Vision Of Degradation

Darkane

Born in filth, no future in sight
Living of nothing
What chances for survival exists?
Is this the way to live?

Death is a choice
Walk among zombies of everyday life
Each day is a war against starvation
Leftovers is the bliss of the day

Hail the god of transparent life
Hail the god that rules the weak
Hail the god, see through the waste
Hail the god, degradation is the way

Razor void crumbles inside
Curves flatter the spine
The surrounding people express their hate
No warmth, no compassion

A never-ending battle each day
Enslaved, compiled, degraded
Empowered by the paper thin ruler
Hail thee for no demise

The god of transparent living
Takes away all visions of life

Chemical indulgence
Master of all misery
Imprisoned by the lord of deceit
Entwined in a world of chaos

Enslaved, compiled, degraded
Death is a choice
Hail thee for no demise
Leftovers is the bliss of the day

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