

I cannot sleep through endless hours  
I cannot breathe the thoughts devour  
I cannot weep through lost desire  
An image burns into the fire

We're hollowed, through sorrow  
We follow, yearn tomorrow  
To death's symbolic virtue

We're hollowed, through sorrow

We follow down that long road  
To death's symbolic virtue

With fingers clenched the dread empowers  
In our lament, the menace towers  
Into fragments the bridge has fallen  
Gods orders breached, a will is calling

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To death's symbolic virtue

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(To death's symbolic virtue)

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