

I Have Seen

Profane Omen

Fear!

Fear that lives in my heart for the rest of my life, emptiness
of all that is, illusion of being alive,

I have seen the fires of hell, felt them under my skin.

Hollow is the truth in this lie we're living in.

The horror, the nothing, the sights erasing my soul, judgement,
the truth through this eye I cannot close.

Fear...

It all starts up with a pressure on my chest, the air sucked out
of my lungs, physical symptoms just a rapid countdown to the
small death yet to come.

A violent chasm takes me down to the depths so cold.

Here I have nothing, nothing for comfort; here I have no soul.

And I see...

It's strangling me; it kills the hope within, feeds death to my
brain.

If I could, I gladly would end my life just to end this pain.

I cannot move.

My eyes laid on something I cannot escape from...

Inside this human shell, madness kicks in...

I see.

When the sights are seen and I'm just an empty shell, I try to
gather my breath, knowing that I've just been in hell, living in
fear the rest of my life, trying to forget what I've seen.

And the merciless eye made a part of me die, closed for now, still
there somehow...

...until it opens again.