

Tek Noir

"The Final Fall"

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Disappointments and vile complaints
Restless minds are fed upon
Try to fake the real misery inside
And take the fast and easy deviation to the top
I find myself on wicked paths
Money in oblivion
My soul is what he wants
Listen to the preacher he has backed away from god
His mind has thrown me over the edge
All these "good" men tell me not to dream obscure
ways
But I tear and burn the pages of this decadent dismay

I pray to heaven
But it cannot fulfill
I've signed the darkest contract
For the dark man's will
Dawn unfolds the landscape
That seems useless to escape
I will not admire your god
Fall upon the saviour who has cast me from above
And drink this bloody water that has driven from love
I can pray to little man and I can preach to all
Where suicidal paradise is man's eternal fall

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