

## Devildriver

### "Soul Snatcher"

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You are picking crops of the acts  
Acted and no existed  
Tunnels to infinity  
Gloomy, cold and wet  
Are Gaping like beast's muzzle  
A lots of gates are open  
On the edges of mind and dreams  
Lack of time is your the worst nightmare  
Feelings against instincts  
Slowly dying with resistance  
Where your bodies rascals  
Are going for a butcher  
Pie after pie, for pieces  
Step by step to the edge  
Scattered in the abyss, lonely  
Your fate-your choice  
Rapid stream of time is a transformation  
Against you and for you  
Whispers-answer for unknown  
Naked triviality of life  
Shroud of darkness surrounding the souls  
"Dreams those small pieces of death  
How I hate you"

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