

Returning to Misery & Comfort

Sargeist

I hate the moon and its glow
For it no longer pleases me
I curse the winter and its snow
For it will lead "them" to me
Returning to the darkness
Of the mountain caves
Following the voie of past
When sky is obscured with clouds

Even starlight seems miserable
Fragile memories hurt my mind
Into everlasting misanthropy
Cold and depressive
One with the old dead forest
Before I leave this place
Nothing left to comfort me
But the cold touch of steel