

## And Still I Wither

### Enslavement of Beauty

My mind is wrapped in winds of enslavement  
"I'm sorry I blasphemed thy beloved kingdom"  
With a kiss of grace thou besmear my soul  
Nothingness can now be seen mirrored in my feeble eyes

This is the coldest hell...

So now I experience a void I know so well  
A song of emptiness are fed again  
Thorns arise with the breeze of cold insanity  
I am alive but yet so dead

So fucking dead...

Written in blood over a wasteland of bones  
Reflected upon a frozen horizon  
Sinister and terminal this hope of desolation  
With a whiff of desecration and hate

So let my burned out mind fall dead to the ground  
And rape my soul with a demoniacal smile  
Stab these thorns deeper into my heart  
And free me from these depressive thoughts

Cleanse me...

Ah...

This is the coldest hell...