## Angels Of Fall "Puppets Of A Dying World"

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Invading the mountains
With their spiritless flesh
Controlled by a masterplan
Only marionettes in this game
Harvesting the seeds
On which we live
Sowing hatred into the depths
Of our decaying minds

Shaking the foundations
In whose womb we lie safe
Feeding our brains with heretic ideas

Stand aside and watch it grow Only puppets in a greater game Just a figment of reality We are only inhabitants Of a dying world

Just puppets of a dying world Marionettes shaped in dreams Just puppets of a dying world Marionettes shaped in dreams

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