

Mass Grave

Benighted

Gather us, the end is near
Gather us into ashes
Everything turns to red, my eyes start to blur
I feel her tongue dance along my throat
Holding my head back, her cold lips on my neck
Erotic and merciless

My children around me
Close to fainting into a new life
A last family portrait

The flames of our gathering lick my fingers
Enjoy the first part of my skin
Celebrate what we are becoming
I recognize the black dog
And his vicious fingers dig into my flesh
On my cheeks flow the fear and farewell
I dream of the final kiss

Tearing my jaw off and splitting my skull in two
Decorating the room with pieces of bones and brain
The heat always getting stronger and the smoke thicker
Melting every piece of me uniting us in a black undead mass

Mass grave
I will enjoy the smell escaping from my burning meat
Remember the warm embrace of my lost mother
Mass grave
Ashes will dance together, we are but one
A pressure on my finger
Game over

Là où le vacarme oppresse suintent les encres indigestes
Qui rient en le vomissant
Les vocoïdes gangréneuses qui sifflent les meurtrissures,
la morsure des aiguilles et leur cannibalisation
Gravissent les marches branlantes, frôlent le résident

I will enjoy the smell escaping from my burning meat
Remember the warm embrace of my mother
Ashes will dance together, we are but one
A pressure on my finger... Game over