

# Vanitas

## Revocation

Searching for meaning, grasping at straws  
The unanswered question always remains  
Is the grave but a doorway to everlasting life?  
Or shall we return to dust from whence we came?

Inverted hourglass  
The sifting sands of fate  
Haunted by morality  
Shackled to its weight

Skeletal hands  
Forever ticking on coffin shaped clocks  
In realms of infinite death

Grave upon grave  
Embracing the void as the light fades away  
Bring me eternal rest

Ephemeral pleasures of this earthly domain  
Futile is the flesh in this cycle of death and decay

Oh the death-knell tolls for thee  
Enshrouded by darkness in dreamless sleep  
Crossing the threshold into the land of the deceased  
Joined together eternally

Consumed by unrelenting visions of the end  
Desiring to be one with the beckoning dead

Omnia Vanitas