

Zola Jesus

"Send More Paramedics - This Is The Place Of Wailing And The Gnashing Of Teeth"

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Cast into this outer dark
Blighted wasteland grey and stark
Cowering under this black sun
Shelterless, nowhere to run
Exiles from the light
Left out in this place to die
From out of this deep we cry
But there is no reply
This is the place of wailing and the gnashing of teeth
Dimension of the damned where the waking dead are
tortured with an endless grief
Zone of a sleepless torment that will find no relief
A desert of despair where unhallowed souls stumble
choking with a thirst that will never cease
Bloodshot vision, brimstone curse
Doomed to wander this bleak earth
Wretched rejects, worthless slaves
Ripped untimely from our graves
Exiles from the light
Left out in this place to die
From out of this deep we cry
But there is no reply
Grind your teeth
This is the place of wailing and the gnashing of teeth
Dimension of the damned where the waking dead are
tortured with an endless grief
Endless abyss of abjection and the absence of light
A dungeon oubliette where demented shades are
locked up in eternal night
Hellward bound
World without
End

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