

Immature/IMX

"Whispering Death"

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Sweeping the land,
Like a desert storm
Reaping the lands,
Like a violent storm
It will call on us all
The fallen, the shrewd
It will deliver us all
The holy, the cursed

To never pass judgment
It shows no sympathy
To never be beaten
It accepts no refusal
One by one
It will swallow our souls
One by one
It will own our souls

Whispering death, you will find us all
You inhale the damned and rip out their souls
Taking the precious and taking the brave
You gather the blessed and lay them to rest
Whispering death, you devour us all
Feast on the greedy and show them true lust
Herding the mighty, the weak and the crazed
Assassin of time, enforcer of fate

The body, the essence, of all life now fades
There is no escape, from the silence that waits

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