

Success Will Write Apocalypse Across The Sky "A Path"

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Born into submission
Inbred repetition
The morals have been lost
Our titles shall be tossed
The pen has signed your name for you, to be enslaved
Drowning in waters
Reaching to be slaughtered
Drench their minds in acid
Breathing is irrelevant when your air is filled with
pestilence
Sow the seeds of full on eradication
Buried before the chance to stand...
A living man will have no chance
The path is stable with no philosophy
Born inside a lie, Your soul is designed to die
In flames of indecision, grieve...
Dead with no wisdom
You're dead with no wisdom
Dead with no wisdom
You're dead with no wisdom
Drowning in waters, reaching to be slaughtered
Drench their minds in acid.

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