

Chimaira "Impending Doom"

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Impending doom, can't escape
Pitch black at the lake
The snow is falling, can't escape
The evil approaches, I can't save you

These problems don't have solutions
We're rotting inside this cell
Our bodies are like a prison
Only death will save us from this hell

These problems don't have solutions
We're rotting inside this cell
Our bodies are like a prison
Only death will save us from this hell

Jagged stairs leading nowhere
The clock is staring at me
Running away from the pain
The evil approaches, no one to save me

These problems don't have solutions
We're rotting inside this cell
Our bodies are like a prison
Only death will save us from this hell

These problems don't have solutions
We're rotting inside this cell
Our bodies are like a prison
Only death will save us from this hell, hell
From this hell

Have you ever seen blood in the moonlight?
It appears quite black
Have you ever seen spiders crawling on the grave?
On the grave

The grave that gave
The grave that gave us the fear of loneliness
That turned us into hellions
We're like slugs in the sun, tearing us apart

These problems don't have solutions

We're rotting inside this cell
Our bodies are like a prison
Only death will save us from this hell

These problems don't have solutions
We're rotting inside this cell
Our bodies are like a prison
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