

Welcome Oblivion

Thy Art Is Murder

To exist a cancer needs a living organism
But it cannot ever become a living organism
Its whole malice lies in the fact that the best it can do is to die with its
host
Either that or its host will find the measures with which to outlive it

Feel it in your bones
Welcome oblivion
It consumes your soul
Welcome oblivion
We embrace the cold
Welcome oblivion
As we fall below
Welcome oblivion

Cancerous veins
Smother the landscape
In waves of infection and rot
Tunnel through the sinew and bone
Weaving its way through the hollow heart
Open the floodgates
Legions of lepers swallow the poison
Open the floodgates
Drowning the flesh with the blood that we boil in

Destined to die
The virus kills the host
It does not question why
Calloused leeches in sickly cells
Calcified in lifeless shells
Shortness of breath
Imminent death

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Open the floodgates
Collapse the lung, inhale the poison
Open the floodgates
Drowning the flesh with the blood that we boil in
There will be no asylum
White hospital walls only stained in violence
There will be no more brightness
Only darkness now upon the horizon

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