

## **Wraith Of The Ropes "Lake Of Decay"**

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Lyrics by S. Rottinghouse

Blackened laughter, what we're after  
Winds of change will, bring disaster  
Broken limbs will, lie in ashes  
Legions form from dying masses  
Pain... never-ending pain...

Limbs of clay will drift away  
What's insane will stay the same  
Waves of pain will cure the brain  
Connect our veins to the lake of decay  
Life after life, reborn revived  
The living die, but the dead survive  
Yellow fingers reach for the sky  
From decay, the dead will rise

Spread the plague, await the grave  
Within our shells, spirits depraved  
In this form, fate demands  
Death will form where we lay our hands  
Limbs of clay will drift away  
What's insane will stay the same  
Waves of pain will cure the brain  
Connect our veins to the lake of decay  
Our broken frames that bare affliction  
And tearless eyes that seek salvation  
We grind our teeth, and bleed infection  
We see our fate in the lake's reflection  
The curse of the wretched  
The breathless, and sickened  
To crawl below heaven  
And writhe with the wicked  
Casket bound, in tattered skin  
I ache to let the maggots in  
I don't deserve this  
I crack the surface  
Draining blood, in flesh of canvass  
Armies march with static eyes  
Wondering if we're alive

