

Sinstorm "Infernal Conflagrations"

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INFERNAL CONFLAGRATIONS

I see into their viscious eyes
of which revel with my demise
mad people cheer themselves to death
i shall not repent with this final breath
strapped upon fires of sanctified lore
I feel it burn, I hear them roar
The Heathen flame calls out my name
A voice that sings Foul-wicked song.
raised set ablaze
seared infinite ways
Antipathic scorn
Yet ill proudly adorn
The tale of a Witch Not dead and unborn.
Blasphemic Cries
Its me they despise
Atrocious!!!!!!
this sacrifice
my corpse will suffice
yet Only the wind will remember my name
Only the Dead will remember my name
Nothing Remains ,of This, ConFlagration
My Ashes ,and Embers ,Fall in a scorching mist...
Black Smoke rises, to cover the heavens from sight.
The Celebration onsets as my Flesh Begins to Ignite.
As If anything Mattered, its not As if anyone Cared,
Now only my Ashes
are left and its the wind who carries my name...

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