Deconstruction Macabre

Centinex

Terror arise from the vaults of hate and lies
Up from the pitch black deep
Awaken from an abyssmal sleep
Under the blade of greed
A collector of souls rise free
Lurking around in misery
Too late to beg for forgivness
The flesh has turned to dirt
Glorious, inferior - always a lie
The evil vicious kind
Hollow thoughts - hollow mind
Hollow is your body the day you die
Deconstruction - Deconstruction macabre
Just a step from dying
Seven seconds from the end
Innocense is laying
Forever nowhere to be send
Blazing fast forward
Forward with the speed of light
Too late to stop nor regret
The russian roulette has been set
Turn the page in the book of destiny
The same old tune goes on and on
Back and forth today turns to yesterday
All life ends in a relentless way

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