

## Setherial

# "Thoughts Of Life They Wither"

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Ascend...

The absence of serenity  
As serpents came with perdition  
With one wing dipped in blood  
And the other in the presence of God  
Satan ☐ He who seek inequity

I see the seraphs drink his venom  
Licking it from greedy hands  
Singing their choirs  
Perverted but ever so clear  
Their gospels of inhumanity

I see their wings torn of  
Oh, the brilliance  
Crawling in the dirt like a dying breed  
Licking their infected wounds  
Without the catharsis needed  
Passionate  
Desperate  
Dead

The child of man stands among them  
Stigmatized, naked, uncorrupted and pure  
Send by the heavens above  
Her childhood shall ease the hunger of sinners and  
sadists  
Death is her gift at last

Satan  
Corrupt the aura and distort the glorious light

No weapon held by seraphs can ever wound this rising  
beast  
Spawn of perdition ☐ Rise from your fiery abyss

Death shall come to those who seek it  
Death shall come in noblest blood  
Death shall show you all the secrets  
And wash away the light of God

Every single glimpse of hope

I crush and bury in the ruins  
Every single trace of life  
I burn and humiliate  
Every single ray of light  
Devoured by the breathing darkness  
Every single thread of faith  
I corrupt and bless negativity

Eyes gauged out  
Useless in this lifeless darkness  
Flesh torn into pieces  
In this cold void of hell  
I worship this death  
Thoughts of life they wither...

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Licking their infected wounds  
Without the catharsis needed  
Passionate  
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