

We march towards the end

No flowers, no grace just life erased
No sign of respect, they left no trace

Devoid of life

This is what we have become
Bottom of the barrel scum
No second chances
No use in taking stances
They dance in synchronicity
Enacting the extraction of your being

You are all disgraced
Putrid piles of human waste
Manipulation of mortality and sin
Let the final ritual begin

The sacred chant entices the weak once again
It inherits their minds like an acute pathogen
We all speak in unison with dagger like tongues
By the semblance of obscurity you'll all be succumbed

Thou hath spoketh to the new born children of scorn

Bring them forth

No flowers, no grace, just life erased
No sign of respect, they left no trace

There's nothing left to love
Nothing left to embrace
They took everything from us
We are a disgrace

Thou hath spoketh to the new born children of scorn
Ripped and torn bring them forth

Dies Iræ, Dies Illa

Dies Iræ, Dies Illa Solvet Sæclum in favilla

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Solvet Sæclum in favilla

Thou hath spoketh to the new born children of scorn

Ripped and Torn
Bring them forth
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