

## Danse Macabre

## The Agonist

Fools, out of desperation.  
Cursed to repeat this ancient hand.  
While all your friendly gestures  
are just a part of your grand plan.

No cause for celebration.  
Your self-destruction lies ahead.  
Weakened, frigid from the terror.  
No absolution shall be fed.

It's time to play with fire.  
Chase the visions from the past  
and never stop till the very end.

From the womb and through life,  
we're born and bred just to die.  
Can we redeem for our crimes?  
Tangled and swollen in lies

Obey! You are a servant to my will.  
Part of the system.  
Swear your loyalty to me or pay the price.

Please can you forgive me?

No, I won't let you disguise  
all the schemes that you tried to untie.  
There's no way out now from the pit.  
You must realize.  
-Please won't you release my soul?-

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