

# Down My Neck

## Dew-Scented

compulsion divine is all we find in these worlds of deception  
too fragile, too blind, we wander lost in putrefaction  
full of repulsion and disgust, lambs to the slaughter  
a misanthropic sickness prevails as chaos fulfills our mortal desires  
WE DESCEND INTO THE VALLEYS OF LACERATION,  
we are taking for granted that we once inherited existence  
to forever live to tell the tale...IN BURNING ENIGMA  
I'M NEXT TO THE END OF THE LINE  
KNOW THE SCORE...a final nail in the coffin of our unstable destination  
(I feel life breathing down my neck)we have signed our own death warrant  
with other people's blood  
(I feel life breathing down my neck)  
HOW COULD WE DARE TO EXPECT MERCY  
FOR FORGIVENESS HAS IT'S OWN PRICEvain temptation, my soul is ripped and torn  
decayed forever, beyond the great divide we fall...conceptual UTOPIA, by the end I'm the next one in line  
down my neck!retribution, my anger is uncontrolled  
deceived for all time, testimonial curse  
UNDER A SUNDOWN OF THE END, THE POINT OF NO RETURN  
TEN FALLEN ANGELS PAVE YOUR WAY... FALL!  
THEIR HOLLOW VOICES FROM BEYOND, THE POINT OF NO RETURN  
PROCLAIMING SILENCE FOR OUR SOULS... FALL!FINAL EXTINCTION OF MANKIND...  
I feel it breathing down my neck!UNDER A SUNDOWN OF THE END, THE POINT OF NO RETURN  
TEN FALLEN ANGELS PAVE THEIR WAY... FALL!FINAL EXTINCTION OF MANKIND...  
I feel it breathing down my neck!at the end of the line all we possess is emptiness and regrets  
(I feel life breathing down my neck)we are told to remain obedient and faithful  
even at the hardest of times  
(I feel life breathing down my neck)BUT WHY SHOULD WE WANT TO CONTINUE  
LIVING A LIFE OF DIRT?  
YOU JUST MEAN NOTHING TO ME!

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