

## Doom #2

YOB

Inside the anger grows  
From words made up of dust  
The false left from the breath of centuries  
Tearing our lives apart

Worlds below sleep in ignorance  
With dissention from the skies  
Mass daily chanting gleam of madness  
In their eyes

Decadence within the law  
Wage destruction on the void  
Devour all that's held as sacred  
Fools will feast well tonight

While they lived  
With dissention from the skies  
Worlds below sleep in ignorance  
Of their demise

To be gods in lies  
Constant race we have to find the cure for the misery

Eden's fall, fall from grace  
Imaginary Disgrace

Take the pills  
To erase the pain  
Subliminal it's so obscene  
Confusion rules  
As we try to find the cure  
For the misery

Ride out on the desert  
To do battle with the mind  
Afraid of what I'll find  
Afraid of what I will find

Disenchanted-sell what is meant to be free  
Take for granted-the eternal truth of the whole  
Cannot live in these golden chains prison in disguise  
The world engulfed in flames fuels the wretched false  
Perpetuate the dream

I will awake the sleeper within