

Facing the gates
Your spirit is damned to die
As there is no depth and no morality
Dark thoughts blind, evil feelings suck your mind
And in the night, they'll hunt you alive

Your spirit's damned to die,
as there's no depth and no morality

Your values don't reach deep,
surface is all your eyes want to see

Your state of mind, tells you which way to choose
it seems so lame and there is no excuse

too weak for the fight, like a thief in the night
You wonder why truth dies

Is it worth to do it ?
Cause there's no ideal behind
In the night they'll haunt you alive

Straight out they're gonna march in,
to get you deep within beyond your soul
Soul
Straight out they're gonna march in,
to make you pay for your sins and make you crawl
Crawl

Don't know how to escape
What is fake... what's reality?
You can't get them off your neck

Bad feeling sucks your mind you're gonna lose
the question is time until you get the blues

They dig in your brain, you're going insane
You wonder why the fucking truth dies

Is it worth to do it?
Your jealousy makes you blind
In the night they'll haunt you alive