

Death is its wings  
Riding you like a plague  
The clock is ticking  
Your life will fade  
This nightly realm  
Is void of your god

Can not hide  
Can not deny  
Can not turn away  
Can not pray

You are lost  
And hold no key  
Can not defend yourself  
Death is certain

Drowning in the disgust  
Your own regurgitated blood  
Pain will keep your senses clear  
Like visions of the dying cross  
Surrender your flesh  
To furnish the flames

It has destroyed you