

# Agathodaimon, Decline

You drown in stagnation, in a world of frustration-  
Your chance for salvation is to weave a cell of fears  
This stainless collection of countless imperfection  
A mild satisfaction, a sea of rotten tears  
This serpentine throne suits you well  
A place to reign the deepest hell  
Faded memories, they crawl across the years  
Reveal your hidden fears  
A short hesitation on your way to desperation  
You'll feel the aggravation before divine begins  
I gaze into a darkened well  
With madness that erodes my shell  
Decay's burning bleakly in my eyes-  
No way to save our wasted lives  
Death's in your soul dear  
It's in your dreams -  
It's always near  
What I was meant to be, what I was born to be  
What will set me free, I was too blind to see  
Too blind to realize  
Too blind to turn the tides  
Too blind to see your lies  
I was too blind to see  
This serpentine throne suits me well  
A place where vilest worms do dwell  
Faded memories  
They crawl across the years  
Enraged by all your fears  
Death's in your soul dear  
It's in your dreams, It's always near...  
Death's in your soul, dear  
It is near, it's in your dreams,  
It's always near...  
Oh, how dare you come into my lair  
Here in this void, this sanctum  
Reigns despair...  
...and somberly it sleeps  
it winds, it slowly creeps  
The end is near...  
The end is near  
Take a look around - this evil lurks behind you  
Two thousand years of lies  
And arrogance that blinds you  
Nightmares crawl, the serpent in your eye  
The road of Cain winds on until you die  
Death's in your soul dear  
It's in your dreams  
It's always near...  
Death's in your soul, dear  
It is here, it's in your dreams  
It's always near...  
The end is... here