

The nihilist trapped  
in the corner of his head  
Deconstruct and destroy  
(This), the pathway out  
of the corner of his head  
Troubled, warped and mislead

Blasting through  
The winds of misery  
Hellbent and broken

My energy, my strength  
My given right to march  
No deep unvisited  
Embrace the twisted  
Accursed or not  
It's Dissonant

Flying high  
Above the storm  
Freight train coming  
Hellbent, broken and patched up

The abyss of man  
His own worst enemy  
Where is the awe?  
Ambition stranded on the  
doorstep of hope  
Torn down by his (own) shadow

The prince of darkness  
(His) distorted patterns  
across the landscape

Dismantling the chord of pain  
The longest ride  
On the muddy roads of destiny

Behold—it's the nihilist  
On the shores of madness

My energy, my strength  
My given right to march  
Embrace the twisted  
It's dissonance