

# Digging The Grave

The Faceless

Feel a pain so cold under the skin  
As I dig the grave to bury these sins  
Taste a misery so real, purity stains  
Obsession with a thrill that possesses my veins

Reveling in depravity  
As I drown in the agony  
The entrance to nothingness  
The eternal winter that's blacker than death

I walk in a void in the absence of magnificence  
A pitch black misery of malevolence  
Visions of tomorrow becoming irrelevant  
When the plentitudes of demise have become a feeling of decadence

Oh the old familiar shame

I buried all the pain away in the ashes and grey  
Drifting out and astray  
I dug the grave  
The empty hole that keeps what's saved  
And now I know that it's misanthropy that's killing me

Digging the grave  
The sickness is tightening  
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Purify these stains  
Digging the grave  
That possess my veins  
Digging the grave