

Memento Mori, The Seeds of Hatred

I fear the shadows upon the wall
reaching for me, they touch my soul
I hear their voices shisper in the wind
oppressing my mind, make me lose control.

Black blood runs through my heart
the stream of hatred, the never-ending tide
black blood runs through my heart
the seeds of hatred grow so deep inside.

Falling apart, this can't be true
still there is time, I'm telling you
falling apart, embraced by hate
go while you can, it's not too late.

Their voices are calling out my name
strong is the urge, too much to tame
inviting me to share my mind
leave all my senses way behind.

I hear their singing thier symphony
a blaphemous concerto out of key
I will join their choir, I will sing the lead
though my soul is dying and my heart will bleed.