

Demise

"Termination Of Souls"

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I see the ruins languishing in loneliness
You won't be killed by a blazing thunder
But you'll die under your own weight
And earth won't accept

The suicidal human tomb
But will spit on it's bones

Great hour. An hour of creation
And no prophet will pluck up his courage
To call us in grief and fear

Implant the power of inspiration
In the new shapes
Make use of your strength
Thus your own thoughts
And be aware that hard days are coming
I give the weak a look of contempt...

The suicidal human tomb
But will spit on it's bones...

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