

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
Latch 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
Latch onto anything in utero
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
n our eyes
Look again, look again
For in their blood, a new path awaits

Within their blood, they create, they will alter the end of the end
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