

Obituary

"On the Floor"

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Repair this soil of lost decay
The dark is the new form of light
In the end I'll find you there
Candid in the times I fight
The corpses lie in certain death
Disrespecting my...

Lost in time, spoiled mind
Reflective stones I turn
They capitalize on sacred ground
Where only crosses burn
Decapitated and mutilated
Draw power, through your head
In the end, frozen in time
Disrespecting my...

Repair this soil of lost decay
The dark is the new form of light
In the end I'll find you there
Candid in the times I fight
The corpses lie in certain death
Disrespecting my day
We've fallen to the first sacred ground
From souls that never end

On the floor
On the floor
On the floor
On the floor

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