

From Soulless to Shattered (Art in Dying)

Arsis

Penance for this breath of black betrayal.
Stoic, famished guard the walls of this scarlet temple.
Awaits to hear the sound of armies marching underground and the
screams of failures conquest.
A wish to waste and rise alone with only the wolves i call my o
wn.

A starving withered statue.
Amidst the ruins you once knew.

Condemned to defend.
The weakened flesh of this facade from all that breathes and li
es within.

The vultures swarm and sharpen their talons.
Upon wings of torment flying.
Who is to say there is no art in dying.

A starving withered statue.
Amidst the ruins you once knew.
A shrine for the sick to gather.

From here to hell, from soulless to shattered.
From soulless to shattered.

To destroy and conquer this failure with a will of sharpened ra
zors.
To forget what has been done.
And all I have over come

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