

The Dopamine Void, Pt. I

Allegaeon

Holding on - destined to act in the place of a faceless god
Holding out - waiting for great reward at the end of an endless
road

Emptiness awaits - everything real will drift into darkness and
disappear.

No joy to be told at the end of the world.

There is nothing.

Nothing awaits us with arms as a vacuous maw.

There is nothing.

There is nothing at all.

[Guitar solo: Greg]

[Piano solo: Tommy]