## **Withering Seclusion**

## **Morta Skuld**

Running through solitude
The walls last for ever
Mere flesh and blood
Destine to this place
My screams for help ignored

Laughs possess all being Withering in seclusion

Fear to inhibit by the meek Is before our God

Sadness covers me As I rise to fall This illusions is For our past lies

This place taunts me Darkened by fear Guarded by all apin Cast down by all fate

In agony do I weep To exist on falling ruins Pieces of sinful diversion Torn apart in seclusion