

## Dysphoria "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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