

Feed the Ground

Periphery

Cold embrace, like these old wings set ablaze
Old wings set ablaze
Summon the violence to end our pain, call out
Two future brethren will erase the stains

Tonight we'll eradicate the deacon
We'll put the lights out and bend to their knees
Ignite the flames and burn with rage
Shots fired and I've got a fucking reason
To suffocate when the breath leads to treason
Cut the ties
Collect what's mine
Burn everything and feed the fucking ground

Bound by fate, all lives stain
Last chance to medal with the agony
Now choose your side

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