

## From the Tombs of Five Below

Unearth

The whites of their eyes are flush with devils blood  
It was all too visceral to deceive - to lay to waste our own  
No - Nothing can save us - This Pestilence will deliver us to our end  
Our cancers rise- A passage paved - the imminence of wrath  
It was all too visceral to deceive - to lay to waste our own  
No - Nothing can save us -  
This Pestilence will deliver us to our end  
Now haunted by the mark of Death  
From the tombs of five below  
The Gathering of arms has fed and grown the highest flames  
Our cancers rise and call on the Demons of Wrath  
Now you see that see that it was all too visceral to deceive -  
to lay to waste our own  
No - Nothing can save us -  
This Pestilence will deliver us to our end  
We're on the Road to Oblivion  
Where The Huntress knows no bounds  
We're on the Road to Oblivion  
From the Tombs of five below  
We're on the Road to Oblivion  
The whites of our eyes are flush with devils blood  
Eyes flush with Devils Blood  
On the brink of the six end of life  
Eyes flush with Devils Blood