

Old Man's Child, Leads To Utopia / The Old Man's

A beast swept with passion
For one of them who inhaled
His shadow
Who flung away from the sanity
That carried her all the way
The sadist has installed demise
A laughter leapt from here
The cataclysm tides where the
Devil rides his carnage
A wind flew strong upon my hair
That told me this is finally her death
The storm of dust, made by human ash
And structures are found
The flames have scorched all remains
Apocalypse, the slaughter's realm
Come dragon...it has drank it all