

Lamb Of God, Memento Mori

by the darkest river
beneath the leafless trees
I think I am drowning
this dream is killing me
in the coldest winter
between the fading lights
I feel I am falling into a frozen sky

past the blackest heaven
above the dying stars
I watch my breaking into a million shards
but through the hardest hour
below the cruelest sign
I know I am waking up from this wrenched lie
wake up

a depression fed by overload
false perceptions
the weight of the world
a universe in the palm of your hand
the artifice of endless strands

distraction flows down an obsessive stream
rejection grows into oppressive screams