

Doom #2

YOB

Inside the anger grows
From words made up of dust
The false left from the breath of centuries
Tearing our lives apart

Worlds below sleep in ignorance
With dissention from the skies
Mass daily chanting gleam of madness
In their eyes

Decadence within the law
Wage destruction on the void
Devour all that's held as sacred
Fools will feast well tonight

While they lived
With dissention from the skies
Worlds below sleep in ignorance
Of their demise

To be gods in lies
Constant race we have to find the cure for the misery

Eden's fall, fall from grace
Imaginary Disgrace

Take the pills
To erase the pain
Subliminal it's so obscene
Confusion rules
As we try to find the cure
For the misery

Ride out on the desert
To do battle with the mind
Afraid of what I'll find
Afraid of what I will find

Disenchanted-sell what is meant to be free
Take for granted-the eternal truth of the whole
Cannot live in these golden chains prison in disguise
The world engulfed in flames fuels the wretched false
Perpetuate the dream

I will awake the sleeper within