

Defiler

"No, It's A Cardigan, But Thanks For Noticing"

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A cosmic cloud of dust approaches,
A hypercane is on the horizon.
Catastrophe from which we wont recover,
So kill me.
Pull the trigger.

All your cities are piles of ash
All your waters are tainted with blood
This is a threnody to those who will not be missed.
Not be missed.

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Not be missed.

None of you prepared for the new world order.
You ignored your remorse and neglected the hysteria.
And now your skies are shrouded with strychnine,
As you're regurgitating the atmospheric poison.

All your antidotes are irradiated.
All your wounds will go unhealed.
Anything and everything is dying around you,
And I am the Revenant.

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A hypercane is on the horizon.
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So kill me.
Pull the trigger.(x2)

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