

Memories Remain

Obituary

You're rotting this way.
You're destined to die.
Loud is the shouting, of the chosen ones.
Rotting in hell, living the pain.

Loud is the shouting, of the chosen child, child.
Life goes on, even after death, life goes on.

Killing for the need, raping the ways.
Now is the coming of the chosen in chains.
Rotting the way, you're killing the days.
Loud is the shouting of the chosen life, life.

Life goes on, even after death.
I'm telling you, life goes on.
Life goes on. [X3]