

# Bleed the Future

Archspire

Before anything expelled  
Breath upon the earth, boanet had formed  
Seething between any of the worlds  
That supported pumping vein ridden lifeforms  
For them to feed on gold blood  
Breeding any life will light a beacon  
Leaching through the womb of any creature  
Latching onto anything in utero  
And trading them with every living human newborn  
Grown in each ripe host undetected  
Gold blood courses inside the parasitic mouth

They will take us now

One could not escape the bind of that which could not blood and feed  
Inside the birthing caverns of their own kind, they grow, we die  
You would think that what they were and what they wanted would've mattered  
Yet the many fell under their pliable delineator

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For them to feed on gold blood  
Breeding any life will light a beacon  
Leaching through the womb of any creature  
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And trading them with every living human newborn  
Remaining undetectable up until the final fetal breach  
Gold blood courses inside the parasitic mouth  
Nothing ever written could define the global hell to follow

Prenatal inquiry during its trimester sentencing  
Could not begin to uncloak the new lifeform that gnaw  
On the humans umbilical feed while it soaks in the swell of the host  
A parallel dimensional metamorphosis immediately triggered  
By the scent of our realm  
Claiming and leading our young into forced abandon

Bleed the future  
On arrival, there is a shift in the voice of the witness  
The future is bled, there is a cloud that forms over the eyes of the birther  
When from the deep the creature is born  
Within their blood, they create, they will alter the end of the end  
For in their mouth, the future is made if in the glare of their gold, we burn our eyes  
Look again, look again  
For in their blood, a new path awaits

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If in the glare of their gold, we burn our eyes, look again, look again  
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Gold blood  
Animated into matter, taking over the entire planet  
With a foreign power they inherently developed  
Over many eons in a battle to consume our kind  
The future is bled, the future is born, the future is gone