

Myriad Black

The Autumn Offering

The falsely innocent born of liars, preying on the world.
Blood from open wrists, bait temptation.
Let death unfurl.

I am the scar across the eyes of the prophets that feed
off the lies.
Collapsing the masses, you will never turn blood into
wine.

Bones broken, lies left unspoken.
How can I believe in this world that you sold me?
So bait temptation...death unfurls.

You'll grow to loathe their names.
Prophecies of lies to bait the walking dead.
It justifies my grotesque existence.

You'll bleed from the inside out, swallow the shit you're
fed.

Feed the gears with the martyrs.
The lamentations of their daughters.
Rebirth from the death of the father, corrupting the
innocent blood.