

Cky "Imaginary Threats"

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Into the woods and through the fields
Experience what no one feels
It's getting late for us
Another notch in your ideals
Into the woods and through the fields
Armed with fearlessness and steel
It's not too late for us to release what we conceal

It seems that every legend's just another boring story
You were starved for what you can claim is real
We believe we can handle it behind us
This mission is set to invade our greatest fears
Now we're prisoners of imaginary threats
An ecstasy through simmering in blood

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Experience what no one feels
It's getting late for us
Another notch in your ideals

Unleash the fury and pierce the flesh
Of what you dread the most
And retribute the venom that's been spewed
No prisoners of imaginary threats
And the enemies are simmering in blood

Parts pollute the lakeside
Incisions open up wide
Heat's rising from the dead wretch
As we migrate down the long stretch

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