

Thoughts of Life They Wither

Setherial

Ascend...

The absence of serenity
As serpents came with perdition
With one wing dipped in blood
And the other in the presence of God
Satan □ He who seek inequity

I see the seraphs drink his venom
Licking it from greedy hands
Singing their choirs
Perverted but ever so clear
Their gospels of inhumanity

I see their wings torn of
Oh, the brilliance
Crawling in the dirt like a dying breed
Licking their infected wounds
Without the catharsis needed
Passionate
Desperate
Dead

The child of man stands among them
Stigmatized, naked, uncorrupted and pure
Send by the heavens above
Her childhood shall ease the hunger of sinners and
sadists
Death is her gift at last

Satan
Corrupt the aura and distort the glorious light

No weapon held by seraphs can ever wound this rising
beast
Spawn of perdition □ Rise from your fiery abyss

Death shall come to those who seek it
Death shall come in noblest blood
Death shall show you all the secrets
And wash away the light of God

Every single glimpse of hope
I crush and bury in the ruins
Every single trace of life
I burn and humiliate
Every single ray of light
Devoured by the breathing darkness
Every single thread of faith
I corrupt and bless negativity

Eyes gauged out
Useless in this lifeless darkness
Flesh torn into pieces
In this cold void of hell
I worship this death
Thoughts of life they wither...

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