

May I Refuse "Eternal Eulogies"

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The pace of time will take us down
And level in despair
The silent slumber
Throughout chambers so hollow
Where no daylight was ever seen
In the crypts of the underground
Where no harvest was ever grown

Halls of marble, pillars made of stone
Underneath the crypts of the underground
Plague-laden, embroidered in mist
Bestowed one upon one with bare death we kiss
Oh, in the crypts of the underground
All laid as one

Lost effigies of our centuries
Crawling in marriage with maggots
Drowned amidst the darkness
Of the catacombs of Sirmium

Whirlwinds of damnation
Sweep through these emerald tombs
Lamented, sealed ages ago in silver and gold
We craft your doom in silver and gold

Ride the whirlwinds of damnation
Swept through these emerald tombs
Breathless tunnels filed with eerie woes
Omitted, stripped and left to rot
With notion of decay and rust
Upon silver and gold

Henceforth, we must carry
Bosom of impending deliverance grim
Henceforth, we shall bury
The last nail of your coffin

A thousand voices of ours
In cold, cold relinquishment
Became hymns of burden and misery,
Eternal eulogies

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