

Northlane

"Scarab"

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Crawling through the burning sand
Just a man whose lost in time.
Distant memories of a life
That flow like waves within my mind.
Look upon these calloused hands as they move without
a thought
Lucid wisdom in every atom the golden mind of Thoth,
We are the Gods, who have lost ourselves in forms,
Like a scarab in the mind we fester in the soul.
I have felt the burden of pain
For the last time
So you want the fucking truth?
So you want the fucking truth?
The truth is we all suffer.
We all suffer in life.
We all suffer in time.
Beat me down, beat me down
Again and again, again and again
Let it Reign hell on me
In life we all suffer
But I will find my way
Through the darkness
This is the truth
In the back of my mind
It's been hiding away
For me to find
Dancing in the fire
We burn together
This pain will never end

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