

Devil Sold His Soul "Awaiting The Flood"

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Run far - the edge of the world is crumbling
as black sets in, what will you do?
while they recite the old tales
the crowds turn into meaningless ghosts of you

Iâ€™m finding this hard to believe in
this prospect is getting out of hand
and I cannot return the lie
deception: fantasy of the damned

this night has gone
your senses desolate
a frozen rose in my chest
a map of your face

a hundred souls tonight

eternal hell will rise
Iâ€™ll open the floods
it's all for you

they cannot rise in our way as long as we stand
your final forfeit
destiny held down
you cannot stand my fault?
but it's all for you

running out for you
sun the greatest lie
the sky will fold with light
the tides have turned, I think we're dead

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