

## Tomb

Evile

Dark the days begin to grow  
With nothing more to show  
A sense I've lost my grip on all I know  
Where I hide begs me to stay  
This temple's in decay  
What more to see?  
The tomb calls to me

When alone I know my place  
All suffering erased  
I turned my back on every chance I waste  
When belief is stripped away  
Only fear remains  
What more to see?  
The tomb calls to me  
It screams for me

Where will I go twisted in need  
Deep is the thorn that poisons me  
Voices remain honest and clear  
Freedom they whisper as sorrow nears

Imprisoned in a cage I cannot feel  
Elusive is the change I need to heal  
Shadows gather round  
Bringing misery unbound  
And an offering of more beyond the mortal sound

Struggling against what drags me down  
Another day is swallowed by the ground  
Looking past the pain  
In the moment I remain  
Should I answer when the tomb is calling out my name

Where will I go twisted in need  
Deep is the thorn that poisons me  
Voices remain honest and clear  
Freedom they whisper as sorrows nears