

# Destroy Thy Destroy Thee

Miss May I

"We are the damned"

Convinced of deception composed by generations.  
Crushed spirits in the remembrance.  
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They say they've seen the battle.  
They say they've seen it all.  
But triumph comes with dying,  
Their lives are not yet worn.  
Our fathers fall beneath the sky.  
Call  
Call upon the infernal angels.  
Call the names of the wicked.  
Of the wicked.  
Crowds of fools riot for their pleasure.  
The city becomes a, sight of horror.  
Your face becomes another sight of fear.  
Shadows swallow what used to be, our homes,  
As they clear, our worlds deceased.