

Arsis

"From Soulless To Shattered (Art In Dying)"

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Penance for this breath of black betrayal.
Stoic, famished guard the walls of this scarlet temple.
Awaits to hear the sound of armies marching
underground and the screams of
Failures conquest.
A wish to waste and rise alone with only the wolves I
call my own.

A starving withered statue.
Amidst the ruins you once knew.

Condemned to defend.
The weakened flesh of this facade from all that
breathes and lies within.

The vultures swarm and sharpen their talons.
Upon wings of torment flying.
Who is to say there is no art in dying.

A starving withered statue.
Amidst the ruins you once knew.
A shrine for the sick to gather.

From here to hell, from soulless to shattered.
From soulless to shattered.

To destroy and conquer this failure with a will of
sharpened razors.
To forget what has been done.
And all I have over come

[Solo James, Nick]

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