

# Tad Morose, Matters Of The Dark

It is a cycle of destruction  
Rarely in control  
A time for termination  
and the filth that fill your soul  
A menacing society  
Like a meeting with your mind  
Make us all your slaves tomorrow  
Would you be so kind

Matters of the dark

Your flesh and your soul will burn  
Is there nothing I can say  
To matters of the dark you turn  
No you can't walk away

Call out to your father  
Or those that lived before  
Then ask them how to leave me  
Just how to shut the door  
Then watch as I deliver  
Uh, a stunning sight indeed  
Yes all your bloodstained souls are mine  
There's nothing else I need