

# I Have Seen Where it Grows

Demon Hunter

A shell for the earth, all seasons reverse.  
A life inside out in a jet-black hearse.  
The feel of pain and the taste of dirt.  
A dardened sky and the loss of worth.

Lower me down under glorious green.  
Eternity waits on a broken machine.  
Exit the soul in a vibrant white.  
Leaving the shell in the dead of night.

Life is a path, Death a destination.  
Life is a path, Death a destination.

I've met the end of being,  
my eyes are open wide.  
I feel myself depleting,  
and watch my body die.

A step to the throne, I stand alone.  
A vacant mind and a destined home.  
Engaging the end in a seamless gaze.  
Like blind I climb through the tortured blaze.

Raise me up into white unstained  
eternity gained, only life remains.  
Forever the scars have been washed away  
Like blood on the brow of a forgotten day.

Life is a path, Death a destination.  
Life is a path, Death a destination.

I've met the end of being,  
my eyes are open wide.  
I feel myself depleting,  
and watch my body die.  
DIE!

I've met the end of being,  
my eyes are open wide.  
I feel myself depleting,  
and watch my body die.

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