

The Infestation

Decrepit Birth

Cycle unending in endless question
Infects (mankind/the pure) like disease

Everlasting lasting season of distress and anguish
Few thousands endure deep in the cracks of the earth

Unable to withstand
Living above ground
No choice but to infest

Burrowed deep within
Breeding a new race
Knowing not (what once was/was is above)

Delusive duration
Suffrage unending, wakes the beasts within
Lakes of fire overflow, unlocking the gates of sheol

Ageless form now free
(unleashing minions)
Fulfillment prophecy
The end time is here

(in the earth the people scream/here the angels scream)
A sickening harmony
Passing on in defeat