

## Veil of Tears

Virgin Black

Walk my dismal path  
Pursue my much walked ways  
Two hells I've found  
Two deaths I'll die  
Mere fools choose to stay

Shut out the sky  
In this (already) darkened room  
As I prepare myself for slumber  
Where the weary are at rest  
Scraps of acrid marrow  
Dried and whitened spine  
Wasting of the limbs  
Abbreviated death

Such a bitter satire  
I'm content to rest alone  
Leave me here and I will lie  
Composed and undisturbed  
Oh where can I find sorrow  
To relieve me of my grief  
I've shut my eyes to God above  
And walked my dismal way  
I've drunk the dregs of a wooden cup  
I've trampled on His blood  
I've smeared Him in my arrogance  
I grieve I can't turn back

Walk my dismal path  
Pursue my much walked way  
Two hells I've found  
Two deaths I'll die  
Mere fools here remain.