

Scythe

Allegaeon

I hold on
To anything certain
Know it all dissolves
In waters of our extinction

How long? For it all to fade away
When all's gone, when it overcomes
Will it take another name?

Cold, stronger than any entity
Cold, some would call it divine
It has full control of your memory
It has full control of your mind

It's looming in the sky, I don't know why
Holding the blade of ambition
If I bleed out all is forgiven
Oh, death's standing by my side, my hands are tied
So, holding back is forbidden
End my time by my own volition

Cold, I wrote off the enemy, my own is dead to me
So cold, murdered in my own reverie, by me

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Holding the blade of ambition
If I bleed out all is forgiven
Oh, death's standing by my side, my hands are tied
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Whisper to me
Hell has opened
Whispers and screams
There's only so much air to breathe

A shadow at best, a shadow of need
I will eat you with your own gold teeth
Give me your breath, give me your greed
I will eat you with your own gold teeth

Hell has opened

Waves of reason
I am waiting
To banish the gods
I've created, aberrated
Waves of reason
I am waiting
To bury them

Hell has opened

Fear died long ago
To the inferno
These remains my own to bury
The rest will follow

Bury me
Bury me

Sycophantic satellites
Systematic parasites
Pathetic
Concede and stay beneath
I will eat you with your own gold teeth

Baring a scythe and diamond spine
Salt of the damned, scabbed be thy mind
Death to a brazen paradigm