

# Paradises Into Deserts

The Duskfall

I can not bear this faking anymore  
Can't make any decisions  
Based on your facts  
Won't go down anymore  
To the sound of your devils laugh

I can see that all you are  
Is just an age long act  
Just have to wonder how  
You keep it all intact

All is planned to the very last breath  
This whole picture is blurred  
All said to the very last word  
'God is dead' haven't you heard?

It holds your wrist  
It grabs your throat  
It carves you up  
And throws you around  
It winds you up and leaves you down

The horns don't make a devil  
Just the lies and deceit  
The darkness don't make it evil  
Just what lies beneath  
Your light is much darker now  
Than the black i'm apart of  
Pack your bags for a final retreat

All is planned to the very last breath  
This whole picture is blurred  
All said to the very last word  
'God is dead' haven't you heard?

It holds your wrist  
It grabs your throat  
It carves you up  
And throws you around  
It winds you up and leaves you down

You fall  
You can not get up again  
So cold  
You freeze  
Feel like it won't ever end

It holds your wrist...