

## Empty Trash

### "Entering The Boulevard"

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All hope is lost they who enter here  
Now the day dissolving into thin air  
Browning she'd lies that way  
They eternal slaves  
Browning shed, here lies that way  
Hiding me from dead rain

Here I ask for aid my sweet Eve, guide my divine  
entrance

Take this ride through you, in the scattering ashes of  
my wound  
This Boulevard is the way that runs among the lost

Last hope crossed following the trail  
So this way drives us to hopeless place  
Rather twisted game  
She has told me I shall see the souls enslaved by those  
suckers

Here I'm madly brave, on my path planting seeds of  
vengeance

Take this ride through you, in the scattering ashes of  
my wound  
This Boulevard is the way that runs among the lost

(I have told you we shall see the souls to misery  
doomed, who intellectual good have lost  
And when her hand she had stretched forth to mine,  
everything won't be the same will never be the same)

Way to decadence, way of abhorrence,  
Hear the consequence, my omnipotence

Take this ride through you, in the scattering ashes of  
my wound  
This Boulevard is the way that runs among the lost

