

# 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