

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 stagna-
ting in despondency.

Seeing is deceiving and life just isn't there.

Remember the walk off the cliff's edge, still echoes of tormen-
t dwell.

Dead end passages of subconsciousness linger.