

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