

Temper the burn
With the death of a night, unending
The voices fall again
In judgement and scorn

The sky disappears
To fragment our blind perception
Forge every waking thought
And stoke our fears

To the tune of the apocalypse
To the tune of the apocalypse
Brave the silent hours
Resist the fail state

There is death inside
And nothing but failure
And you will never know its name
You will never know its name

With a line descending
As the voices call again

The barriers appear
To block out our baser instincts
Force each and every thought
To amplify fear

To the tune of the apocalypse
To the tune of the apocalypse
Brave the silent hours
Resist the fail state

There is death inside
And nothing but failure
And you will never know its name
You will never know its name

The final set of fours
Repeat the affirmation
Face the indecision
Resist the fail state

To the tune of the apocalypse
To the tune of the apocalypse
Brave the silent hours
Resist the fail state

To the tune of the apocalypse
To the tune of the apocalypse
Brave the silent hours
Resist the fail state