

Asphyx, Emperors of Salvation

Imprisoned in imaginative walls
Stoical glances reach no destination
Fallacy, looking for salvation
Points of contact are missing for an etemaly
Bearing the everlasting pain
Hatred and anger, self-respect is frozen

Fearing what's to come
Agonized by mental disillusion
Dilapidated and declined
Is this life or life's destiny
Waiting for that particular salvation
Which can make everything forget

Emperors of salvation

Death is to one's hand
Just a simplistic solution

Surviving is the driving force
But surviving is a hopeless cause
Narrow-minded thoughts far from clean
Completely turned inside oneself, nothing surmised
Mankind's necessity to live is only a side-issue

Waiting for that partcular salvation
Freed from this life of misery
Taken by the emperors of salvation
To commit the body to the ground
Disposed by the ghost of death
The soul will roam eternally