

## Dear Desolation

## Thy Art Is Murder

Piece by piece  
The masses torn apart  
By a killer with a purpose

Piece by piece  
Reform, exist to engorge  
Upon the souls of the weak and the worthless

The blood of the beast  
The flesh of the sheep  
The parasites turn to the plague  
With open arms  
The sickened psalms  
Embrace the end of days

One by one the houses fell  
The moral compass is abandoned  
One by one the fevers swell  
A cancerous swarm, be forewarned  
A dying earth can't withstand it

Piece by piece  
The masses torn apart  
Annihilation, nothing is left

Piece by piece  
I watch as droves of man  
Draw in their final breath

Hollow horizon  
Turn to black  
With open arms, I embrace  
A world of ruin, a world of ash

Dear desolation  
Pull me deeper into flame  
The idols of man  
Have bathed in blood  
No sense in pretending  
We deserve a fucking happy ending

The widow of the world  
Grieves not for the death of her people  
No eulogies  
No funerals  
No sense in pretending  
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The widows of the world

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