The Infestation

Decrepit Birth

Cycle unending in endless question Infects (mankind/the pure) like disease

Everlasting lasting season of distress and anguish Few thousands endure deep in the cracks of the earth

Unable to withstand Living above ground No choice but to infest

Burrowed deep within
Breeding a new race
Knowing not (what once was/was is above)

Delusive duration Suffrage unending, wakes the beasts within Lakes of fire overflow, unlocking the gates of sheol

Ageless form now free (unleashing minions) Fulfillment prophecy The end time is here

(in the earth the people scream/here the angels scream) A sickening harmony Passing on in defeat