

Dyslesia

"Mourning Chorus"

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Doom... Another soul brought to it's fate
Loss... Punishment I create
They are all so thoughtless
Brought down by their own sins.
Run from the sickness that lays in your veins
The dark path forbids you to cure yourself
Your-Self...
Voice of fate, Trembles in fear
As the Mourning Chorus Draws to a close.
Taken a back from your life, Crippled with disease
By the stagnant blood that kills from within
Find the reason or path for the cure you do not know
Punish the few that have the strength to endure it
Through
Graves of long dead men
Your end now beacons.
Played out to the end, Could you ask for much more
That this game to be played to a rotten, stinking corpse
There's no life to be gained and the pain is too great
Rotting flesh that remains, Is the final : END OF ME

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