

Miscarriage Of The Soul

Xasthur

There is a void inside and no longer a soul, dementia has begun to take control.

Nowhere has become the other side.

The body is now prison, there's no way out (was there ever a way in?).

Shadows where wombs used to be, there is no escape from stagnating in despondency.

Seeing is deceiving and life just isn't there.

Remember the walk off the cliff's edge, still echoes of torment dwell.

Dead end passages of subconsciousness linger.