

# 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 whore?

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