

Sea Of Treachery, Endless Cycle Of Torture

Rotting and bloated,
The corpses pile up,
Another sign of what we all have in store.

Your good intentions will not lead you anywhere.
Signals are useless, they've called off any search.

Your decisions- where is your rationale?
Be realistic, we don't have a prayer.

This is the fight of our lives, and if we fail, (and if we fail)
My captain, our blood is on your hands.

And if we fail, my captain, our blood is on your hands.
The failure of humankind, our greatest tragedy.
Consume your fellow man.

The definition of eternity, is a moment alone.
An endless cycle of torture is all we have known.
An endless cycle of torture- all we have known.

Let go of your sheepish notions
Of coming out alive - It will never happen.
See death as a comfort
As it's agony to survive.

We are the starving.
We are the weak.
We are the cowards.
We are the meek.

And if we fail, my captain, our blood is on your hands.

We are the killers that you dream about.
We are the villains that you fear.

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