

Distress

Popstrangers

Arising wrath in a penurious existence

Hunting a being of my own

Treading on disconsolate faces

Desperately climbing for the throne

Denying the gift of humanity

Like a stillborn walking the earth

I'm reaching nirvana of insanity

Praising indolence, banning birth Craving for distressing acts

My impulse for violent art

Forces me to inevitable impacts

Is tearing your destiny apart

A brutal reality destroying all life

This terror will always reign

Constantly frustrating society, in my world I'm the master brain Join my morbid parade - A horrid

masquerade My dark blood is screaming from the past, the spirits of a lost generation

The howling voices will always last, will lead me to my own devastation

If I had chosen the other path, If I had to make myself clear Join my morbid parade - A horrid masquerade [1st

lead: Ideberg 2nd lead: Malmstrom] Arising wrath in a penurious existence, hunting a being of my own

Treading on disconsolate faces, desperately climbing for the throne,

Denying the gift of humanity Like a stillborn walking the earth, I'm

reaching nirvana of insanity, praising indolence, banning birth

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