

## Scythe

Natrium

Darkness become the rite  
Wind sweeps away the white  
Black time hiding the lies  
Remaining words no wise  
Waiting the day of pain

Every cold days waiting you  
nothing matter to do  
It's not a strange deja-voo  
It's the death for you  
Waiting the day of pain

Words of destruction  
feeling my dissolution  
I know it's not the solution  
but only a distraction

Fire will be brought by the wind  
Last hope to keep everything  
Scythe is no more waiting  
Have you fear? It's coming  
Waiting the day of pain