

Frozen Gaze

Psycropic

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