

The Birth of Newfound Death

Soulfallen

"There are moments in death
where events transcend the expected
and can transform the very foundations
of our existence.

Where death flees the ones
who seek most to embrace it
only to return in another form,
so familiar to us all..."

A table set for two
The candles lit for one
In a reunion of the two
Drawn apart at the dawn when all life begun

Waking restless to dead hours
The world now feels a different place
Upon the fields of burning flowers
(lie) the monuments of our disgrace

The breaking down of old ideals
and fears too monstrous to be spoken of
And the crumbling of old laws
once thought that never could be broken

Broken down - and buried unto unshallow ground

Left are only broken beings
Souls merely filled with emptiness
Burning on the grips of an everlasting,
Ever-tightening cold caress

Caressed, unblessed to a morbid life in death
In a world where each breath is both mute and suppressed

Stealing empires from serpents no more
As our eleventh hour has struck twelve
After vain glories and false purgatories
We are left only with ourselves

I watch the world now turn as if it were the same
Beneath starplunging rain, under nightmares we crawl
Where all is lost and nothing gained
But a harsh newfound death now living deep within us all...

Where all is but a dream, a dream and yet so real
Within our Hell concealed, by this unlife reclaimed
I watch entire worlds fade away only to return the same...

A whole world once cut in two
Now entwined as one
And with breath we inhale
We both live and become undone...