

Entreat

"The Wrath Of What We Wish To Be"

Visit "[The Wrath Of What We Wish To Be](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I tremble on it's ironic jokes.

The wrath of decaying corpse is a grotesque end for a tragic comic play.

We are insignificant men confronting ourselves with a possible after play.

It takes all the meaning from our actions.

It's a fact calling in question our artificial constructions of man's hierarchy.

It's all nothing from the prospective of death.

It's everything from the prospective of life.

I'm waiting for death to call.

Terrified! Why do we all have to die?

A sucking parasite since incarnation.

What terrible words an interchange of creation and annihilation.

It's all nothing from the prospective of death.

It's everything from the prospective of life.

I'm still waiting for death to call.

Terrified! Has she forgotten me?

A day, a year with no sense.

It's a curse of what we wish.

A sucking parasite since incarnation.

What terrible words an interchange of creation and annihilation.

I'm still waiting for death to call.

Terrified! Has she forgotten me?

The wraith of decaying corpse is a grotesque end for a tragic comic play.

We are insignificant men confronting ourselves with a possible after play.

All passed by or passed away.

The world has changed.

What am I still doing here?

Visit [Entreat](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.