

Incrave

"The Touch Of Death"

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Staring at an endless place of hate
A place of betrayal
Repressed by the dark, is it too late
Just look at the needle

Somehow I fear it's too late
For this place behind the walls
Somewhere beyond our hate
Will the sun ever shine again?
Somehow I fear it's too late
For this place behind the walls
How long, how far?
It's the touch of death

Could this be the end of our ride?
My nightmares are closer
Afflicted by war, I wish I could die
To avoid this slaughter

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