

## Deconstruction Macabre

Centinex

Terror arise from the vaults of hate and lies  
Up from the pitch black deep  
Awaken from an abyssmal sleep  
Under the blade of greed  
A collector of souls rise free  
Lurking around in misery  
Too late to beg for forgiveness  
The flesh has turned to dirt  
Glorious, inferior - always a lie  
The evil vicious kind  
Hollow thoughts - hollow mind  
Hollow is your body the day you die  
Deconstruction - Deconstruction macabre  
Just a step from dying  
Seven seconds from the end  
Innocense is laying  
Forever nowhere to be send  
Blazing fast forward  
Forward with the speed of light  
Too late to stop nor regret  
The russian roulette has been set  
Turn the page in the book of destiny  
The same old tune goes on and on  
Back and forth today turns to yesterday  
All life ends in a relentless way