

Sorrowseed

"The Willow's Edge"

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Surely they must know that the end is near
The locusts breed, infesting eyes and ears

Civilization lies in ruin beneath a cold sun
The tempest has torn through the world
And my harvest time has come.

Starvation is your fate
Your ignorance prevailed, and now it's too late.
One last sacrifice for a withered womb
Her body shall be your tomb.

Extinction is on the rise
An offering... before the whole world dies.
One last genocide upon the Willow's Edge
Upon the Willow's Edge...

Come ever closer and be purified
Absolution is obtained through suicide.

Expiation to feed the fields
Coffins forged in factories of steel
(Your) senses too deadened to feel the pain I feel...

My Harvest Time has come...
The world will come undone...
The reaping has begun...
One last offering – let it be done!
So alone... in my bleak eternity
So alone... I must find serenity.

It's the end of all their dreams
They never heard their Mother's screams
I bring an exit from this world, so obscene
As I reap this Sorrow Seed!

I grant the release from their suffering... the suffering
of ignorance.
I bring them back to the soil... back to innocence...

So alone... in my bleak eternity

So alone... There is no serenity

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