

Faces Of Death

Born of Osiris

Drop my head in the concrete
Looking up at the sky
Reaching closer to my demise
Walking through this journey
No purpose or time
Reaching closer to my demise
Walking through this journey
No purpose or time
It captivates the eye unveiling the beauty
I'm where I need to be
Spinning with the sickness overcome by the change
My head and my mind co-inciting in assault
My actions transform to contention
So I'm disaluding the truth
Trading my will to comatose existence
A price that never paid and always be owed
Keep us alive hanging on a thread
And crawling forward

It's getting closer and closer to my demise
Looking up at the sky
Drop myself in the concrete
Looking up at the sky
IT was, Was it the end?
Bodies were deceiving me
Faces of death.