

## **Corpus Christii "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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