

Salt and Ash

God Complex

Worms, trapped in the mud
Writhing in blood
Death comes for all, selfish maker
The undertaker, tending gods acre
Cursed to exist

Lost in the mist (life as a cyst)
Cursed to exist

Suffer then die
We are sealed to our fate
Yet we pray at their shrines
Life is anguish
Wights coming from the smoking mounds
Skin crawling from the screeching sounds
Hands reaching from the rotten ground
Drawn into the realm we're bound

He watches, in silence, unfettered, violence