

The Fading

Salem

My life is fading,
All that's left are memories.
Vestige from the past.
A fire-storm of fear.
I'm shadow of a man.
One foot in the grave.

I remember times of chaos.
A fire-storm of fear.
Nothing can escape
From mortality.

Man begins to feed on Man.
Wanted by demons of the past.

I remember times of chaos.
A fire-storm of fear.
Nothing can escape
From mortality.

The leaders talk and talk.
But nothing can escape the avalanche.

Fire-storm of fear.