

Soldiers Of Doomsday

Winds of Plague

Once again I'm faced with myself.
Standing before the shattered mirror.
Blood drips from my shard shredded hands.
Oh God, if you are there, now's the time to answer all my prayers.
What have I done to put me here?
Dying alone entangled in fear.
I've never felt so alive, fueled by adrenaline I'll carry you with me.
Move!
Go!
The world can't slow us down.
You can't kill what will not die.
Wingspans spread to keep the world within reach.
A promise to myself sealed with anguish that no matter how hard
I fall I will always stand up stronger, harder a bigger man unleashing pain.

There's nothing between us.
You think you know but you have no idea the horrors that I've seen.
I'll scratch out my eyes to close the gates to my inner soul.
Break from this ball and chain.
Society and the heretics.
The world can't slow us down.
You can't kill what will not die.
You don't give back.
You mean nothing to this world.