

## **Throne Of Chaos**

### **"The Scaffold Scenario"**

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Could I predict the storm  
When constellations reach their final form  
Two steps away from death I feel forlorn  
As cold as stone in this world I was born

One step short of demise  
Fear grows stronger than one thousand eyes  
Staring at my destiny  
But when it comes to leaving  
I seek competence from gods  
And the journey to hell  
Is bound to end with a flow of blood

I welcome their shining, cold steel  
To cut me so deep that my sins are forgiven  
And salvation time would break free

Thus witness their will now come true  
And anger distorted their long lost caresses  
Of lives that I ended so cruel

Sink in the eyes again...

Sink in the eyes again  
Fear strikes in lion's den  
One wicked smile can win  
Unleash the beast within

One step short of demise  
Fear grows stronger than one thousand eyes  
Staring at my destiny  
But when it comes to leaving  
I seek competence from gods  
And the journey to hell  
Is bound to end with a flow of blood

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