

Hour Of 13

"Endurement To The Heirs Of"

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Where worm dieth not and fire not be quenched
Shall my soul forever now in hell be spent
Removeth from me all that giveth cheer
So I may face then all the thing that I worst fear

Alloeth me to toil an endless pain
Without the threat of blister in it's burning flames

Leath on me punishment of loss
Strip thee thy sense before I am to cross

Will endurement to the heirs of Shame
Forbear torment to those who fear thy name

Take way sensation so I can't perceive
When plagued with wretches unrelent in misery

Remove from me all bring on my delight
When under wrath and in the sentencing of spite
Though it is so I am of the condemned
Impenitent as I'm to meet my dying end

Laeth on me punishment of loss
Strip thee thy sense before I am to cross

Will endurement to the heirs of shame
Forbear torment to those who fear thy name

Let not languish as be the accursed
May it not my bleeding that satisfy your thirst
Without remorse nor with the pain of sin
Let now my timeless suffering begin

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