

## Terra Firma

MyChildren MyBride

In death we will ascend, and only in death will we interview  
That which formed us from this cold dark lifeless earth,  
For it is in this journey that we evolve into our true state  
We were created in love, and now were born into hate

Incontrovertible rest, our darkened eyes will never open,  
And our vision will never be shaded again  
By the relentless hands of time.  
Our mortal flesh is nothing but a mantle of corruption,  
Unveil and deliver into the hands of our creator,  
To justify our requital. to justify our atonement  
We were birthed from the ground, and to the ground we shall return.  
We are a breed of dirt.  
We are the eternal

And although our bodies, stored six feet deep in their decomposing displays,  
Will never witness the light of day, I arise through the dirt and up past my grave

This is the end, this is our final ascent, great architect of time,  
Thunder rolling, nature preparing, for the mighty atmospheric retreat  
Cure me with your wisdom, consume my heart, enlighten my mind, behold the great harbinger...

Were born into hate