

Nasum, Sixteen

Try to purify
The well of dirty lies
Overflown with deadly sins

An attempt to pacify
With orders to comply
A calm breeze before it all begins

Often wonder why
The don't realize
Why they think I'm in their way

Leave my throne behind
Take on my empty shadows
As I finally - finally - fall from grace

A society without grief
An order with no time for mourning