

Way Of The Rope

Naglfar

With each single breathe,
I pray for death
I curse my day of birth,
I hate this stinking earth
I walk the path of self-destruction
Just like your worthless kind,
I too was blind
But now that I'm awake,
This world fills me with hate
I've cast aside all false illusions

No more a servant nor a puppet on strings
The time has come for rebellion
This burden has for far too long
Weighed heavy on me
Release my soul through a rope and a tree

With each step of mine,
I cross the line
Into where light is dark,
And death is the spark
That ignites my satisfaction

Oh to enter the sweetness of oblivion

Dark is the path that I wander
I curse your prophets,
These proclaimers of hope
My mind is set, I am finally free
I shun this mortal coil and
Choose the way of the rope

On this my final day, I walk away
My body hanging cold
All hail the gallow's pole
The rope entwined brings me salvation

For the eternal sleep I hunger
This existence I can no longer cope
It's time to exit, I shall cease to breathe
With a snare around my neck
I walk the way of the rope
Dark is the path that I wander
I curse your prophets,
These proclaimers of hope
My mind is set, I am finally free
I shun this mortal coil and
Choose the way of the rope

No more a servant nor a puppet on strings
The time has come for rebellion
This burden has for far too long
Weighed heavy on me
Release my soul through a rope and a tree
But for the eternal black and tranquility
For a cold dark place where life is not
And a shallow grace where I shall rot