Old Mans Child, Leads To Utopia / Old Man's Dre

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