Retch

Conjurer

I am steeped, steeped in rot and disease
Laid amongst the bones of my defeat
Weak, clinging on with mucid skin
Hoping soon the walls will cave me in

You retch, so as to purge
But it fails to end this wretched curse

How many more times will I wake up only to wish my
Sleep would never end?
Lost, stumbling toward an open grave
Hands still clutching to the spade

You retch, so as to purge
But it fails to end this wretched fucking curse

There is no shelter
There is no shelter
There is no shelter
Til every shred of hope is ripped from the sinews

I'm done for

You retch, so as to purge
But it fails to end this wretched fucking curse

Retch, so as to purge

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