

Sythe's cold edge thrust  
Spreading blood on their face  
Bells toll the coming of their final days  
Red flowers growing  
To mark all our tears  
The pain and the anguish  
We're planting the seeds

Reaching forward, through the dark  
Dead, marching forward, much colder than the cud  
Reaching forward, through the dark  
Spreading the soilbleed, no return when you're marked

Contorted spirit  
Distorted creed  
You know that your time has come  
When the soil bleeds  
Contorted spirit  
Distorted creed  
You know that your time has come  
When the soil bleeds

Rot and corrosion  
The throth in your lungs  
There is no release  
Gasp despair through the mud  
Red flowers growing  
To mark all our tears  
The pain and the anguish  
We're planting the seeds

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Dead, marching forward, much colder than the cud  
Reaching forward, through the dark  
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