

Fiction Kingdom

Demon Hunter

Dig yourself a shallow grave
Your life is not the legacy of honor
You would dig six feet for Broken is the way you came
And broken is the way that you will leave
When everything is paid for Make another hollow claim
A fable of regurgitated nothing
We could tear wide open False in every possible way
Your God is still the powerless creation
You will lose your hope in Now you bleed for the Lord of Hate
That you stole from the pages of truth
And separate the product from its own account
To birth a gospel of inferior view Black reign is all in dream
Your truth is absolution's end Dead is the way you stake your life on
The oblivious belief
What a waste to sell your spirit for Dead is the way you stake your life on
The oblivious belief
What a waste to sell your spirit for Lay upon the bed you made
Your word is not the legacy of truth
That you would bet your life on Stand to face a mirrored blade
And tremble in the wake of your conviction
As you put your life on Now you bleed for the Lord of Hate
That you stole from the pages of truth
And separate the product from its own account
To birth a gospel of inferior view Black reign is all in dream
Your truth is absolution's end Dead is the way you stake your life on
The oblivious belief
What a waste to sell your spirit for Dead is the way you stake your life on
The oblivious belief
What a waste to sell your spirit for This war is a page unwritten
But we know how it ends
Take a step to the throne, conviction
Choking back your amends Cry the death of fiction kingdom
Your truth is absolution's end Dead is the way you stake your life on
The oblivious belief
What a waste to sell your spirit for Dead is the way you stake your life on
The oblivious belief
What a waste to sell your spirit for

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