

The Lachrymal Sleep

Doom:vs

Useless numb existence, I breathe
My tired limbs crawling through mud

Sickening clamour from bodies so still
Weakened by each moment I breathe

Let me slip into hiding
Let me dream, one final dream

In this coffin of light
In which I live kills my will
To feel alive
I beg you to, help me through

Red colours the broken
Embodies the snow
I bleed with the cold

Let me slip into hiding
Let me dream,
One final dream

In this coffin of light
In which I live kills my will
To feel alive
I beg you to, help me through