

The Breathing Process

"The Living Forest"

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Follow me into the living forest
And from the damned I'll make you my garden.
The hands reach with eternal agony
As though their life was just out of their grasp.
Forever. Tormented. Taunted in agony.

They reach and pull life from the veins of anything
Anything they drag beneath never to be seen.
Seen again
A maze of death and carnage.

As I enter the mouth of the forest
My hands hold this temple of snow
I'll damn you my darling in a tormental kiss
As my lips burns this curse to your bones
A maze of death and carnage
Follow me.

Follow me into the living forest
And from the damned I'll make you my garden.
Finding solace in the pathless woods.
I long for you and your glorious torture.

Approaching the forests end
Iced heavy branches descend
I'll burn you my darling in a venomous embrace
As I tear your false shelter to shreds
I have bled, I am lost.

I have bled, I am lost.
I have burned, at your cost.
I have bled, I am lost
I have burned your flesh to dust
Your flesh to dust.

Follow me into the living forest
And from the damned I'll make you my garden.
The hands reach with eternal agony

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