

Noctuary

"Fields Of Rot"

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We blasted through the front-line
Crossing the carnage remains
Into the meat grinders rattle
Chain-fed in lunatic waves
Through clouds of poisoned gasses
Ankle-deep in blood
We did not see - The chain-gun front
Bullet-bait for the Gods
No... Please don't leave me here
On the fields of rot
Send me home in pieces instead
I feel it coming
Lung-rot - Gang green
Inflectional disease
In rotting white flesh
More maggot now than meat
Slowly blood-flies eat me up
My hands are rotting off
Hacked apart - The living Hell
Upon the fields of rot
Buried alive in mass graves
Side by side with the dead
Abandoned here - In no-man's land
Flung to the four winds we're spread
Out of the trench it came
Into the midnight black
His rottenness - The Ghost of war
The Devil's on his back
To walk the fields of bone
The curse of necrotising black
A rotted ruin of a face
Is licking at my soul
Burning with the fever
It is tearing down at me
A lipless grin - And rotten teeth
Insane and splendorously
Rotting and forgotten
Buried face up in the mud
Through the stink of death
My soul cries out
Last breath of sanity

Oh God... Please kill me
Crawling through leprous-white corpse-flesh
Bone-ash is choking my lungs
Forced to drink rottified corpse-blood
I'll crawl back to Hell on my bones
Massacre beyond all sickness
Nothing but eternal rot
Left to die - Born to rot
Worm-eaten into your soul

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