

Scars Of Tomorrow, Murderers And Madmen

Nightmare, this stands in front of you, these frames of broken glass of hidden images,

Of a time that you hope you can forget these are the burdens that you hide.

Nightmare, you stand so motionless with a crooked stance you hope to hide from this.

Behind the veil is the obvious to end this sleep to end this rage.

Behind the veil is the obvious, Nightmare, this is your nightmare come to life.

This is a different state of focus, where this night chooses every other day.

To end this sleep, to end this rage.

If these walls could talk they would know your name they see everything.

THE MURDER. Behind the veil is the obvious you are the only one, you live in blood and lust.

Behind the veil is the obvious you are the only one you live in blood and lust.

Behind the veil is the obvious,

To wake up in a sweat still living in your dreams, this isnt nearly over yet.

THE MURDER, this cold sweat grows stale still living in your dreams this isnt nearly over yet,

THE MURDER.