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Death Du Jour "Weakmeat Vortex"

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When spoken wells the blood off the veins Spilling, streaming, pouring to parch. Indeceased, dreaming Sever and decapitate limbs, Way back is known

No sweaty bed,
No decaying coffin,
No fear,
No death,
No names,
No words,
No fear
Where may I astray

Cured off the pain and life Emotions calm, Vacant of anger and regret without gazes of hope

Wasting facilitation Wasting vexation. Triumph is nothing Being, won't decay Suffer, away.

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