

Grendel, Catastrophe

Within the wreckage - Lying behind the rusted door
The pleasures so cold - The pleasures so cold
Under the leaches - Blood so red, it starts to fall
The method so old - The methold so old
Within the closet - Child in need scratches and brawls
It's parents are gone - It's parents are gone
Outside the wind blows - Cry havoc in the darkend halls
No one hears their call - No one hears their call
From nation to nation- The same stories told
Catastrophe
From ages to ages - The cruelty in souls
Catastrophe
Under the lampshade - Scratching into her fragile skull
The flesh, it's all gone - The flesh, it's all gone
Beneath the brown soil - Murder rots in covered holes
The millions are cold - The millions are cold
Within the damp cell - Man hangs from bloody cords
He couldn't have more - He couldn't have more
Behind the station - Virus takes it's deadly toll
The needle was old - The needle was old
From nation to nation- The same stories told
Catastrophe
From ages to ages - The cruelty in souls
Catastrophe
Don't cry my child
This is the end