

Black Tomb

Neaera

A thousand holes, one thousand spills.
Corporate corruption to end your will.
A wasted nature, a grace that's choked.
A precious well under a greedy spell.

A precious well under a greedy spell.
Let your wrath boil like the minds of sulphur.

Let your wrath boil, let your wrath boil.
Let your wrath boil, redeem your soil like the minds of sulphur
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The nurturing womb, now a black tomb.
Now a black tomb.
A casket of black, a sea of regret.

The nurturing womb, now a black tomb.
Now a black tomb.
A casket of black, a pain to neglect.

Let your wrath boil, let your wrath boil.
Let your wrath boil, avenge your soil.
The trail is cold.

So cold.
So cold.

A wasted nature, a grace that's choked.
A precious well under a greedy spell.

A green paradise, an oil-plagued genocide.
A precious well under a greedy spell.

The nurturing womb, now a black tomb.
Now a black tomb.
A casket of black, a sea of regret.

The nurturing womb, now a black tomb.
Now a black tomb.
A casket of black, a pain to neglect.

Our teeth of profit, driven right through your wealth.
A delta of violence, draining relevance.