

The Calm Before the Storm

Destruction

Grey in grey - no more colour in your eyes
No need to stay, suffering on a thousand cries
Sad, sad to see - no individuality
Destructive convenience
Losing touch from branded reality
The last days in hell, can't you tell
Theoretically braindead evil dwells
Suffering in a haze, the last days
Standardization - can't bear the deprivation
The last days in hell, soul to sell
Angry people haven't given you a bad spell
Beyond the norm, it's hard to perform
The game of life like a disastrous storm
The symptoms of the evolution
Burn like fire in your soul
The twister is taking form
The calm before the storm
Silence beyond the norm
The calm before the storm
The last days in hell, can't you tell
Theoretically braindead evil dwells
The awakening deprives deep manic depression
The pits of insanity testify: possession - but it's a useless
call
Grey in grey... no more colours in your eyes...
Can't you hear the thousand cries... theoretically braindead...