

Nightrage, Delirium Of The Fallen

The lowest getting lower
I can't forgive you for what you've done
Repercussions and terror inside
In disdain of peril
Far-fetched judgment
And blind discipline
They act so full of pride
I've trusted these empty souls

I can't believe how pathetic they are
So full of shit and drama
Delirium of the fallen, miserable empty souls

Within this shadowed personality
Pathetic greed at a mere ceremony
Nothing but shame on their faces
Only darkness i find

In disdain of peril
Far-fetched judgment
And blind discipline

Delirium of the fallen
Don't make a sound while walking here
Delirium of the fallen
Mangle these poems of my forgotten soul