

Beneath

Black Tusk

Cold dark heart. There's no light. Turning me inside out.
Night besets, sound rolls near. What I've done is what I bear.
Deed is done.
Growing. Can't turn back. Near. Beating faster. Growing. Life turns black.
On and on, the torment grows, On and on, but no one knows.
On and on, to live this way. On and on, life slips away.
My guilt haunts me.