

This Ending "Tools Of Demise"

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Streams of light in the dark
A light - darker than darkness itself
Petrified with nameless fear
Burning in every nerve
Could this - be an illusion
Is this right?

Sick in mind - Sick in heart
Become the undead
Sick in mind - Sick in heart
Born from guilt

To swallow the shame
Am I - feeding the fire
Burning all in it's way
No place to hide
Left out - Defenceless and senseless
Catatonic state of mind

There is no escape
Only extinction

Sick in mind - Sick in heart
A violent new breed
Sick in mind - Sick in heart
Carved by flesh

It's time to sharpen the tools of demise
Time to sharpen the tools of demise

Consumed by a sickness so vile
This threat knows no name
Acts of violence put on repeat
Creating a violent new breed
Become the undead - How could this be?
Born from guilt in the harbouring safety of this so
called life

Sharpen the tools of demise

[Solo: L. Nirbrant]

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Become the undead
Sick in mind - Sick in heart
Born from guilt

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It's time to sharpen the tools of demise
Sick in mind - Sick in heart
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