

DAATH, Subterfuge

it's your fault, you tell your tales of loss
you clam that's not your fault
but you don't see yourself, inside your tomb
your mind's unable to solve
the end shall never resolve
your filthy thoughts rejoice
in its lie...

your face is covered in
webs spun from words without worth
entangled in my world
i digest my offerings

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lost consumed inside - madness
bile, spewing forth - fountains
it exudes petty - failings
you're so blind for too long

your face is/your face is/your face is covered in
webs spun from words without worth
entangled in my world
i digest my offerings

it's your fault, you tell your tales of loss
you clam that's not your fault
but you don't see yourself, inside your tomb
inside your tomb/inside your tomb
inside your....
tomb.../tomb.../tomb.../tomb.../tomb.../tomb...