

Tad Morose, Matters Of The Dark

It is a cycle of destruction
Rarely in control
A time for termination
and the filth that fill your soul
A menacing society
Like a meeting with your mind
Make us all your slaves tomorrow
Would you be so kind

Matters of the dark

Your flesh and your soul will burn
Is there nothing I can say
To matters of the dark you turn
No you can't walk away

Call out to your father
Or those that lived before
Then ask them how to leave me
Just how to shut the door
Then watch as I deliver
Uh, a stunning sight indeed
Yes all your bloodstained souls are mine
There's nothing else I need