

The Calm Before the Storm

Destruction

Grey in grey - no more colour in your eyes
No need to stay, suffering on a thousand cries
Sad, sad to see - no individuality
Destructive convencience
Losing touch from brainded reality
The last days in hell, can't you tell
Theoretically braindead evil dwells
Suffering in a haze, the last days
Standartization - can't bear the deprivation
The last days in hell, soul to sell
Angry people haven given you a bad spell
Beyond the norm, it's hard to perform
The game of life like a disastrous storm
The symptoms of the evolution
Burn like fire in your soul
The twister is taking form
The calm before the storm
Silence beyond the norm
The calm before the storm
The last days in hell, can't you tell
Theoretically braindead evil dwells
The awakening deprivates deep manic depression
The pits of insanity testifies: possession - but it's a useless
call
Grey in grey... no more colours in your eyes...
Can't you hear the thousand cries... theoretically braindead...