

Poison

Paradise Lost

Come taste a century of hatred

Free from the sanity of them Is there something, that you see in all of them

Non-believer, a time will come, but when? All you worship in life, destroyed by human hands,

Spare the trouble you feel, save a breath for your next Spit on the laws that I made for you

Betray the treasures within hearts Is there something in death that you think reflects your life?

Come taste the loss that I feel, challenge paradise All you worship in life, destroyed by human hands,

Save the trouble you feel, a treasure with no price It's disturbing, the joy I feel, but I feel it more

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