

Terraform

Fit For An Autopsy

When the world is empty of souls
It will become so clean
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Silent death. Assimilation
Hammers of seven hells fall from above
Settle the final debt, forced adaptation
Void of regret, absent of love
Subdue the lands until they bow at the broken will of man
Inescapable fate
The earth will swallow all that it can
Until it finally reclaims the hell we create

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Annihilation, the human curse
Worthless warnings, terror swarming
Self preservation, ancient rebirth
Endless mourning, terraforming

Silent death
Hammers of seven hells fall from above
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