

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