

Dia Psalma

"Dystopia Show"

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Total beginning
The excellent explosion
No room for the spirits that yearn back to life.

From bible to Necronomicon we degenerate
We just take our lives
We degenerate by our own hands.

[Chorus:]
Dystopia
Shackled in life
Dystopia
Follows the light

The sphere of embers
The fields of pain.

And I proudly stand for Cain
Show me your light show me your pride.

We are like a system that becomes chaos itself
We are the deathmachine built by none.
We are killing our kind
Sickness play the black keys
Oh, how I love the divinity in minor chords.
Our kingdom won't collapse by those who threw their
faith away.

Gods and beasts
That is what our world is made of
My machine mankind!
Dys-Topic challenge I've won!

Only one master shall remain
When I cultivate the fragments of angels
For what is good is evil afterwards.

Are we of constant weakness?
Or are we the wolves who wander among the sheeps of
god?
At least I am.

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