

An End To Nothing

Goatwhore

Bare the guilt of intimate defeat
Only to realize it was a moment of unease

Forced upon mankind
Like a sharp knife
Twisting inside
Spill this blood of purity
From a slit wrist
Ending life
Transfixed on this task
Revive the dead
A final breath
Suffer the curse of madness
Wake the rotted flesh of the dead

Splintered shards of broken glass
Tearing teeth through raw flesh
Revival is not complete
Rotten soul of eternal sleep
Summon the phoenix from rest
Ignite the ashes of death
Call upon the kings of flame
Lend me the spell to resurrect

Inhabit the restored flesh for transition of this timely fate
Manifest this chaos of blood the restore the lifeless and reanimate
Plotting for these final days inside a bastard mold of deathly rage
Another sick experimental stage while kept in this undead state

Like a drop of blood in water
Infecting the clarity of purpose

The time has come to kiss the sun
This life of flame is born of blood
Dissecting thoughts of an ending loss
Take the hand of eternal rot
This pain will be forged
Under the knife of pestilence
Incantation of this death
Cast this spell to resurrect