

Phantasma

Nightrage

Perished are all doubts.
Perished are all fears.
Perished into nothingness.
I found that nothing dies.
Stop to reflect. Stop to resist.
Might as well stop breathing.
And cease to exist.

You will never get to me.
I see things you cannot see.
And I will never be, part
Of your righteous dream.

Let the winds how. Let the sails fly.
Victorious I will rise.
Now watch your deceit fail.
And my vengeance rise.
Jubilant my deafening soaring cry.
You spawned the darkness.
Planted deep within.
I can see beyond the veils
Of all your evil schemes.
My world painted black.
Stare with empty eyes.
At the ruins you left behind.
Of what once was my life.

You will never get to me.
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And I will never be, part
Of your righteous dream.

You... you turned your back...
You... you starved my dreams.
You, a ghost, a memory.
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