

## Crown the Lost

SuidAkra

True belief in fiction  
Dominate the weak  
Free to choose the way of death  
Fall on your knees and creep

Die with no remorse  
Blind to different views  
For all your reasons  
To die for and to kill  
Ain't strong enough  
To be in a lifetime fulfilled

Paralysed and broken  
Cries out of the dust  
Out of new-born ruins  
Shrouded under pain and tears  
Crown the lost  
Enthroned the dead  
Run in circles  
Through the curse of revenge  
Do you see that matters change?

If there's a god - out there  
A cause of chaos - and beauty  
If we stand face to grace - naked and bare  
Like a beast of pain and cruelty

If there's a higher state - anywhere  
I am the ground:  
What is a tree without roots  
No more than a thought without any doubts

True belief in fiction  
Dominate the weak  
Free to choose the way of death  
One last breath for the divinity

Die with no remorse  
Blind to different views  
If there's a way to seek  
Fall on your knees and creep