

Pawning the Sanctuary

Diskreet

Spawn a demon beast of baby's breath
Corrupting all that you know

Pawn the last of what they had of wealth
Spreading your body compost across the weeds
Grow with fury, turns into life
Made to believe, no sign of day
You had eyes for the world,
but I ripped them out of your skull

The land swept clean
Nowhere to turn, so conform to negation
Obscenity's creation
This is just an eclipse for a nocturnal race
Hold tight to your weapons
You've made it another night
Don't rest too long, for the morning we fight

Skin against steel
One fort not to be broken

You must face, face this reality
You must face, face this broken existence
I am no part of you, my life is done
Now settle as one

Spawning a beast
With the hands of desolation
Pulling out teeth, with minds of frustration