

Mors Principium Est, Finality

I feel the sickness starts to grow
Inside I bleed
My heart and lungs are infected
With disease
Not much time to spare
Only pain will follow
I start to think what I have done
In history

I hear the blade keeps calling
Let it taste my skin
My veins once were filled with blood
So pure and red
Cut them all I tell you
Cut them deep and crush them
I want to feel it while I can
The agony

I am no one
For you, you see
My time is over
So fade away

The streets filled with people
No one saw or knew me
I start to think what I have done
In history
Not much time to spare
Before pain will follow
Now come and leave your farewells
For eternal dream