

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