

Woe Of Tyrants

"Tales From The Crypt"

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15 lonely years
Listening to my breath
Waiting in the darkness
Wasting what time I've got left
Walls are closing in
Or does the outside world expand?
I guess I've gone insane
Blood drips from the ceiling

Tomorrow is just another word for misery

Be it dusk or dawn
It's all the same to me
In the cold light of my truth
The darkness seem even more real

Tomorrow is just another word for misery

Tales from the crypt
Tales from the crypt

Inhale, exhale
The same air all over again
Memories flee from me
They despise my company

You know
Tomorrow is just another word for misery

Tales from the crypt
Tales from the crypt

I close my eyes
But my mind is open wide
Silence is deafening
I need some peace of mind
Hear me screaming from the grave
I read the number of my wrist
It's 666

Tomorrow is just another word for misery

And all the yesterdays are my sworn enemies

Tales from the crypt

Tales from the crypt

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