

Corpus Christi "The Ascendance"

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Broken bones protrude through my flesh, as blood
soaks my skin
With every breath I die a little more
As life drips from my wounds death consumes me in all
it's glory,
And coldly invites me in
I cannot see any longer, I cannot taste, I know I shall be
ash soon
Torturing myself in my private hell, I fear pain no more
Cutting myself to the bone,
I feel pleasure through my affliction I desire to hurt
others,
So I won't have to feel anymore
I long to make others feel the pain that is my addiction
Melting flesh rotting from my bones, I can rest at last
I have hundreds of corpses rotting around me
My throat is closing up and my life should now be past
Forsaken, I will not rest alone in misery

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