

Destroyer Of Dreams

Thy Art Is Murder

Father won't be coming home, the child cries
As we savor such sweet sorrow
No, my angel, you must witness
The greatest martyrification
Of the failed design
Of wretched civilization
We fall as far as devils' arms can stretch
God was once but may he rest
In this putrid basin
Of bloodstained glass and bullet casings
The world was bright, the world was yours
The world was pure but it is no more
This world is hell's for the taking

Close the coffin, bury your sons
And realize no war is ever won
Still we charge to the beat of the drum
Selfish fools, what have we become?

Mechanized
Assembly lines
Churning out sophisticated death designs
War machine
So refined
Mutilated bodies on the front line

Corpses line the streets, set ablaze
Survivors' guilty conscience counting down the days
Losing their identity, hunting down the enemy
Wallow in the misery of bloodstained memories

Destroyer of dreams
The damage is done
Here comes the beat of the war drum

Here comes the beat of the war drum

Every hand becomes a fist
All hope incinerates
Take sight, aim straight
Close your eyes
Annihilate

Close the coffin, bury your sons
And realize no war is ever won
Still we charge to the beat of the drum
Selfish fools, what have we become?

Shadow government dealing punishment
All will worship at the serpent's covenant
Human casualties, engineered insanity
Wallow in the misery of bloodstained memories

Destroyer of dreams
The life of mankind
The death in between
Destroyer of dreams

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