

## Sloth

Pantheist

I risked my soul's redemption  
For I'm dying to know  
Whether annihilation awaits my soul  
Or into hell's fire I'll be thrown

For I prefer to die knowing  
Whether my life makes sense  
Rather than live in piety  
Hoping that this will save me from hell

Instead of those doubts inside  
I'd rather succumb to Your wrath  
Instead of this mental torment  
I'd rather have Your judgement

The bitter taste of conscious guilt  
Has rendered my heart ice-cold  
As apathy takes over now  
I wish You could tell me, my Lord

Why don't You answer my prayers  
Why are you so silent and cold?  
Did someone kill You as they say  
Or did You ignore my call?

Damned and doomed,  
trapped in your intricate path  
Unable to move towards the light  
and find the truth before I die

Once You were my shepherd  
Now tell me what could possibly  
cure me from this lethargy?  
Be the guide to my last fall,  
be the witness of my defeat

Be there with me, a silent one  
Your Word do not need,  
only Your presence

As I'm laying here peacefully  
and a cold breeze sweeps my face  
I can finally feel the secret of my existence  
And the wind drops suddenly,  
and the gates show me the only way  
Now everything is in place for the ultimate sin...