

Wilting on the Vine

Dááth

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
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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