

Decayed AGL

"Flood Of Despair"

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a spirit hides a long a creek, its voice heard in the wind
chills it sends through the pines, much does it take for
them to chill

flood of despair, brook of despair

sifting through the leaves of torture (time), endlessly
thinking of the past
constantly wishing for another chance, i drain my
temper in the

flood of despair, brook of despair

cries heard of a drowning soul, choking on the water;
grasping for air
murder in revenge for a life, choking on the blood;
devoid of air

flood of despair, brook of despair

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