

## 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