

# Anathema, ...And I Lust

Stately columns standing in solemn rows  
Such empty honours are suitable for those  
Whose death erases all renown and fame  
And vanquishes their glory with their name  
Wandering aimlessly through dead filled fields  
Rewards are just, who knows what absence yields?  
By the golden beauty of dusk  
and the sun low in our sky  
By the haunting shadows of trees  
and graves, mesmerized am I.  
Searching deep inside trying to reach my dreams  
I see a face stare back at me... oh, so serene.  
By the golden beauty of dusk  
and the sun low in our sky  
By the haunting shadows of trees  
and graves, mesmerized am I.  
Those whispering shades... sad, silent glades  
But not for those whose superior worth  
After death extols them to the earth  
I would even venture to assume  
That one need not build for them a tomb  
By human art, since glory heaven sent  
Serves them as a living monument  
Pain is a far away land,  
Misery, a lifetime's journey...  
...and I lust for death (judgement).