

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 plethoras 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