

Blot Mine

"Greater Than Life"

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We burn with the setting sun.
Our goals are greater than life itself.

Our veins spit at the ground below.
A gift greater than the life you live.
Face your fears. be an instrument of doom.
All your dreams, lost and yet realized.

From a cold spot, lifting the horizon.
Our eyes behold the sinking sun,
Brought down through unnatural acts.
We praise the heralds of the winds.
From the clouds, tainted red and purple,
By the embers of a fading star.
Light dies, the dark ensues,
Alone in all creation. all alone.

Spare no means lighting the seven fires.
Make us free, instilling blind faith into our desires.

We bleed. scream with fever-pitched, poisoned bodies.
All life must cease!

Our minds must persist
Where our bodies fail.
Where life cannot subsist
Endlessly dark be our days.
Our passions, as our drives put aside
In favor of the void for which we fend.
All that motivates us in our sacrifice,
The urge to bring about a final end.

Stronger than the will to live,
More intense than existence, the horror.
Dulling the senses with a mindless fear,
Our beings cannot ever hope to fathom.

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Our goals are greater than life itself.

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