

Mourners Will Burn

Abscess

Blast your life to hell
And watch it turn upon a spit
See the shadows of your allies
Crumble into shit
Rape yourself and torture skies
Of bloody seething red
Scream a ritual of power
Walk among the dead

Find your truth do not escape
Storm your path until the grave
Life and death are no concern
Leave the mourners behind to burn

The powers of the universe
Can twist you into grime
The acrid fumes of living
Turn the stringest into slime
The wielder of the molten
Flows between the left and right
The bending into tragic might

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Storm your path until the grave
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As fiends and lovers
Graze your flesh with sleeping tongues
You must resist their poisons
Fight until you're won
As long as you have pumping blood
That's yet to bleed
The weepers fall onto the ground
On them you feed

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