

My Silent Wake "Your Cold Embrace"

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Grim lives lived out with bitterness and contempt
Unforgiving, cold, half living, half dead
Self appointed judges on thrones of clay
Mocking those who reject their loathsome ways

When I sense your cold embrace
I reject your loathsome ways

I see them judge by their own fallen standards
I see them worship at the feet of fools
When blind follow blind, death lies waiting
Inhabiting empty lives where programmed minds
Remain so confused

Believing in nothing except what they see with their
cynical eyes
Paving the way for their children a bleak future awaits

When I sense your cold embrace
I feel your emptiness

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