

Cold Earth Consumed in Dying Flesh

Goatwhore

Desolation, Feeds this vision
Winds of stench entwine the senses
Entangled mass of bone, ossified kingdom of this wake
Mortality in ruin
Watching the world burn
Behold this death of creation, when heaven and hell collide

Beneath the piles of burnt flesh
A mass grave of conflict
In these scattered ashes, lies a tomb of cold dead earth
Merciless hand of doom
Born from the star of war
Severing the earth from sky, this reaping comes from the gods

Bellows of agony contort into hymns of death
Horns of torment sound, a fest for the rage of war

Burning winds of destruction, reek with the stent of bloodshed
This filth clings the air, covering the tenderness of earths' s
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Smoldering earth of damnation, enter the jaws of this demise
Entombed in endless dying, engulfed in mass extinction

Basking in the glorious terror
Of a suffering darkness
Inside the depths of this ruin
Only the clam of death brings the end