

## Frozen Gaze

Psycroptic

Fallen from the order  
A whisper of colder days  
As a candle flickers  
For the last time  
Signs of a future pass  
The empire falls  
Dependence stronger than ever  
All precautions taken too late

A deadly game not many survive  
Its grip tightens with every hit  
Entering into the world of the depraved  
Disregard for one's self  
The web thickens with every breath  
Vortex ever-growing

Voices of the fallen  
Spiralling in a world of pain  
No one sets you free  
From this dark hole  
Forever drowning in blood  
Conquest will never be yours  
Emptiness in your soul

Cast out now  
No turning back  
On this day  
All turns to black

Like a noose wrapped tight around your neck  
Brace yourself for the fall  
Cold times that lay further ahead  
Dying hopes drown out the call  
Staring at a frozen dead sky  
A lifeless soul reaching out  
Swallowed by fear  
Time for it to end is now

Cast out now  
No turning back  
On this day  
All turns to black