

# Impending Doom, Beginnings

We live in a world of hate, a beautiful place seen through obscure eyes.

Caught in the glimpse of this life.

How do I find what I seek?

Where does your glory and I meet?

This speck of light is my creeping death, I cant wait till I am dead only to live again.

Filled with filth I don't need this anymore.

How can I think I am alive, when I have never lived before.

This speck of light is my creeping death, I cant wait till I am dead only to live again.

This world has created an ending that starts tonight.

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How do I find what I seek?

Where does your glory and I meet?

This is where I begin!