

When Gold Turns to Rust

Nightrage

We have always followed, all these unwritten rules
A betrayal of our agonized existence
Always pigeonholed, ignored and put aside
Abysmal endless torture, a blackened putrid tide

We became our own enemy
With no one else to trust
We're at the twilight of our legacy
When gold turns to rust

In sacred violent bloodshed
We lost what we once loved
In the shadow of the grotesque
In the prayers of the dead

We became our own enemy
With no one else to trust
We're at the twilight of our legacy
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We lost the grip on our destiny
All winnings turn to loss
We'll be forgotten in eternity
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There's no way to avoid it
The end has been foreseen
We are piloting our downfall
We're crashing this machine

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