

Nothnegal

"Sins Of Our Creations"

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Observe the twisted tendrils of fate
Distorted, demeaning to what I believe
Like quicksand, it drags you in the more you struggle
Too tired to try, I resign to destiny

Hopeless and defeated I am left
Hungry for vengeance I am compelled
To grieve for the life misspent
To moan my loss in silence
The drive to excel has left me
I am but a shell of my former self
Too late for looking back
But not too late for regret

Wake me from this nightmare
Save me from the ghosts of past
Help me escape my inner demons
Spare me the sins of our creations

Wake me from this nightmare
Save me from the ghosts of past
Help me escape my inner demons
Spare me the sins of our creations

Open the doorway to the new age
Clash of titanic wills decay the world
Right before my eyes all I hoped for fails
Chaotic turn of events. deacease with no cure

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