

The Unbinding Truth

Dááth

The hills melt like wax at the presence of power
Behind a facade controlling with fear
No comfort, no home or self importance

Destruction
Drown out your sorrows with guilt
Destruction
A pathetic waste of life

The curtain, the lies, the unbinding truth
Now cloaked in a mask left fearing control
No safety, no shelter or constricting truth

Destruction
Drown out your sorrows with guilt
Destruction
A pathetic waste of life