

# 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