

The Option and the Poison

The Duskfall

A source of inspiration
We're a lost generation
We grew from lies into this
And hangry mob with raised fists

Death of thousands
Won't stop the harvest of mankind
Death of Millions
Won't make us brigther in our mind
Selfishness is the option

We hope the sunrise to prove us wrong
Truth is revealed with the darkness gone
We flight amongst ourselves and alone
Still singing the same old songs

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Won't stop the harvest of mankind
Death of Millions
Won't make us brigther in our mind
Selfishness is our poison

To keep us sane
Give us pills, Give us thrills
To keep us still
Give us games, give us fame
I wan't to change the code and our names
And throw away our past right into the flames
Give us pain

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