

Let's go.

Dearly beguiled, we're gathered to commemorate this blessing that became the greatest of mistakes.

The sword soul and flesh have since then become one.

This impasse has become the single source for slandered tongue.

Now we are being slowly erased with what we were made.

This impasse will trickle flames and offer us a testing taste.

Now this is what they had spoken of.

The incarnate.

The indescribable.

Slowly we're falling into the trance of decay.

Slowly we're falling into the trance of decay.

But when the sun gives out we rise.

This is our forthcoming.

We rise.

This is the end.

Or is it just the end of?

This is the end.

This is the end.

Or is it just the end of?

Time will taint and seconds force open our eyes.

The core of light will break and force the world to realize.

Lubricating lungs with sweet venomistic wine.

Meets pounding sheets as it captivates.

Into the casket this case confines each and every thought.

Asphyxiated.

My mind slowly begins to rot.

And all will rot and writhe until we rise.

A day will come when the dead will rise up from the earth.

And all will witness the reversal of decrepit birth.

A day will come and soon everyone will realize that in living we have crafted our own self-demise.

A day will come when the dead will rise.

A day will come when the dead will rise up from the earth