

Enthral

"Weltschmerz"

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Watching as the Walls of the City (of Dreams) Crumbles
Into Dust
Every Pagan Wiped away by the Sword of the Righteous
In Tears I Realize that there is nothing more to
Conquer
Chained to Mortality... Now exposed to Eternity
Gazing at the Sky screaming; How can You do this to
Me?
Leaving Me Faceless to the World... A Target for Every
Arrow
Pointing at Me From every Shadow, slowly dissolving,
Becoming one with the Earth...
Dragged through the Streets by Angry Hands, A Soul
Trapped at the Threshold
Ashes Spread on a River...
An Instrument in the Hands of a god Singing;
I've Burned the Bridges behind Me, Leaving no Retreat
All I have Left is the Dust From A Thousand Dreams, not

Even Mine,
I am merely a drop of Water, in an Everflowing
Stream...
You see the World through Dead Eyes... Sleeping
through
The Ages
Gazing at the Earth From a Distant Star
Knowing that what You see has already Happened...
You
Are My Lord of Flies
The Dead who carved for Life... I know not why they lie
There Floating
The lie there Devoid of Thought... Bereft of Life and
Drowned in Sorrow
You are the Lord of Flies
The Bane of Mankind is all that He is until He dies,
Is a Pawn that is expected to live by the Lies of
Tradition
Existing only as Flies crushed by a Mighty Hand
You are the Lord of Flies

