

# Amon Din, In Dread Of Insanity

I am the past  
I feel the groan in my chest  
Human stench all over the world  
Blind my eyes and exert my soul  
Lies, greed and senseless death  
I'm in dread of insanity of man  
Over and over again  
Pleasure turns into pain  
Time and time again  
Love turns into hate  
Wise men die in vain  
I'm sick of all these deaths  
people are gripped with fear  
Faith fades, the end is near!