

Disease

Fit for a King

Step back, look forward
There's nothing for us here
Our lives have been wasted
Cowering in fear
Violence, hate, pride
Hunger, greed, spite

We thought we were invincible
The end isn't near, the end is here
We thought we were unbreakable
To save us, we must end us

We must end us
We must die

Ruled by monsters with no faces
Living life with no name
We are forgotten, we are abandoned
The darkness is our home
We are forgotten, we are abandoned
Hell has come for us

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The demons rip into my chest
Extracting a disease, we spent years trying to suppress
Constricting veins, bloodshot eyes
Hell has come to claim its prize

There's no way out
No way out

Nothing can stop the storm that's destined to wipe away the stains
Leaving nothing behind but life, death and unending pain
There's no way out
When you're born to die