

The Fevered

"Sever The World"

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Within us
World of moral aversion
This is man
This is our wretched embodiment

Buried within us
World of contagion

Lying in wait
A hidden penchant for horror
Pervasive in form
Within us, the boundless abyss

Buried within our kind
The malice to which we fall

Within
Within

Born of human kind
The world grows cold
We are war
We are genocide
We are rape
We are slavery
Born of human kind
The world grows cold

Sever the World
(Yield to the cold)
The Malice, to which we fall
(Yield to the cold)

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