

Astray

"In The Rhythm Of Chaos"

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Join you all into the dance of death! Come! Let's
celebrate our own burials!

Welcome to the masquerade where all rotten is
dressed in gold.
Take this chalice and join the feast of the dying ones.

Feel the poison in your veins, weakness dressed in
strength.
Celebration inebriation for the honor of the end.

I propose a toast for the end and the sweet kiss of the
flames
In the rhythm of chaos we dance. ...Hear the hammers
of the
Beast giving us the beat... ...Giving us the beat...

...The beat so fast and weird... Fast and weird...

...The beat so fast and weird... Fast and weird...

...The beat so fast and weird... GO!

Dancing among snakes, kissing the devil (with tongue),
making love with flames so wild, calling the death
among us

Our bare feet bleed as we dance on broken glass.
In the rhythm of decay, in the rhythm of chaos.
We're all here. Gathered to die, to celebrate our death.
...Thank you for pain. Thank you for decay. Thank you
for misery.
Thank you for grave. Thank you for death. Thank you
for reaper.

Watering the flowers of death with blood of mine,
sowing

the seeds of decadence from the bottomless basin of
mortality.
...So drunken by mortality...

Remember, here you are never alone!

Soon we'll face the cold ground and never rise again.
So good is to be asleep, but let's dance this one more
night.

With bare feet on broken glass among snakes.
Bleeding , tired...
...Still laughing for death... For the whole cold world!

I propose a toast for the end and the sweet kiss of the
flames.
And we dance around the tower. The tower we once
built just to make it fall on our own neck.

...The beat so fast and weird... Fast and weird...

...The beat so fast and weird... Fast and weird...

...The beat so fast and weird... GO!

Dancing among snakes, kissing the devil (with tongue),
making love with flames so wild, calling the death
among us

Our bare feet bleed as we dance on broken glass.
In the rhythm of decay, in the rhythm of chaos.
We're all here. Gathered to die, to celebrate our death.
...Thank you for pain. Thank you for decay. Thank you
for misery.
Thank you for grave. Thank you for death. Thank you
for shotgun.

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