

The Lie That Is Sin

YOB

Dreaming despair
Hurricane s eye
Swollen with dread

Spinning locust
Strain in the smile
Chilling winter

What always was
Always will be
Will be no one
All will remain
Only I

Imbed
Ingrain
Thorn in the eye
Gods that are blind
Remove
Release the lie they call sin
Unborn godhead

Frozen fields of ice
Ideals that chill like winter
With visions from birth
Branded
Thrilled to enthrall
The death of it all

Swells
They rise and they fall
Merging one into all
Waves crash into the shore
I cannot fight any more