

Until There Is No Longer

Thy Art Is Murder

A call for bloodshed from devils of old
Fire rains upon the fallen, incinerate the souls
Storm the gardens of Eden, tear down the idols
Till nothing remains, reawaken the cycle

They have died a thousand deaths
But you will die a thousand more

Cold skin, pale flesh, withered in agony
Reform, distort, inhuman tragedy
Hereditary war, congenital death
The ghosts in your lungs consume your final breath

Oh, watchers of the plague
Eternity in rapture, eternity in chains
Hellfire boils the blood of the nihilists
Children thrown to the wolves
Their only future is violence

Divide and conquer
Until there is no longer
The sin of the shepherd's fall
Eradicate us all

Eradicate us all

Great is the wickedness
Of the sons of man
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Of the sons of man

Return to bloodshed, return to cold
The night reigns forever, terrorizing the soul
Lock the gates of heaven, imprisoned to earth
A plane of dying light, blasphemous rebirth

Hellfire boils the blood of the nihilists
Children thrown to the wolves
Their only future is violence

Divide and conquer
Until there is no longer
The sin of the shepherd's fall
Eradicate us all

The watchers of the fallen sky
The god who lets his children die
(As it was it shall be evermore)
They've died a thousand deaths
But you will die a thousand more

You will die a thousand more

Great is the wickedness
Of the sons of man