

## Dead Sun

### Thy Art Is Murder

Possessed he wanders your empty mind  
Forcing the hand of the puppet to move  
Hatred unleashed upon the earth  
From the inside of you

Treacherous hands hide the face of sadness  
Asphyxiated with the noose of jealousy  
The claws of betrayal  
The mother of morality is the father of fear

Supreme deceiver  
The hidden engineer  
My passage to the creator sewn in wasted flesh  
Blind hypocrites operate in cold blood  
You are the carriers of the apocalypse

Strike fear into the hearts of the children of god  
Show them the hell that awaits below

Burn their symbols of hope  
Let their faith rest in ash

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Collapse into a dead sun  
Under the tides swept into oblivion  
My halo hung around my neck like the rope of the fallen  
Walls caving in i have been crushed by my isolation

The burden of a mind  
Deprives of its own volition  
I cant wait to die

The weight of the world but the world would not wait  
For my salvation  
I cant wait to die