

Here among our graves,
Our beautiful bodies lie silent in the ground,
We are left to decay relieved of our pride,
The light is suffocating us from within,
We are dead inside lost upon the earth,
Never to be seen..

Entangled in woe,
Our faces bear such pain,
Never to be suffered again,
You know nothing to be the same.,
Ripped of our dignity,
We lie dead silent in the ground,
Until the seeds of darkness,
Grows high to give us relief,

Wish I had a dagger sharp..

Empty to the core we are frozen in our path trapped in
woe,
We are the army of empty souls beyond healing,
In the dark of the obsidian night we stay still &
secret out of sight,
Black wings that tremble the night and hearts never
cease to burn,
Never cease to bleed,

No recovery, no life, no morphine,
To kill this heart aching pain,
Just look at us, we lie dead silent in the ground,

Entangled in woe,
Our faces bear such pain,
Never to be suffered again,
You know nothing to be the same.,
Here among our graves,
Our beautiful bodies lie silent in the ground,
We are left to decay relieved of our pride,

Wish I had a dagger sharp..

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