

Chorus Of Ruin, Ocean Of Sins

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Ocean Of Sins

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Look at us, in this place
sailing to our doom
victims of the collapsed world
trying to touch the moon

Look at us, arrogant fools
blown by forlorn winds
escaping from our letters
upon the OCEAN OF SINS

We're sailing to a land
where milk and honey flow
We're sailing to a land
to where teh flowers grow
Sailing to a land
where nothing ever dies
Sailing to a land
that's nothing but feeble lies

Upon the seas we sail
into the night
blown by fetid winds

In euphoric dreams
we're going to drown
in the OCEAN OF SINS