

A cruel regret
for a failed stone cold declaration
Derailed, denounced and deceased
Under war torn providence
For want, for greed, for pride
For goal, fortune and gain
The dead should rise but they turn in open groves
For their war torn requiems

Against the grain
Set concrete, like to believe that we'll all be fine
You'd better believe that we're evil by design
Suffer defeat for the art of believing
The dark takes grip when the light takes five
So rest well the last damned deceiver

The seven sins
And the seven deadly virtues of decent
Emerge, converge and integrate
Salvation will be far too late
The old, the wise, the weak
The one that steals the game
Is your conscience the exception to the rule
Do you brave sweet reckoning?

Against the grain
Set concrete, like to believe that we'll all be fine
You'd better believe that we're evil by design
Suffer defeat for the art of believing
The dark takes grip when the light takes five
So rest well the last damned deceiver

Survive and suppress
Natural self interest
Survive and suppress
All virtue laid to rest

The want and need
In a pure, still state of abstinence
Well versed in false apology
Curse it all with honesty
Survive, suppress, revile
Withstand complete denial
Will your words just betray the truth
Staring down the devils smile

Against the grain
Set concrete, like to believe that we'll all be fine
You'd better believe that we're evil by design
Suffer defeat for the art of believing
Six feet dark now you're buried alive
So rest well the last damned deceiver
Evil by design