

Vasaria, Cradle To Grave

Cradle To Grave

How could it have come to this?
This is hell warned and preached of.
It was them they created this themselves,
And now the ashes of skeptics fill the gray sickly air.

God No!
This is the Edge of Supremacy,
How could it have come to this?
On the Edge of Supremacy,
The savage is king...

Barely dead in the petrified ooze,
Scavengers in a shimmering hell.
The world has become a panoramic nightmare,
Succumbed to the pressure of it's new way of life.

(Chorus)

Reduced to tears I stop to pray.
Dust Devils shimmer and laugh as they glow.
They haunt the dead seared in incandescent tombs.
How could this be real? How could it have come to this?

(Chorus)

God shed his grace on thee...