

Indoctrination of Human Sorrow

Lord Belial

Silent winds carry my cries in the dark night
Black horizons lurks beyond mist and shadow
Sorrow and despair slowly spread its demise
Nothing is certain but painful death

As night closes in, suffering will follow
Surrounded by whispering mist and shadows
Grasping for a meaning of this excruciating life
Life is nothing but a tool of inner torment

Silent winds carry my cries in the dark night
Black horizons lurks beyond mist and shadow

As dark as the night so is my mind
My withering soul slithers within

Now it's time to die