

Consolation

"Funeral Pyre"

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Driven on instinct and the will to survive, heading for
doomsday, the axe and the knife
Keep swinging and stabbing, whatever suits best, the
blood on my hands, the hole in your chest

A penance for sinners, the thrill of the kill I feed on
their screams and the blood I have spilled
The martyrs are lined up, the beauty of death
Tonight on display, desert sands of red

All the cleansing fires, of a thousand funeral pyres
We celebrate your birth on this open grave called earth

The spineless, the worthless, I conquer them all, my
hunger for power is consuming me whole
The spineless, the worthless, I conquer them all, my
hunger for power is consuming me whole

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