

Shadows Fall, Destroyer Of Senses

The sweet taste of self destruction
Waves of purity wash away the memories

I keep on falling off
I keep on falling off

The agents of change will dissolve

Into the fabric of our very existence

I keep on falling off of this straight
and narrow line
The calm embrace of a sedated mind

Giver of life
Destroyer of senses
I INVOKE!
The sweet taste of self destruction

Waves of purity wash away the memories

I keep on falling off of this straight

and narrow line
The calm embrace of a sedated mind