

The Denial

"In The Fields Of Decease"

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Into the flames, the beginning of the end
Legions descend to anticipate your death
As killing machine breeds suffering
Joy of mankind will be the last
They're born to serve the land with pride
But guilty to save the earth from fall
It's all the blood they have shed
In these fields of decease
We will reap if we live
Only the scorn of the dead
Crawling in a river of blood
Confronting with an evil nature
Will I never return alive?
From this world forged in pain
Screaming, imploring, crying
You're searching for life
Screaming, imploring, crying
You're searching for death
As we die within fields of the end
Your mind is in flames
Obsessed by the chains
Your days of pain end
Nothing is left to chance
Life - Now reflects a treacherous past
Is pain - You're nothing but dead
Tortured inside, every smile is condemned
A burning desire to see them die
As the killing machine breeds suffering
Joy of mankind will be the last

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