

Entombed, Young Man Nihilist

Young man, atheist
There's someone there
You can't see in lights
Young man, Naturalist
Your eyes are heavy
From sleepless nights

Feed the conflict into your head

Young man, atlas
There are places
Without ground of reality
Young man nihilist
Dematerialize
The prediction of insanity

Just feed the conflict into your head

Freedom is just a state of mind
Asleep with dead eyes open
Affraid to put the words onto paper
Affraid of the gates
About to crack open

Man, it's about time to let your spirit pass thru
Are you north or south bound?
It's all up to you
It's so up to you

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