

The Spiraling Void

The Faceless

Life is pain and the world is grey
A spiraling void in the frantic soiree
Sunken eyes see only misery
The figure I feared in the shadows was me

Wallowing in hell
To lift the grisly spell
A prisoner in this flesh
A sense of hopelessness

Round and round and round we spin
With feet of lead and wings of tin
I want to be punished for my sins
Tear through my muscle and my skin
I want to be punished for my sins
Tear through my muscle and my skin

The shroud of bewilderment
My infirmarium beyond the throes of the spiraling void
A longing to be free from this desolation
Denied

A spiraling void in the frantic soiree

Sunken eyes see only misery
The figure I feared in the shadows was me

Falling faster
Losing sight of what I am
Rip my flesh off of my body
Peel the muscle from my bones
Sentenced to this wretched vessel
Suffering to be atoned

Round and round and round we spin
With feet of lead and wings of tin
Wallowing in hell
To lift the grisly spell

My skin, my cell, where I will suffer well
My skin, my cell, where I will suffer well
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My skin, my cell, where I will suffer well