

Decline

You drown in stagnation, in a world of frustration-
Your chance for salvation is to weave a cell of fears
This stainless collection of countless imperfection
A mild satisfaction, a sea of rotten tears
This serpentine throne suits you well
A place to reign the deepest hell
Faded memories, they crawl across the years
Reveal your hidden fears
A short hesitation on your way to desperation
You'll fell the aggravation before divine begins
I gaze into a darkened well
With madness that erodes my shell
Decay's burning bleakly in my eyes-
No way to save our wasted lives
Death's in your soul dear
It's in your dreams -
It's always near
What I was meant to be, what I was born to be
What will set me free, I was too blind to see
Too blind to realize
Too blind to turn the tides
Too blind to see your lies
I was too blind to see
This serpentine throne suits me well
A place where vilest worms do dwell
Faded memories
They crawl across the years
Enraged by all your fears
Death's in your soul dear
It's in your dreams, It's always near...
Death's in your soul, dear
It is near, it's in your dreams,
It's always near...
Oh, how dare you come into my lair
Here in this void, this sanctum
Reigns despair...
...and somberly it sleeps
it winds, it slowly creeps
The end is near...
The end is near
Take a look around - this evil lurks behind you
Two thousand years of lies
And arrogance that blinds you
Nightmares crawl, the serpent in your eye
The road of Cain winds on until you die
Death's in your soul dear
It's in your dreams
It's always near...
Death's in your soul, dear
It is here, it's in your dreams
It's always near...
The end is... here