

Dreamlore Degenerate

Dark Tranquillity

For thou sweepst me
in thy robe of guilt
with garments forged
in spiteful steel
No tainted pride
shall make conviction cease

None shall be unto thee proven
worthy of thy outmost fear
Let aeons the silent longing
instinct shun the ones you dear

As the hunter boldly stalks his
prey
intoxicated
Conviction reign where truth might
sway
intimidated

Silence the bore
Shun the ones you dear

The hunt is over
so the feast begins
What feast is enduring
when all is said and done
Everchange of hearts

The hunter's reason fail
The hunt is treason

The hunt is over
so the feast begins
Why search for endurance
when all is said and done?