

# Pawning the Sanctuary

Diskreet

Spawn a demon beast of baby's breath  
Corrupting all that you know

Pawn the last of what they had of wealth  
Spreading your body compost across the weeds  
Grow with fury, turns into life  
Made to believe, no sign of day  
You had eyes for the world,  
but I ripped them out of your skull

The land swept clean  
Nowhere to turn, so conform to negation  
Obscenity's creation  
This is just an eclipse for a nocturnal race  
Hold tight to your weapons  
You've made it another night  
Don't rest too long, for the morning we fight

Skin against steel  
One fort not to be broken

You must face, face this reality  
You must face, face this broken existence  
I am no part of you, my life is done  
Now settle as one

Spawning a beast  
With the hands of desolation  
Pulling out teeth, with minds of frustration