

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...