

Welkin "Cynical Breath"

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No Sky Is Falling
No Church Has Burned
No Child Is Drowning
Cynical

No Wolf Is Howling
No War Was Fought
No Poles Are Melting
Cynical

No Sky Is Falling
No Church Has Burned
No Child Is Drowning
Cynical

No Wolf Is Howling
No War Was Fought
No Poles Are Melting
Cynical

This Is No World To Fill With Chance
Slaves Of Our Own Decadence
Wrestling Stories Of Innocence
We Will Never Escape The World Chance

This Is No World To Fill With Chance
As Slaves Of Our own Decadence
Wrestling Stories Of Innocence
We Will Never Escape This World Stance

Feel My Cynical Breath
Hating All But Myself
Feel My Cynical Breath
Burning All That Is Left

This Is No World To Fill With Chance
As Slaves Of Our own Decadence
Wrestling Stories Of Innocence
We Will Never Escape This World Stance

With A Tongue To Set On Fire
The Things That You So Treasure

In Your World

I Hate Your Words
I Hate Your Face
I Hate What You Stand For
Believe And Race

I Fear For My Downfall
So I Grasp To Kill Your Dreams
I'm Afraid To See You Rise
So I Enjoy Your Painful Screams

I Fear For My Downfall
So I Grasp To Kill Your Dreams
I'm Afraid To See You Rise
So I Enjoy Your Painful Screams

I Hate Your Words
I Hate Your Face
I Hate What You Stand For
Believe And Race
I Hate The Way I Break You Down
I Hate This Cynical Breath I Own

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