

# Morgue of Centuries

Disarmonia Mundi

Descent  
Towards a dead end  
Primeval substance  
Morphing blake angelic state

Collecting' inside  
So near ravenous shine  
Damn clear foul mankind's  
Rushing' faster to an end

Slash pale wings the core is torn  
Skin red beings the soul is gone  
Bliss the seeds of confusion  
While silent they observe

This life  
Fallen' sins from my veins  
An army stands to free  
Swift mire  
Swollen sick from my hands  
Domain of history

Ablaze  
The western sky red  
Over the wasteland  
Feathers falling' blake

Digging' inside  
Your lunatic feeble mind  
A hysterical genocide  
Face the end of days

Slash pale wings the core is torn  
Skin red beings the soul is gone  
Smash the white of these goddamn walls  
Uncontrolled

Force the end of the rivalry  
Sanctified for a common fear  
Bliss the seeds of confusion  
While silent they observe

Release my  
Wounded soul at the end  
Worst of you  
My desire in your eyes

Free fall  
Resemble the unknown  
Oh well we're all fucked  
But silent still you watch

Impassable eyes  
Null screams calling' for a dreaming'  
Sky may cry  
Bleeding' forevermore  
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