

Don't Panic

BoySetsFire

Our shadows dance to every fear on the face of open graves
This coming fire is to be and I refuse to be enslaved

Vultures of the invocation
Pick the bones of resignation
Dissolution is impending
No escape this is the calling

Don't panic...
Don't panic... persist

Run and hide you fucking cowards while we feast on what remains
A life of pure indulgence in the ashes of restraint