

Spiritus Mortis

"The Rotting Trophy"

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Suck the blood from my veins
Cut me down, desecrate my grave

Bleed me dry and burn my skin
Grind my bones, let the journey begin

Like an empty vessel
Desolate
You have it now
But my spirit reigns again

Now, you down!
The tide has changed
There is no way out
You are gonna pay

In my destination
There is no use for hands
The secrets of that world
Eyes cannot see
In the comfort of my earthly grave
Lies the rotting trophy
Of your shallow victory

I let the worms devour my flesh
I am done with this planet's bloody mess

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