

Emperors Of Destruction

"Brittle"

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As I watch my degression through the shades of hell
I see failures compile to blacken the shade
I shall know abdicate my trophies before me
And let a winter frost kill ambition
Through failure I can only wither
For hopes of a better soul reign

A coward's mask hides the defects before me
Of defects that are cold and violent
There is no protection from a tough society
Brittle

Any socialization that occurs
Falls into a dark drain
Where happiness is the light (now faded away)
Where gloom is the dark (now rides the day)
Apathy is now my motto

A coward's mask hides the defects before me
Of defects that are cold and violent
Thers is no protection from a tough society
Brittle

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