

## Dew-Scented "18 Hours"

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Searching for meaning to this life  
playground, the self  
awaking forever day by day, in bleak disclosure  
hoping to find serenity in a silent dream  
but the mind is restless

open eyes, OPEN HANDS, SACRIFICIAL THRILL  
PROCESS THE POISON, state of defeat

striving for reason in my mind, THROUGH HELL AND  
BACK  
forever and ever to remain blinded by rage  
expecting eternal sympathy in this MISERY  
BUT THE PAINS ARE RECKLESS

OUT OF SOUL, devouring fevers  
taste of imperfection, its 18 hours to die...

the weakness of the will, beyond retrieval we carry on  
you'll hear it ONE LAST TIME now  
IT'S 18 HOURS TO DIE!

THAT'S HOW WE TURN OUR INSIDES OUT  
and then we break in  
consume the flesh to heal the fate  
STILL 18 HOURS LEFT TO...GO!

the weakness of the will, beyond retrieval we carry on  
you'll hear it ONE LAST TIME now  
IT'S 18 HOURS TO DIE!

18 HOURS TO DIE  
forever  
18 HOURS LEFT TO DIE  
just 18 hours left to go!

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