

Beheaded

"Where Hours Etch Their Name"

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Wind's fingers caress the tips of corn fields
Howling gusts recount misery to Autumn leaves
Planes repose beneath immense necrose livid air

Like the chill that is sung deep from within
Deep from within the earth
Echoes from a soil, a witness of aeons drenched in
sore

Murmuring whispers haunting
Spiralling voices enraging
Trepid dissonant chants cling
Perpetual unremmitting malady

With eyes sown afloat in a void
Lurking in hideous abodes
Cling to the depths of poverty
Perpetual unremmitting malady

Like the chill that is sung deep
Deep from down within the earth

The stones upon which hours etch their name
Roll and fall into abysmal depths
To meet the buried sea
To sink unread until the end of all time
Absorbed in the folding heaviness of silence
At one with the null

Morphed shades start taking shape into forms
bizzarely

Minsijin maz-zmien

Like the chill that is sung deep
Deep from down within the earth

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