

# Black Winds of Oblivion

Abscess

Your castles turn to rubble  
Like the ruins of your mind  
There's little bloody pieces  
That wolves have left behind

The stones beneath your feet  
Have grown diseased, and so have you  
You're looking for salvation  
But oblivion is due

The ugliness of man will be a twisted epitaph  
The hells have been created with a sick and greedy laugh

There lies the dust of ages, mixed with human flesh  
The dark remains are blown away by winds of nothingness

Just look six feet downward  
And you'll find the final key  
And the black winds of oblivion  
Will return you to the sea