

The Wrath Of Vesuvius

"Declaring A Possession"

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Pull the plug put a halt to the war in my mind.
I'm lacking stability, the voices will only grow louder.
I will scream at the top of my lungs the haggard I've
become.
And I'll summon the omens beneath the threshold of
my purity.

The existence of my casualty has become an
irrelevancy.
All that's known is the soul is stained ebony.
I'm sustaining through this inception, subsisting by the
demons.

I am now the evil that rested on my chest
The nightmare is now reality.

Encounters of the heretics emerged from my dreams.
They were the ones with the knives sawing off my face.
They wanted me to extinguish my identity and replicate
theirs.

I am now the evil that rested upon my chest.

They made an incision at the top of my head, clawed
their way into the gears of my soul.

I am dead!

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