

Septic Flesh, Last Stop To Nowhere

In a deserted dirty station.
A passenger is in wait.
He has a ticket for the last train.

The trip is not so long.
A dance on the edge of a bridge that was left uncompleted.

Last stop to nowhere.

An old brown hat upon his head fails to block the liar sun.
His cloth is the yellow dust, he looks so tired.

The trip is not so long.
A dance on the edge of a bridge that was left uncompleted.

One more glimpse at his silver clock.
Its white disc is almost liquid.
The twelve numbers are something distant.

The trip is not so long.
A dance on the edge of a bridge that was left uncompleted.

Last stop to nowhere.

His life, his memories will be left back.
Nothing to carry on this journey.
There are no luggages aside him.

The train has arrived as a shadow at night
And its whistle is giving the signal.

Last stop to nowhere.

In a deserted, dirty station.
A passenger is in wait.
He has a ticket for the last train.

The trip is not so long.
A dance on the edge of a bridge that was left uncompleted.

Last stop to nowhere.