

7-10 Split

"Death Yields Not To The Sweetest Of Things"

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Now she is gone, was this your fault?
Tragedy strikes when you think your life can not be cut
by the blade.
You are a mortal man.
Nothing will be healing in this time of devastation.
Question this part of life that will be there till the end of
time,
Blaming all that is in your way.
The way that brought you to this hell before.
One by one, we pass away. By law we are no more.
The Substance that you hold on to,
Is nothing but a wall for you to hide behind
So you can't see us fall.
We are all searching for the one to blame.
So scared of the unknown that we face.
Blaming the angels for your fear of the end.
Death yields not to be the sweetest of things.
Question this part of life that will be there till the end of
time,
Blaming all that is in your way.
Question this part of life that will be there till the end of
time,
Blaming all that is in your way.
They will die in warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare...

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