

# Diablo, Mimic 47

(AND THEY ASK WHERE IS YOUR GLORY GONE  
ICON IS CRASHED DOWN  
QUESTIONS LYING OVER YOU MIMIC 47)

You roll the dice like never before you know this game  
Your future is already written for you take all the blame  
When all the fingers start to point at you  
You need to pray c'mon you can't deny that you wouldn't  
Do anything for the victory  
Great victories in the past will be erased  
They'll find all your sins  
Feel their malicious breath on your neck  
Now the show begins  
The worst nightmare of your life has begun  
You feel adrenaline pounding in your veins  
Cold sweat on your skin  
Life flashes before your eyes  
You're just human waste