

## Wilting on the Vine

Dáath

The roots they spread on the face of the land  
The seeds are spewing, from the mouth of the dammed  
The love, the light, the worlds that define  
Disgusting mask on those that seek to disguise

Our most basic needs are denied  
Our most basic needs are confined  
Filled with nothing, burned apart and left to decay  
Endless deception preaching the end of days

Hypocrite  
You're the one  
Procession of the blind  
Hypocrite  
You're the one  
Truth wilting on the vine

The roots, will grow, and take control of the sand  
They rupture open from the the seams of the land  
The blood, the lies, the deception and greed  
A message hidden for the blind to receive

Our most basic needs are denied  
Our most basic needs are confined  
Filled with nothing, burned apart and left to decay  
Endless deception preaching the end of days

Hypocrite  
You're the one  
Procession of the blind  
Hypocrite  
You're the one  
Truth wilting on the vine

Stand down in the presence and preach my name  
Bow down in the desert and crawl in vein  
Face down in the desert to burn in flames  
Face down in burning flames

Hypocrite  
You're the one  
Procession of the blind  
Hypocrite  
You're the one  
Truth wilting on the vine