

# Dies Irae, Another Being Wasted

I am your dream  
I am your worst nightmare  
The things to come your fear  
And past to forget  
By my command  
All of your sins take form  
From my desires  
Your temptations are born

Your life depends of me  
Death comes as I decide  
The pain prepared for you  
To feed faith the blind  
Your future is  
Destined not formed by choice  
Unless the choice is mine  
Kneel when you hear my voice

The weak mind I rule  
Shallow thoughts come and fade  
And when I give the sign  
Sacrifice is made

Eons pass by the mighty I stand tall  
Another being wasted  
The new one! Hear my call!  
Your weakness I feed on  
Your weakness gives me strength  
You suffer! I'm in pleasure  
I'm calm when you're in pain