

Nauseating Oblivion

Nightrage

When the human mind gets
Cast in chains and put in line
All acts of free will loses meaning
Leave your soul behind

We reap the fruits of our own betrayal
We sold our souls for an unfit end
My sweet
Entwined

Oh sweet nauseating oblivion
Rid me this hunger, of what I become

When planet earth got
Ripped to threads for our needs
Our lives obsolete, for-fitted
For our deeds

We reap the fruits of our own betrayal

We sold our souls for an unfit end
My sweet (creation)
Entwined (temptation)

Oh sweet nauseating oblivion
Rid me this hunger, of what I become

My sweet creation
In steep decline
In deformation
Life left behind

My sweet creation
Entwined temptation

Oh sweet nauseating oblivion
Rid me this hunger, of what I become

Sweet nauseating delirium
Rid me of life
What have I done?