

The Calming Effect

Conducting From The Grave

Clear your throat 'cause i can't understand a f**king word you say.
You're running out of prescriptions to hide behind.
There's only so many places to run.
Broken mirrors are becoming more prominent in your fragmented world.
I want to hear your last breath, as your lungs collapse.
The death rattle brings the ravens.
This is a battle you'll never win.
The water only gets deeper from here, there's no sign of hope.
Here's a consequence you'll see to the end.
The smell of sulfur never fails to sooth the nerves.
You're going to fill the air with ash, and feel every second of the burn.
A cleansing takes place today.
I never quite liked needles myself, but this should do the trick.
Here's a little taste of hell.
It's gong to start from the inside out, and take down every fiber of your being.
You've become a spectacle.
It's going to start from the inside out, and take down every fiber of your being.
The air has begun to split with the sound of sirens.
This is the best seat in the house.
I'll watch you go up in smoke.
The smoke flickers as you are cleansed from the Earth.
And let thecalming effect to grasp the throats of all attendance.
The water only gets deeper from here, and there's no sign of help.