

Pestilence Claims No Higher Purpose

Eternal Deformity

What is your soul?
Cracks and blisters I feel so...
No love will will cure you
No laughter will cheer you
None of your good memories
Will warm you up

Cos you're buried in this grave
I feel so sorry for you
Hopeless millions made of your own fear
Can't you see what it's all about?
Cos you're buried in this grave
You never knew you'd end up this way
Made of your own fear
Can't you see it's just sand in the wind

Why don't you aim higher?
High!