

The Fever

Lay Down Rotten

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All dead.

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Damned uncreation.
Cut open the Vein.
Flesh as pure as Bitterness.
Beware of the Sinner's Hands.
Doomed by the Worshipers of great Desasters.

Rising high upon A bloody Overture to open the blackened Gates.

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It's in my Blood, it's in my Guts.
Poisoned by the last Deceiver.

I Am Hellbound.
Fading Schemes vanishing before my very Eyes.
Twilight of the Neverworld.
Demons feeding on my Spine.
Beyond the Tower of Sorrow I swallow my Screams.

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The Beast has bitten me.
Lungs on Fire, grey Skin on dry Bones.
Cast in Stone the final Thoughts.
A cold Grave for the Lifeless.

Incarcerated, my Eyes are in Cages.
In Vein the Sinners Temptations.
A hellish Nightmare, insane in A Dream.
The Dead disdain the Living.

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