

Closer to Death

As Autumn Calls

Everyday I come closer to death
Gasping for air with every breath
The cold reality of all my fears
Tears me down and moves me to tears
It has always been hard for me
Maybe something you could not see
Solitude a cunning friend
Crafting the means to a lonely end
I have chosen life in this way
Avoiding the perils of each new day
Turning hope into agony
The depression has taken me...

Take me to see the angels
So I may pluck the feathers from their wings
Come to me and I will bring you down
Sometimes I dream of being alive
But the feeling quickly passes
Take away my pain so I may feel joy again

I hold the handle of a knife
That I may take my own life
Everyday my heart aches such as this
Oh how I long for joy's gentle kiss
But here I lie cold and alone
Where the tears are for my own
Trapped in this dark cell
A shadowy place I know too well

Under the beauty of an ethereal moon
In a raging sea of endless gloom
Ebony dreams fade into the night
Beyond my grasp they take their flight

Take me to see the angels
So I may pluck the feathers from their wings
Come to me and I will bring you down
Sometimes I dream of being alive
But the feeling fades... it fades
Take away my pain so I may feel joy again