

In Purgatory

Entheos

I have seen the end
I am just beginning
This fear that has been growing
Will not become the void in me

Days, like death
Become stagnant
And I begin questioning the very
Things I have come to be
Years wasted on clocks
Chasing the high of the time
Don't you remember
What it meant to me?

I hear a voice within that whispers
"Time is wasting"
It's the same voice within that drags me even further down

I lie awake on ash
Sorrow to remind me of what I had cherished
And in this moment
I realize what I have lost

Everything falls to blackness
The air is thick with smoke
My lungs fill
In desperation I plead
All that I have given
All that I have bled
Is it not enough to live in the end?

Let light in
The darkness calling my name
Will I wake?
Or will this silence become my grave?

I feel the morning light on my face, is it over?

The old days that I had forgotten
Now rush to my head like a pattern
And here I can feel it all
Both end and beginning
Where colors intertwine
And makeshift memories
Pull my spirit home
Life is just a distant dream here
The days I'd waited to pass by
I wish I could relive them all
This time with awareness
That this life is to be taken
Not for granted
But in stride
And the patience that I've lacked
Is only given to us all on borrowed time

The old days that I had forgotten
Life is just a distant dream here

If you take it all away
Flesh, bone, and blood
What is it that you will have to give?

If you take it all away
Flesh and bone and blood
What is it that you will have to give?

If you take it all away
Flesh and bone and blood
What is it that you will have to give?

Life, it seems
Is a momentary gift
We are but a brief light
Flesh and bone and blood
What is it you'll have to give?

And now my thoughts break
And they bend
This is not the end

And now my conscience begins to speak to me
Alone with my regrets
Sinking further in Hell