

This World is Bleeding Flies

Soulfallen

This world is bleeding flies!

Who heard the nightwind's whispers
Maladies to come that it once sang
Who saw the storms approaching
And the shadows hiding in the Sun

(rivers of life - now streaming red
swarming flies - reeking of death)

The breeze bears a familiar aroma
The blood runs thick before my weary eyes
And in this maelstrom of denial
The dying screams of men have become our lullabies

(lidless eyes - dreamless sleep
open wounds - far too deep)

This is our world, this is our Hell
This is the soil upon we fell
Behold the truth as it unfolds...
Way passed the point of its demise
This world is only bleeding flies
No one will come to claim your soul...

Who heard the nightwind's whispers
The bleak requiems that it once sang
Who saw our shadows submerging
Before this age of dark had even begun

...did no one?

"No one heard the serpent singing
No one felt its teeth sank deeper
No one saw our reflections transforming
into the pale traits of the reaper"

No solace for our lamentations
No warmth from lacerated suns
Music for abominations
Only resounds in our world undone

A grave new world, a grave new life
With ravaged dreams of paradise
No more sights left to behold...
Surpassed the point of its demise
This world is only bleeding flies
No one will come to claim your soul...