

# Oceans of Dust

Convulse

In every single breath of human history  
There has been the need  
To take total control, domination over what we see

We are the pestilence of creation  
The weakest link in the chain  
Unsatisfied with never ending greed  
Fulfilled with our embryonic dreams... embryonic dreams

You and me should be the images of God  
But what about God himself?

Is Satan a quitless angel either?  
Gathering the legions of lost souls... lost souls

History repeats itself  
With delayed echoes of damnation  
We've been the lost generation  
Since we came to existence

The craving for verity  
Justifies the dark tyranny  
The new arrivals born  
To be drowned in rivers

Where love flows...

To the oceans of dust... love flows to hate...  
To the oceans of dust  
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But what about God himself?

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New arrivals born  
To be drowned in rivers  
Where love flows to hate  
To the oceans of dust  
To the oceans of dust  
To the oceans of dust.....