

Gallows For Grace

"Purest Atrophy"

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The weak have fallen, returned to ash.
The plagues have run their course.

Our planet's life has been extinguished.
Dawn of the promised end.

Piled up high, the bodies, block out the sky.
Obelisks tower, made out of mankind.
Rotting flesh, secreting, odours most foul.
Demented monuments. Serve to remind us...

Why?

Technology created to seize control.
Weapons made powerful, to conquer soil.
Rapid degeneration, engines of war.
The purest atrophy, the end for all.

The earth was torn apart...
It beared it's weakened heart.

Degenerate.
Plague of decay.

The earth, was torn, apart...
And man, ruptured, it's heart.

Carnal sin, deeds of flesh.
How can man pay for his wickedness?
Atrophic

Artery cut, spewing gore.
Puncture wound in it's fragile core.
Atrophic.

The earth, was torn, apart...
And man, ruptured, it's heart.

When the wounds have stopped their weeping.
Mother earth is born again.
Bare as the day of her conception.

Mother earth is free from plague.

When the wounds have stopped their weeping.
She will show us vengefulness.

When the sores have closed...

Piled up high, the bodies, block out the sky.
Obelisks tower, made out of mankind.
Rotting flesh, secreting, odours most foul.
Demented monuments. Serve to remind us why.

Purest atrophy.
Conflict, war is waged.
Abscessed, earth is maimed.
Guilty, man is blamed.
Purest atrophy.
Sentence, fatal plague.

When her wounds are healed she will show us
Vengefulness.

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