

## Out of Spirits

### Rotting Christ

Great dilemma  
Detestable thoughts  
Non-existing facts  
Ans it`s the grief that accompanies you

Life and death are struggling  
The outcome is wavering  
The decision is ours  
But the truth escapes me

The sadness of bereavement  
The loss of innocence  
Hate made an untrodded path  
Of my soul

I walk lightly  
Trying not to wake  
My sleeping consciousness  
Trying to resist myself

The fate has schemed  
Against us  
The weak are condemned  
Fear now  
I want to be alive  
But my soul is asleep  
You can say whatever  
I go on all alone