental torment
I'd rather have Your judgement

The bitter taste of conscious guilt
Has rendered my heart ice-cold
As apathy takes over now
I wish You could tell me, my Lord

Why don't You answer my prayers
Why are you so silent and cold?
Did someone kill You as they say
Or did You ignore my call?

Damned and doomed,
trapped in your intricate path
Unable to move towards the light
and find the truth before I die

Once You were my shepherd
Now tell me what could possibly
cure me from this lethargy?
Be the guide to my last fall,
be the witness of my defeat

Be there with me, a silent one
Your Word do not need,
only Your presence

As I'm laying here peacefully
and a cold breeze sweeps my face
I can finally feel the secret of my existence
And the wind drops suddenly,
and the gates show me the only way
Now everything is in place for the ultimate sin...