

Dark Tranquillity

"The Fatalist"

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Eventually they'll come
Your name has been called out for eons
To claim the blood
And salvage what remains
For once we've seen the fragile nature
Of things behind its window

Where nothing lives
And nothing ends

And seen what drives the hopeless
In between
Their closing yellow walls

The day has come
You are the fatalist
The day has come
You are the fatalist
You walk on soil
That dreams of blood

How can we fight fatigue
In pre-historic sorrow?
When all is preordained
The cycle never ends

What once had been an endless realm
Of possibility and dream
Now laid to waste and ruin
And laid to waste again
You wash your hands in blood

You squander time
We borrow from eternity
Is it another lame excuse?

The day has come
You are the fatalist
The day has come
You are the fatalist
You walk on soil

That dreams of blood

You are the fatalist

If nothing changes
Then nothing ends

Your thoughts are broken
Your reasoning is flawed
The defense is just an act
All lies are all you've got

You are the fatalist
You are the fatalist

How easy we can see
Defeat behind your argument
The fatalistic smile

The day has come
You are the fatalist
The day has come
You are the fatalist
You walk on soil
That dreams of blood

The day has come
The day has come
You walk the ground
That screams for murder

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