

Tomorrow

Demencia Mortalis

If there was tomorrow
I would not sit here with a gun
If there was tomorrow
The presence might not pull us down

Undo the screaming
Of countless souls
Repay the aching
Of my memory
I'm pouring the salt in my wounds also yours
Devouring the good left in us

Gather us Condemn us Shatter us Bury us Go
Get to know Where we go Where's the point Where we will Sore

Myself Eternal
Void That purifies
Criminal Resisting the joy
Living In the doubt of destiny
Devouring The good left in us