

Dear Desolation

Thy Art Is Murder

Piece by piece
The masses torn apart
By a killer with a purpose

Piece by piece
Reform, exist to engorge
Upon the souls of the weak and the worthless

The blood of the beast
The flesh of the sheep
The parasites turn to the plague
With open arms
The sickened psalms
Embrace the end of days

One by one the houses fell
The moral compass is abandoned
One by one the fevers swell
A cancerous swarm, be forewarned
A dying earth can't withstand it

Piece by piece
The masses torn apart
Annihilation, nothing is left

Piece by piece
I watch as droves of man
Draw in their final breath

Hollow horizon
Turn to black
With open arms, I embrace
A world of ruin, a world of ash

Dear desolation
Pull me deeper into flame
The idols of man
Have bathed in blood
No sense in pretending
We deserve a fucking happy ending

The widow of the world
Grieves not for the death of her people
No eulogies
No funerals
No sense in pretending
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