

Miser

"The End Designed"

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From earth to dust they were born
Unaware of the knowledge around
Evolving minds since the creation
Walking the path to meet their destiny

Paralysed in deepest fear
The reapers scythe is drawing near
The hour of death has arrived
Departed from humanity
They have eaten the frails of insanity
The black unfold like the curtains on stage
Eyes open knowing good and evil

Delusions of hope fading away
Banned into an endless journey
Finding comfort in a distant past
A roaming spirit forever lost

In great pain in sorrow
Cursed to be left behind
Unseen darkness it's coming near

The mystery of life now unfolding
From dust taken into dust they will return
Their roaming spirits forever lost.

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