

Sorrowseed "Flowers To The Furnace"

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The fires of the civilized world...sparkle in the evening
shade

The comforts warm the creatures She made...
Leeches form the webs...that provide their peace
Cities borne of desires and caprice...

Like Flowers to the Furnace
Beauty ebbs away
Wonders put aside
Thrown to yesterday.
I remember when
Times of better men
Paradise denied
Never to return again.

The modern world no longer has life or death
Only addiction and the fevered dreams of a purpose to
fulfill...
It must be what they've always wanted
To surrender their will

And keep the world so still... so still...
(And kill the world...kill...kill.)

(Immolation...)

Burning the cradle of the earth helps them fall asleep
Burying themselves in falsehoods too deep.
Progress is the call that has led to this
Forgetting who they were in the name of bliss.

Like Flowers to the Furnace
Consuming everyone
Nothing ever grows
Nothing can be won
I remember when
Before they drank the chemicals
So long ago
Now forever condemned.

