

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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Where love flows to hate
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To the oceans of dust.....