

Beyond Decay

"Of Every Strain"

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Why can't I feel the life that I breathe?
Why am I so consumed?
Despair the face of every strain my thoughts are weak
and torn

Reap what you have sewn
The flame that burns my heart is blown

I wear a face that hides my pain amidst my world of
anger
How much longer can I remain, behind this mask of the
damned
As I walk along this bacchanal of sin
It allows the darkness of my soul to fester within

Reap what you have sewn
My faith in life is gone

This world prepares a feverfeast that feeds the beast
Governed by the wayward souls of forgotten worlds
My world prepares a feverfeast that feeds the beast
Spoken by the wayward souls, their forgotten words

I bide my time awaiting one final chance to reflect on
the past
Of this disease I call my life

As I walk along this bacchanal of sin
It allows the darkness of my soul to fester within

Reap what you have sewn, my faith in life is gone

This world prepares a feverfeast that feeds the beast
Governed by the wayward souls of forgotten worlds
My world prepares a feverfeast that feeds the beast
Spoken by the wayward souls, their forgotten words.

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