

The Frantic Pace of Dying

Cryptopsy

They are living candles
And we will watch them burn

Their frantic pace of dying
Is so hard to maintain

Into the arms of solace you go:
(we sing the screams of men:)
«make a joyful noise unto the lord»
Scream and scream again

Age or beauty: which to burn?
There's always room for one less:
Suffering is the master from whom we learn:
Keep this secret and be blessed

In these, the last days before revelation
As existence is futile and failure is not an option
They bleed for love of the body
And they die for the body:
Now, only silence remains...
A sylvan silence

The sick
The dying
The dead
The rotting
The damned...
...the burning

Their lives, as such are but a trifle:
Their sacrifices, much like compost
Will help to nourish the seeds of the future:
This august body cannot cease to grow

«Arbeit macht frei»
Until you die:
Welcome to permanent downtime

They are all living candles
And we will watch them burn out

All these small deaths
Of mind, of body
Rest is for the weak