

The Breathing Process "Pantheon Unraveling"

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The glass breaks it bleeds condemning sands upon
broken plains days are numbered
Redeemed are the sinners
Their tongues hold no penance all damned.
Time in misery, time is misery, time will fall
You are my children, your fears empower me.
We are your shepherds, take our hands abandon your
faith.
For all repent and revere their dying days.
Your hourglass has broken (lies holding time incarnate
death)
Tomorrows turned up dead.
You are my children, your fears empower me.
Hours pass, the ever so gentle call of the dark will
ravage your veins.
Sinners the taste so sweet. sinners a saving light.
For all repent and revere their dying.
Your hourglass has broken (lies holding time,
incarnating death)
Tomorrows turned up dead

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