

Of Every Strain

Beyond The Embrace

Why can't I feel the life that I breathe?

Why am I so consumed?

Despair the face of every strain my thoughts are weak and torn Reap what you have sewn

The flame that burns my heart is blown I wear a face that hides my pain amidst my world of anger

How much longer can I remain, behind this mask of the damned

As I walk along this bacchanal of sin

It allows the darkness of my soul to fester within Reap what you have sewn

My faith in life is gone This world prepares a feverfeast that feeds the beast

Governed by the wayward souls of forgotten worlds

My world prepares a feverfeast that feeds the beast

Spoken by the wayward souls, their forgotten words I bide my time awaiting one final chance to reflect on the
past

Of this disease I call my life As I walk along this bacchanal of sin

It allows the darkness of my soul to fester within Reap what you have sewn, my faith in life is gone This world
prepares a feverfeast that feeds the beast

Governed by the wayward souls of forgotten worlds

My world prepares a feverfeast that feeds the beast

Spoken by the wayward souls, their forgotten words.

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