

# The Birth of Newfound Death

Soulfallen

"There are moments in death  
where events transcend the expected  
and can transform the very foundations  
of our existence.

Where death flees the ones  
who seek most to embrace it  
only to return in another form,  
so familiar to us all..."

A table set for two  
The candles lit for one  
In a reunion of the two  
Drawn apart at the dawn when all life begun

Waking restless to dead hours  
The world now feels a different place  
Upon the fields of burning flowers  
(lie) the monuments of our disgrace

The breaking down of old ideals  
and fears too monstrous to be spoken of  
And the crumbling of old laws  
once thought that never could be broken

Broken down - and buried unto unshallow ground

Left are only broken beings  
Souls merely filled with emptiness  
Burning on the grips of an everlasting,  
Ever-tightening cold caress

Caressed, unblessed to a morbid life in death  
In a world where each breath is both mute and suppressed

Stealing empires from serpents no more  
As our eleventh hour has struck twelve  
After vain glories and false purgatories  
We are left only with ourselves

I watch the world now turn as if it were the same  
Beneath starplunging rain, under nightmares we crawl  
Where all is lost and nothing gained  
But a harsh newfound death now living deep within us all...

Where all is but a dream, a dream and yet so real  
Within our Hell concealed, by this unlife reclaimed  
I watch entire worlds fade away only to return the same...

A whole world once cut in two  
Now entwined as one  
And with breath we inhale  
We both live and become undone...