

13 Winters

"End Of All"

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I have haunted your soul
I have fought your battles
I gave you the answers
I took your pain away

Now is the time to harvest
Now is the time to collect
To see what you have conquered
And to send your soul: to hell!

Burning corpses, the stench of flesh
Scorched field, the cleansing of the earth
Where are your gods?
Your dying prayers as futile as your faith

Every man to himself
Figure out the ways of belief
The existence of denial
I could never be crowned in that pitiful way

Cursed souls, drenched in loss
Defeated by the ineffable force
To live in oblivion or die with pride

Burning lights flashes memories
Can't hold back, can't hold still
As I scream out the message:
No hope, no fear - this is the end of all!

Hear the screams of lost souls
Hear them begging for mercy
They lost the battle
They experienced the pain

Now is the time to harvest
Now is the time to collect
To see what you have conquered
And to send your soul: to hell!

Flayed bodies eyeless skulls
Inhumanity, the awaited fall

Feel the godless wrath
That heralds the end of all

Burning lights flashes memories
Can't hold back, can't hold still
As I scream out the message:
No hope, no fear - this is the end of all!

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