

Tidfall, Neo-Torment

Death is only painful for the living.
Lies are only painful when they're true.
We crawl through the fire of the afterglow
As we smile the devilish smile of the dead.

World woven in neon night, as they try to poded our reptile masque
Never to experience the pain of birth
Only shifting to re-arise

Cast your skin, grow new skin
Outskin the neo-torment

Flesh of our flesh / blood of our blood
Brother we welcome you to the supreme existence
Your skin is not your skin anymore
Only what lies within to believe in

World woven in neon night, as they try to poded our reptile masque
Never to experience the pain of birth
Only shifting to re-arise

Cast your skin, grow new skin
Outskin the neo-torment

There lies are the true painful lies.