

Death Vow

Arsis

To watch and wait in whispers
Within the scald of blisters.
Once interned in the dust below
The vengeful one has risen, cold.
Entranced and frozen by these eyes.
His glare alone could drive the nails and crucify.
The snare of flesh confining souls from seed to the gasp.
But with vow of the death the soul can escape and be in your grasp.
The grave, this world. Entombment has begun.
The grave, this world. The spell of lord illusion.
Divine, our race was sicker within the hex of trickery.
Interned in dust beneath this hell will call to our belief.
Their faith will be buried alive. His glare, alone
Will see their breath through a god's eye.
The snare of flesh confining souls from seed to the gasp.
But with vow of the death the soul can escape and be in your grasp.
The grave, this world.
Entombment has begun.
The grave, this world.
When facades fall, the wreath of barren skin.
When 'Old Nick' calls you'll see what lies within.
The folly of second chances and evil claim its own.
The filth now romances, interned in dust below.

When facades fall, the wreath of barren skin.
When 'Old Nick' calls you'll see what lies within.

The grave, this world. Entombment has begun.
The grave, this world. The spell of lord illusion.