

Ad Infinitum, Seth

You want to fly above the fire
On the top of the world, looking down
Pick your poison between jealousy and anger
Both will bring you back to the ground

When the taste of greed has touched your lips
You seek the power
Give a stage to your demise

Deceiver divine
Falling from the sky
As your empire catches fire, your illusions die
Distorted lullaby, the rotten taste of lies
In the abyss, no salvation for the wicked

You told yourself the tales, the wonders
You shaped the whole plot in your mind
But the horizon darkens, ruining the picture
Should you paint another lie?

When the sun sets on your dreams
And leaves a sense of failure
Free fall, all fears arise

Oh deceiver