

Murderers And Madmen

Scars of Tomorrow

Nightmare, this stands in front of you, these frames of
broken glass of hidden images,
Of a time that you hope you can forget these are the
burdens that you hide.
Nightmare, you stand so motionless with a crooked stance
you hope to hide from this.
Behind the veil is the obvious to end this sleep to end
this rage.
Behind the veil is the obvious, Nightmare, this is your
nightmare come to life.
This is a different state of focus, where this night
chooses every other day.
To end this sleep, to end this rage.
If these walls could talk they would know your name they
see everything.
THE MURDER. Behind the veil is the obvious you are the
only one, you live in blood and lust.
Behind the veil is the obvious you are the only one you
live in blood and lust.
Behind the veil is the obvious,
To wake up in a sweat still living in your dreams, this
isn't nearly over yet.
THE MURDER, this cold sweat grows stale still living in
your dreams this isn't nearly over yet,
THE MURDER.