

Dead Sun

Thy Art Is Murder

Possessed he wanders your empty mind
Forcing the hand of the puppet to move
Hatred unleashed upon the earth
From the inside of you

Treacherous hands hide the face of sadness
Asphyxiated with the noose of jealousy
The claws of betrayal
The mother of morality is the father of fear

Supreme deceiver
The hidden engineer
My passage to the creator sewn in wasted flesh
Blind hypocrites operate in cold blood
You are the carriers of the apocalypse

Strike fear into the hearts of the children of god
Show them the hell that awaits below

Burn their symbols of hope
Let their faith rest in ash

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Collapse into a dead sun
Under the tides swept into oblivion
My halo hung around my neck like the rope of the fallen
Walls caving in i have been crushed by my isolation

The burden of a mind
Deprives of its own volition
I cant wait to die

The weight of the world but the world would not wait
For my salvation
I cant wait to die