

# Lie of Survival

Pallbearer

All our gods have fled  
Retreated to the skies  
From there they watch us fall

Beneath unyielding scythe  
A cold and callous blade  
Indifference, swathed in blood  
Ageless, unafraid  
As fools, our end has come

Ignoring signs  
We believed that we were blameless  
Then the harm could not be undone  
We hang ourselves from any rope put here to save us  
And seal our fate... together  
To die... as one

Across the breadth of our existence  
A single moment to be snuffed out  
Shared blood that flows  
Sins unrepented  
No inclination to see the sword that's crashing down

Last burning breath filled with death and desire  
Our boundless pride becomes a funeral pyre  
The end remains, the only god we can't deny  
All still believing... the lie of survival