

The Poisonous Seed

Nocturnal Rites

Look at this devastation
Look at what we've become
We are nothing but marionettes

The sum of everything wrong

We are sons of the madness
Disciples of the unseen
Can't believe that it came to this
We're a monstrous breed

Why, it's almost unreal
We're numb to the world
Death is what feeds the machine
No, this cannot be
Line up the herd
Give us the poisonous seed

Look to what we amounted
How we lied and we stole
We were chasing our silhouettes
And gone out of control

On the verge of existence
There the scavengers lie
Lie in wait for the wounded prey
To bleed you dry

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We're numb to the world
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Poison Whaah Poison

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We're numb to the world
Death is what feeds the machine
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Line up the herd
Give us the poisonous seed, seed, seed

Poison Poison Whoa