

Year of Desolation, Consume The Destroyer

Caught in two worlds I keep chasing this dream.

Am I awake or am I asleep?

It's hard to decipher.

So many choices: irrelevance.

You have to stand for what you believe.

Am I alive am I half dead?

Constant monotony cuts through my head.

Grasping for the future, letting go of the past.

This pressure has consumed my soul and left me with nothing less.

This feeling of uncertainty, break away from this comfortable numb, use this feeling as fuel to escape.

I haven't really felt alive in such a very long time, but with this growing rage I've consumed the destroyer.

The end is near, I see the light at the end of this tunnel and the guilt rains down, I do not fall.

My fate will carry me.

Now I fear the uncertainty.

Doom crashes down on shelter.

Doom reigns supreme.

Doom kills high hopes.

Doom feasts on me.

I have bled the weight of the earth and it seems a long mile.

They will get what they deserve all in due time.

I have overcome all restraints and those that sway me, will be laid to waste.

No (not this time never again).

Never again no more (I won't stand in line, never again).

It's over!