

Nations / Never Enough

Gallows

He went to sleep with fate, woke up with a corpse in his arms,
shrouded in void and shade.

He put my teeth on edge, a martyr in history, amused in his deathbed.

So tired of this world and aching for the next.

You are the occident.

The collapse of Zen.

The cataracting eyes of panthers.

Nations of dead.

Tides of Oblivion.

The collapse of Zen.

The cataracting eyes of panthers.

Nations of dead.

A thousand loves that have crucified me. A thousand loves.

A thousand loves that have crucified me. A thousand loves.

The collapse of Zen.

The cataracting eyes of panthers.

Nations of dead.

Tides of Oblivion.

The collapse of Zen.

The cataracting eyes of panthers.

Nations of dead.

Tides of Oblivion.

Nothing now, nothing left.

Jackals attack while you undress.

Nothing now, nothing left.

Jackals attack while you undress.

The world has no age.

Nothing now, nothing left.

The world has no age.

Nothing now, nothing left.'

Betrayer.

A thousand loves that have crucified me.

A thousand loves that have crucified me.

A thousand loves that have crucified me.

A thousand loves that have crucified me.