

Immortal Souls

"Constant"

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There is none righteous, all have turned aside.
Sorrow - fill the lives of falseness and lies.
Not hunger or thirst, diseases or the wars.
Nothing is enough for dying mankind.
There is no horror, which man is not capable.
Misery - and failure, is it what man is made of?
I step aside to listen, the cry of this world.
Pain comes in many forms, enhanced in hands of men.
Constant - amount of pain, driving us insane.
I have less so you get more.
Constant are the cries.
You have less so I get more.
Constant are the cries.
Constant - amount of pain driving me insane.
I have less so you get more.
Constant are the cries.
You have less so I get more.
Constant are the cries.
Have a feast at Vanity Fair.
I have less so you get more.
Constant are cries.
Have a feast at Vanity Fair.
You have less so I get more.
Constant are the cries.

[Chapter II - Reflections Of Doom ends]

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