

Culture of Death

Impending Doom

Dancing on the graves of this culture of death that offers nothing

Pushing me to madness!

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He's egotistical, with a lost soul and a lust for destruction

Why do we taste the poison that rots our dreams and turns realities into nightmares?

Pain and loathing are the drugs that make him feel

Pain and loathing, he'd rather bleed from within than feel nothing at all

Insecurities they're clouding up your mind

You can't escape, you can't escape, you can't escape

Nothings good enough to be liked or loved

The toxic traits you possess are disguised by force fed lies

Pain and loathing are the drugs that make him feel

Pain and loathing, he'd rather bleed from within than feel nothing at all...

Culture of death...

Culture of death, pushing me to madness

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