

A Portrait Of The Dying

When Nothing Remains

Affliction gain ascendant of the being
Weakness grow sinewy
Try to darn what will befall
And we will misfire
Bewildered of what will occur
We seek, the sinew
We all forgot

Dust to dust
Is what we are
An empty shell
Of a spirit in flight
Embrace our fate
Neglect humanity
To never return

Entomb the distress of life in soil
Deep in internal rooms
Sense the grief no more
And be free
Behold the last moment
Before we break, down
To ash

Dust to dust
Is what we are
An empty shell
Of a spirit in flight
Embrace our fate
Neglect humanity
Withering away
To never return

What will become
Of the remaining sparks
A gap between bounds
Of die down souls
No more to see
No more to be
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