

Nightrage, Being Nothing

Bring of the darkness, the mutiny
Strike down upon the insanity
Silent wastelands our homes to be
Condemned to harvest our broken dreams

I am the fear within your hearts
Flags of war drenched in guilt
The desperation I leave will shake
The foundations of the hell you have built

Alone in your dream your phantasy
Fevered and drunk from your prophet tears
When will you reach clarity
Your thirst your only weakness your disease

Side by side - being nothing
All dead inside being nothing

And like a leper I walk through your deadworld
And like a beak of light, strike down upon your heard

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Flags of war drenched in guilt
The desperation I leave will shake
The foundations of the hell you have built