

Telepathic With The Deceased

Xasthur

Tranquility in sickness to soothe the inner madness
(Dissonant inner code, blueprints to genocide).
Inseminated knife wounds are infecting your thoughts
(A reprogram the mind)
Come and see how easy, expendable it is for human life to be forgotten,
Haters of life are telepathic with the deceased.
Fragments of failure, some said it was art,
For it only bears a meaning when all life is torn apart.
For all we are, are messengers of death and sacrificial hope,
For we are a communion of the cataclysmic,
Inverting all oceans that shall drown into an eternal twilight
(waves so high, once eclipsing the sun)
A funeral for those damned, is a funeral for the light.
Let us gather in the netherwomb reborn with enough hate to breed tomorrow's doom.