

## Shroud of Frost

Anathema

Undying odyssey... a myriad of times

The soul has seen  
Through eyes of heaven  
The imperium of earth  
There's nothing left to perceive

Help me to escape from this existence  
I yearn for an answer... can you help me?  
I'm drowning in a sea of abused visions and shattered dreams  
In somnolent illusion... I'm paralyzed

Infinity distraction  
A pious human disorder  
Blind to passage of souls  
Conclusion from one remembrance

Help me to escape...

Transfixed... I gaze through my window at a world lying under a  
shroud of  
frost. In a forlorn stupor I feel the burning of staring eyes,  
yet no one  
is here. Detached from reality, in the Knowing of dreams, we know the  
entity of ensuing agony waits to clasp us in its cold breast, in an empty  
room. We awake and it's true...  
I dreamt of the sun's demise, awoke to a bleak  
morning. In the emptiness I beheld fate for the dead light is a  
foretelling  
of what will be... I saw a soul drift from life, through death,  
and arrive  
at Elysian fields in welcoming song. Yet I stand in a dusk-  
filled room  
despondently watching the passing of the kindred spirit... and  
there  
is no song... just a delusion of silence.