

Keeper Of Sharpened Blades (and Ominous Fates)

Xasthur

A necrotic spirit casts a suffering in the wind to devour any worth of soul,
Strings from hands of dying trees manipulate loss,
For nature itself withers into industrial rivers,
Windows to scream at (weakness reflects) and tone only shatters your soul.

Dull razors signify life has gone too deep,
The enemy within your sleep,
Keeper of sharpened blades,
The mind can wander but the flesh has nowhere to hide.

Offer of enough rope for eternity to hang itself upon the shadow behind the light,
A darkness none can control,
Choking on their own life and blood.