

Demiurg

"Death Grasp Oblivion"

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Entrenched in bitter soil,
twisting in the mud of days that past
Drowning in regret,
clawing at the possibility of a painless death

And then the death sets in,
empty sucking open bin
It needs to eat your soul,
your flesh will soon be an empty hole
The eater of souls has come
Run and run no more
This hole is the whole,
it eats both creator and whore
Death grasp oblivion
Death claws at your throat...
Death grasp oblivion,
the fingers of the foul ripping
Grasping for your life,
the rusting meatcleaver of unlife

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