

## Witness Your Own Oblivion

Callenish Circle

Relieve, the realm of the dead  
In complete darkness you awaken  
Not knowing where you are  
Breathing tastes thin and dry  
Your primal fear begins to stir  
Helpless awaiting the reaper to come  
Fighting against the nothingness  
A thousand colours surrounding you  
Relieve, the realm of the dead  
Tasting blood coming  
from under your nails just makes you aware  
All the scratches in the wood mark your final attempt  
Tasting blood coming  
from under your nails just makes you insane  
Being just six feet underground  
Still an escape cannot be done  
Heavily breathing your last breath  
Your face expressing it all  
Witness your own oblivion now