

# Eleine, All Shall Burn

Pride can leave you dead inside  
Rot spread in mind  
An infection left behind

Cold is your heart that besides  
Though I am still alive  
Rose from a grave marked "the deprived";

Hide behind weakened eyes  
False claims of strife  
Shall I reveal your crimes?  
So that the rest can decide  
Between what's Wrong or right  
No, I refuse to be deprived

Stand with us, ignore the spineless lies  
In which they bury us  
Oh, we have tried to keep  
Them from betraying us  
And through their falling screams  
I hear them begging us  
Their fate is slowly closing in

All shall burn  
Burn  
All shall burn  
All shall burn this night

Feel a growing pain inside  
End is night  
Your blood runs down my smile  
Embracing lies with hate combined  
Provideds a fate that has been sighed

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