

Hell Shall Be Your Home

Ignitor

The collection of your fears
It nears the hand of paranoia
It wipes away any hint of light
Mass of Color like a school of Piranha

The terror lights your tired eyes
It is all I feed upon
Now you've been clouded and demonized
Mind and soul now under assault

I have wished you well on Earth
I've worn your senses to the bone
This journey will devour your remains
You will bow towards the dark
And hell shall be your home

Light the fuse and just sit tight
Your exit shall arrive too soon
Mind explosions reveal your plight
All your nightmares are coming true

The terror lights your tired eyes
It is all I feed upon
Now you've been clouded and demonized
Mind and soul now under assault

What kind of war
Controls your head
And spawns a winner
When you know that
Your fate's been decided
And is very near
Be damned by the horde
And the warmth of all
The lovely sinners
Their breath
Has enchanted
The ocean that's
Full of your tears

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