

Cold Summer

Forgotten Tomb

Come, come over me
Dark waters, drowning hope
Images shattered by dimness
A place so full of void and disease

The swollen vagina of sickness opens
So inviting and warm, unveiling my call to perdition

Rotten blood drained straight from my arteries
Rust in my mouth, the foul stench of lovely perversion

Cold Summer
Your sickness divine
Cold Summer

Architets of my suffering
Driving my way to my self-annihilation
Embracing impurity
Tearing away every piece of my smile

Adrift in a sea of unlimited obscurity
I welcome my curse with outstretched arms
And rejoice

Starvation comes, grief-filled sobriety
Loaded on angst, bloated on disgusting misery

Cold Summer
Your sickness divine
Cold Summer

Collapsing the sane
Life fills me with disgust.

Life fills me with disgust.

Cold summer divine.