

Blasphemous Paradise

Arion

You're wanted dead, you're wanted alive
You're running away, but heading nowhere
You've made your bed while playing for pride
Keep running away - you're heading nowhere

A stage built for your own demise
The show is over now

When light gives way your fears arise
Illusions break, the curtain falls before your eyes
Your end is near, you want to hide
The blood stains in your mind
You'll never make it out alive
From your blasphemous paradise

Can you feel the chill biting on your neck?
Can you feel the wolves close in behind you?
Will you kill the truth? Will you cover the tracks?
Will you kneel before almighty judgment?

Poisoned by your own toxic charms
The show is over now

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