

## Post Mortem Nihil Est

The Secret

The pain that we feel lets the torment grow  
Unknown is the destination  
The escape that we search for is the confusion we obtain  
That's the frame of our desperate lives  
We all want to die  
That's the frame of our desperate lives  
We're all going to die  
We're sleepwalkers of the night  
And when daylight comes nightmares appear  
To let us lose another war  
That one that we'll never win, fighting with no end  
This is a penitence after a pestilence  
What the fuck is wrong with us?  
It's all wrong from the first thought  
To the last pointless line drawn with blood  
We all want to die  
We're all going to die