

I Serve...

Toxic Holocaust

Stoking the flames, fanning the fire
Each day we're closer to feeding the pyre

I serve death
When all is said and done
I serve death

Otherworldly streaming thoughts
Like a river through my mind
Conscious action's all it takes
Chanting repetitious thought
Psyching driving in my head
Piercing through my mental state

Fearing the outcome of fate
Empowered by feelings of hate
Never a war has been won
A spiral of shame has begun
The higher we get down we sink
The time's not to feel it's to think

In the pyre we gather up and feed the fire
In the flame we're closing in to feel the pain