

Wrists

Hate

Blood on my road as I march it down,
I would smile at every dying life,
Through rotting shells of dying trust,
With blackened sun, sun that will never rise,
Nowhere to leave the pain,
Nowhere to channel the nagger of the soul,
To end this stare of dying eyes,
To smite the world in just one fatal blow!

Downwards... To meet our minds of regression!
Downwards... To meet our minds in regression!

The blackened sun where light is gone,
Eternal night so vibrant and insane,
With open wrists I am going down,
The reign of death is preordained,
Somewhere... Beyond the flesh,
Lays the vain,
Which flows with all our Hate,
With destiny as vacant as void,
We stare with eyes, eyes that cannot see,
This reign of terror!

Downwards... To meet our minds of regression!
Downwards... To meet our minds of regression!
Downwards... To meet our minds of regression!
Down, down to wilt away...
Downwards... To meet our minds of regression!

Confined within our faith alone in this cage,
With icons that'll never grow,
Confined within our fate...
Reign of terror!

Downwards... To meet our minds of regression!
Downwards... To meet our minds of regression!
Downwards... To meet our minds of regression!
Down, down to wilt away...
Downwards... To meet our minds of regression...