

The Forefront Of Failure

The Red Shore

Stand on the forefront of failure
A new age of repair
Hesitation will not be rewarded
We must trample the weak
Herd them as cattle
Slay them as sheep
And I'll bury the corpses
I am a slave to disorder
Renewed hope for this killing machine
Your God stands here before you
Bow down and accept defeat
And I watched as the heavens
Collapsed to this heresy
A new throne ripe for the taking
If this crown could fucking bleed
My name torn from the scriptures
I must cling to these words
Mark them I will defy you
No one gets out alive
Cast me asunder, draw me to death
Cursed are these numbers, carved on my chest
I can feel the darkness
Descending upon my brethren
My breath is hastened by
The rising wave of holy trumpets
Follow the trail of dead, into the mouth of hell
Expose the flame that enslaves
The wretched spawn within
I watched as countless died
Fulfill the prophecy
Let insurrection be the parting gift of my
Intentions
As the sun sets
As I'm reduced to dust
My legacy remains
Within the blood of earth