

Forty days and nights I've spent alone.
The shadow hungry angel inside of me grows cold.
Bloodshed on my mind.
A slave of these walls.
Get away from the life sucking call.
Set me free.

Grant a pardon for the meddling soul.
The lives of the fallen deserve to take the spirit
toll.
Within the asylum of a guilty fucking conscience I feel
the presence of insanity creep up my spine-to lock me
away in this hell.

Death has made it's abode on my shoulders.
It clings to the palm of my hand eternally.
Within ascendance I shall relive the slaughtering.
You'll sing to the dirt, praying for the break of dawn.

Night will bring the presence of a ravenous demon
setting out to terrify.
Soul destructive like imploding stars.
There's nothing but the darkness to guide the way.
There's nothing left inside.

Scald the inside.
Fold the endless search within you.
Scale the insight, for the day it lies before us.
Somewhere in time...
Off in the distance we can see shining, clear, our
demise to be.
We're not listening to ourselves.

Somewhere in time, we welcomed in the midnight leave.
But in the distance we can see shining, clear, our
demise to be.
We're not listening to ourselves.