

Abound in Nothing

Wardrum

Deep inside me hidden well
Grows a seed of darkness
Yet it can do no harm
But only brings me sadness

During the day it disappears
And when the night is falling
It comes along with all my fears
I can feel it crawling

Then I, become a mind of sin
A palm that holds my empty life within
And I got nothing left to see
But the way I'll drop the final curtain

Deep breath before the plunge
To a grief unspoken
From the ashes of last hope
The fire can't be woken

What will end this inner fight?
What prevails is madness
Soon a night with stars alight
I will drown in darkness

For I've, become a mind of sin
A palm that holds my empty life within
And I've got nothing else to see
But the way I'll drop the final curtain

Cause I've, become a mind of sin
A palm that holds my empty life within
And I've got nothing left to see
But the way I'll drop the final curtain