Enslavement Of Beauty, And Still I Wither

My mind is wrapped in winds of enslavement "I'm sorry I blasphemed thy beloved kingdom" With a kiss of grace thou besmear my soul Nothingness can now be seen mirrored in my feeble eyes

This is the coldest hell...

So now I experience a void I know so well A song of emptiness are fed again Thorns arise with the breeze of cold insanity I am alive but yet so dead

So fucking dead...

Written in blood over a wasteland of bones Reflected upon a frozen horizon Sinister and terminal this hope of desolation With a whiff of desecration and hate

So let my burned out mind fall dead to the ground And rape my soul with a demoniacal smile Stab these thorns deeper into my heart And free me from these depressive thoughts

Cleanse me...

This is the coldest hell...