Everything Is Fire

Ulcerate

To our end
To our blackest days we have come
Our demise, barren and futile

We are lost without fate

Reap what we have sown
We diminish, all nameless

And the realisation manifests
Only once will this burn
To diminish, all nameless
Only once will this ever burn

Recreate our failure
To relive, to revel in the boundless shift
For the bane of man and of all
Is now imminent

And the realisation manifests
Only once will this burn
And the realisation manifests
For nothing we know

The hollow will of the undying faithful
Belies us
Belies our being

Between this state and the next
We are lost
We are without fate

This burning inside cannot be defined
Our empty convictions erode in time

Stand on the edge of abandon
And stare into the searing sun
Forfeit now
For nothing we know

Everything is fire

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