

My Own Grave "Backdraft"

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Tattered tapestries woven by the hands of terror.

The texture of dread carved deep, nailed in.

Drifting in between unconsciousness and death.

Chain-connected hooks scraping at the bone.

Dread is the wood of which we build our caskets.

Passivity where once adrenaline controlled.

A secret song at the center of the world.

The exquisite sound of razors through flesh.

The judgement bell chimes for death of superstition.

Inside this labyrinth of ameliorate pain.

The burning touch of Lament configuration.

Slave in the kingdom where carnage reigns.

Like a stream of poison through the veins of time.

Destined to return as the tide turns.

When the time is ripe you will wish that you had
drowned.

It's coming, gnawing, ripping.

Flesh from bone, torn apart.

Welcome to where carnage reigns.

Step inside the hellbound heart.

The judgement bell chimes for death of superstition.

Inside this labyrinth of ameliorate pain.

Skin burning from the touch of Lament configuration.

Slave in the kingdom where carnage reigns.

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