

From Them

Dying Passion

Don't let them take you and bring you down
By those who lead you astray
Anywhere round each corner
Set the traps to catch you

When we will meet again
In calm warm Orient
We'll educate our souls
So high we'll grow
Till their own traps become their burden

Don't let them take you and bring you down
By those who lead you astray
Anywhere round each corner
Set the traps to catch you

Pay my regrets
They will hate themselves
To the end of the days
But their disease will not disappear
It's deep in their minds, deep in their hearts

Deep below, deeper then deep
Deep below, the evil sleep
Deep in their minds, deep in their hearts

Don't let them take you and bring you down
They're waiting for you