

Cryptic Wintermoon

"Anoint The Dead"

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Desensitized, and oblivious.
We have conspired, to renegotiate.
These unburdened sins, must now be sanctified once
again.
Purified, within this fire.

You're going to burn and your family is gonna watch.
These flames will overtake you, as you quiver from the
shock.

So lie back in your makeshift tomb,
Flinch as the accelerant flows,
Hold your breath as we strike the match,
Then scream until the flames make contact,
This is a necessity, you have been begging to be
cleansed.
This was always a priority, we must anoint the dead.

The smell of burning flesh, fulfills our world.
It replaces the stinging stench of humanity.

Simply put, we are the antidote.
We have been sent here to replace,
This tattered shell we helped build create.

The smell of burning flesh, fulfills our world.
It replaces the stinging stench of humanity.

These empty promises have now been fulfilled,
Through the hallowed fire

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