

Anathema, At One With The Earth

The intense grasp death's strangle-hold has over me
confines me to my own personal agony
Set me free, let me go
Release the chilling grasp with which it clutches me

The earth issues it's extreme unction
as I realise my punishment for sin
Enguifed by death for all eternity
In my bones I no longer feel the cold
as the mire unbosoms it's secrets to me

Ubiquitous fetidness, death is everywhere
My God, unshackle me

My suffering grows with increase of my guilt
Destroy devotion. Be at one with the earth
I sink down into the clammy soil
At one with the earth.