

Fleshweaver

Distant

Save all your prayers

Tell me

Who says that you're the one to make them all of million souls
all bow at your will

These things will turn to sand as I will grind your bones with
might of my hands

You'll turn to dust

At the end of a day

We will see if you even can lay your hands on me

Burn the nations

With a noose around my neck

And all your efforts disappear in me

□□

All your efforts turn to despair

Eradicate all hope that's within

A wall of suffering

Etched into with dying scripture

Counting seconds towards doomsday to come

Reality is so fucking bleak

Your reality is so out of reach

Mindless efforts

You hate to see it but you'll never be enough

I am inside of your mind like a fucking pest you hate