Why do I only see what I want to see, And only believe what I want to believe, Death is in the air, yes, it's coming for me, Stealing my soul to wither below.

As you have lived, One day you will die, straight to the kill. Death strikes again, I'm afraid it's time, Such is the will.

Blacker than night, I will not know a thing. No thoughts, no desires, what else it will bring. A shadow in chains, in its own misery, Coming for me, coming for me.

As you have lived, One day you will die, straight to the kill. Death strikes again, I'm afraid it's time, Such is the will.

All such thoughts come into my head, Will my soul carry on when my body is dead Burn what is left, leave what's left unsaid Such is the will

As you have lived, One day you will die, straight to the kill. Death strikes again, I'm afraid it's time, Such is the will.