

# The Everlasting

Virgin Black

Breathe  
A faceless one roams for my soul  
The air is dense behind me  
It follows, brooding, a presence that clamours for  
And strikes at my soul  
Shadows slant, the darkness clings and coiled  
Hiding in corners it conjures none but fear  
Yet my muted children testify, the everlasting  
Not a sound to my ears yet my spirit is defeated  
By cacophonous chatter  
It follows and strikes at my soul  
It follows  
Give me silence  
Why can I never rest from this aloof pursuer?  
Please give me my peace  
A wavering shadow  
I wake to find it looming  
Touched but never held  
Its hand stops my breath  
I am mourning, my eyes are stained  
I feel his sacred tears upon me  
His sobs strike against my heart  
The faceless, haunts me  
Scared but perfect and beautiful  
I see the face of...  
Lashed with my every burden  
The air is dense before me  
I cannot deny  
But can I embrace?