

# Cold Earth Consumed in Dying Flesh

Goatwhore

Desolation, Feeds this vision  
Winds of stench entwine the senses  
Entangled mass of bone, ossified kingdom of this wake  
Mortality in ruin  
Watching the world burn  
Behold this death of creation, when heaven and hell collide

Beneath the piles of burnt flesh  
A mass grave of conflict  
In these scattered ashes, lies a tomb of cold dead earth  
Merciless hand of doom  
Born from the star of war  
Severing the earth from sky, this reaping comes from the gods

Bellows of agony contort into hymns of death  
Horns of torment sound, a fest for the rage of war

Burning winds of destruction, reek with the stent of bloodshed  
This filth clings the air, covering the tenderness of earths' s  
tar

Smoldering earth of damnation, enter the jaws of this demise  
Entombed in endless dying, engulfed in mass extinction

Basking in the glorious terror  
Of a suffering darkness  
Inside the depths of this ruin  
Only the clam of death brings the end