

Year of Desolation, The Economy Of Excess

Grave, I first saw you alone.

The time I feared has come.

Feasting at the feet of the dead, you've lost your way...it never ends.

You sleep inside of your hollow shell the sun chose to grace you again.

It's just another day to pretend, another way to fit in.

you fuckers, you're in my way, you play my game, you claim my name, you've lost this day.

Behold the truth has set you free.

Crushed by the weight of this monster, this beast, named reality.

Your broken power subsides to my destiny.

You've been consumed by your lust, you've been consumed by your greed.

I've strived forever, all alone, in this hell.

Completing the transitions of life: the truth has set me free.