

## Dreamlore Degenerate

Dark Tranquillity

For thou sweepst me  
in thy robe of guilt  
with garments forged  
in spiteful steel  
No tainted pride  
shall make conviction cease

None shall be unto thee proven  
worthy of thy outmost fear  
Let aeons the silent longing  
instinct shun the ones you dear

As the hunter boldly stalks his  
prey  
intoxicated  
Conviction reign where truth might  
sway  
intimidated

Silence the bore  
Shun the ones you dear

The hunt is over  
so the feast begins  
What feast is enduring  
when all is said and done  
Everchange of hearts

The hunter's reason fail  
The hunt is treason

The hunt is over  
so the feast begins  
Why search for endurance  
when all is said and done?