

From the Tombs of Five Below

Unearth

The whites of their eyes are flush with devils blood
It was all too visceral to deceive - to lay to waste our own
No - Nothing can save us - This Pestilence will deliver us to our end
Our cancers rise- A passage paved - the imminence of wrath
It was all too visceral to deceive - to lay to waste our own
No - Nothing can save us -
This Pestilence will deliver us to our end
Now haunted by the mark of Death
From the tombs of five below
The Gathering of arms has fed and grown the highest flames
Our cancers rise and call on the Demons of Wrath
Now you see that see that it was all too visceral to deceive -
to lay to waste our own
No - Nothing can save us -
This Pestilence will deliver us to our end
We're on the Road to Oblivion
Where The Huntress knows no bounds
We're on the Road to Oblivion
From the Tombs of five below
We're on the Road to Oblivion
The whites of our eyes are flush with devils blood
Eyes flush with Devils Blood
On the brink of the six end of life
Eyes flush with Devils Blood