

# Nothing Is Coming for Any of Us

Whitechapel

Virtuous

Peeling the virtuous rind of impurity  
Seeded and depleted of morality's code  
Fertilize

Tainted but fertile, braindead but still verbal  
Creation from lust is a goddamn rush

A diabolical stare into the gateway of sin  
I can smell the sweet stench flow from deep within  
So I dig and dig  
I tear the fleshy walls  
Deeper and deeper, objection falls weaker  
Arrogance encased in flesh  
I open the door to humanity's nest  
Staring back at me I see the god that shouldn't bleed  
But he's wrapped in bloody sheets, an abomination of me

I recede and hang it by its feet  
It won't stop crying and whining  
Shut the fuck up  
How could I expect a rebirth when my father left me a fucking w  
hore?  
Don't you speak, don't say a fucking word  
You will watch our boy suffocate  
As I'm beginning to strangle him  
Watch his soul leave his cold, dead eyes

The final gasp of air dissolves as Father Time meets himself  
And starts to devolve, he reveals that nothing is real  
The universe beckons to sleep  
Nothing is real, nothing is coming for any of us

Cry out for God and beg for the end  
No one can hear you scream, no one is coming for you  
No one is coming for you

Nothing is real