

Woods Of Belial "Desolate"

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Thrown into this world so bleak,
Caged in an inferno of emptiness.
Just waiting here to end all time.
And only time brings relief from the torture.
Dead, deserted. Sand veils the earth.
This shivering silence awakes the perpetual dreads
From their slumber. None will understand.
The doors to all eternity have been locked.

But our souls will not be given to the angels and not to
the demons.
In the hands of nothingness they burn and remain
desolate.

No dreams are for the sleeping who await to dream.
Discover reality all alone, just to make yourself
Wish you'd pull the trigger to end all days.
And only the days bring relief from the pain.

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