# Dead Oceans

**Ulcerate**

The primeval genesis
Etched into forgotten flesh
In darkness, oblivious, we exist to no avail

To no avail
To never unearth

The insipid with their deadpan stare
Long for worth in dying oceans
To never unearth

By the scorn of weakness
Lay me to rest

Rip away the flesh we scarred with god
And scour our bones for deceit
Beneath the black shroud of abandon lay fields of us
Our bodies still; our minds hollow and sightless

Here we lay, nothing without deceit

The immortal, reflected in dead oceans
Drowned by frailty tied at their feet

Even still in death, this falls on deaf ears

I am the eyes of our inception
Sewn shut


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