

Entwine, Oblivion

Only hate is left to feel
Old enough he is to bear the weight
He's lying bruised and left to die by the sons of his own
The storm is leading him into the dark

Dark... dark is the light inside your fearful mind.
...Your fearful mind
Plead... plead for your life, there is no other way
... No other way

A drop of tear falls from his eyes
The bitter scars reveal the pain of a man
Blinded by the dark, he crawls along
Along the muddy road
The storm is leading him into the dark

Only but pain is left to feel
... Feel!
Pain is crying 'till the end