

## Cold Summer

## Forgotten Tomb

Come, come over me  
Dark waters, drowning hope  
Images shattered by dimness  
A place so full of void and disease

The swollen vagina of sickness opens  
So inviting and warm, unveiling my call to perdition

Rotten blood drained straight from my arteries  
Rust in my mouth, the foul stench of lovely perversion

Cold Summer  
Your sickness divine  
Cold Summer

Architets of my suffering  
Driving my way to my self-annihilation  
Embracing impurity  
Tearing away every piece of my smile

Adrift in a sea of unlimited obscurity  
I welcome my curse with outstretched arms  
And rejoice

Starvation comes, grief-filled sobriety  
Loaded on angst, bloated on disgusting misery

Cold Summer  
Your sickness divine  
Cold Summer

Collapsing the sane  
Life fills me with disgust.

Life fills me with disgust.

Cold summer divine.