

## Wounded "Chaos Spectacle"

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Chaos Spectacle

Oh night deceive the day with your fabulous whores.  
Don't leave us here for one day more.  
Send me your greatest sons of war.  
To bury me.  
As I dreamed of a world forever dark,  
And city's burn through brutal wars.  
Where our gods turned out the evening light.  
And forever banished us.

On this stage where they hung our beloved pride.  
Where the faces of morality have died.  
A hall where sons of harlots dance.  
On hallowed songs.  
You can sing your tunes and hymns of war.  
Spread the hate and connect the pain.  
As we will sever it again

As I walk through the valley of life and death,  
It's only one thing that I regret,  
It's the way that the gods have left us all.  
Left stranded...  
There is nothing here but pain and hate,  
And a little spark that we call god,  
But it's just for keeping us from not going under.

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