Undone

Craft

I will restore the clean slate:
The perfect state that they once stole.
Before the white. The spark, the dirt, the water, blood, air
Joylessly aware of the turmoil
The aimless progression of time
The shameless expression of the vulgar divine.
The transient. The firmament
The summit of a little god's word
Is not set in stone
As I emerge from the edge of the world.
So many planets to raze.
Sacred places to deface.
Souls to inhale. Lives to erase
And gods to disgrace.
So I go on.
While I travel I will consume another star – another cold, dead sun.
World undone.

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!