

The Final Of Chapters

Disfear

Shallow everything and be part of the horde
Hide behind you lamb's-blood
Painted doors let me be the wolf in the sheep
Flock of thine hide everything inside and be part
Of the lie - so divine
Who Will it be who set the stege?
Who are sponsors to our rage?
We're but underpaid actors
In this final of chapters
Racing, downhill, faster
Ahead of the pack in a suicide rage
Bunrin'up the tracks in a merciless attack