

# Septic Flesh, When All Is None

[Music: Spiros A., Lyrics: Sotiris V.]

So they promised you the stars  
The happiness of your distant hopes  
But as you tried to catch the moon  
Its silver cape slipped through your fingers  
Fake was the dawn of their mortality  
You are drowning from the flow of your emotions

When all is none

There is a miracle for every soul  
An easy way to loose control  
The puppeteer and his dolls entertain the frantic crown  
Invisible lands your stolen laughs  
When all is none

When all is none

Who would be the most competent guardian for you  
Than yourself?  
Always in range  
Under detention even at your sleep  
Your life a white chalk on a small blackboard

When all is none

Die

When all is none