

End Of Flesh

Whitechapel

I am alive
But I am dead in the world I was born into
I am alive
And here I stand waiting to feel something inside
I am rotting away into a state of mind
Altered, lethargic, bleeding from the eyes
My joints are frozen, a sudden energy
Jolts through my veins exorcising the demons in me
In the blink of an eye
I have realized my location, the place they call the underworld
Its presence is amongst me
The maniacal sounds haunt these grounds
Where the strongest of men tread not
Where Gods are reduced to slaves
This unholy soul has birthed me again
The bowels of hell cannot digest me
Mother earth vomit me forth
I am alive
But I am dead in the world I was born into
I am alive
And here I stand waiting to feel something inside
My salvation has run out
Restless souls of death
Rise with me
If humanity's heart still beats
Take all their lives
And black out the skies
In the blink of an eye
I have realized my location, the place they call the underworld
Its presence is amongst me
The maniacal sounds haunt these grounds
Where the strongest of men tread not
Where Gods are reduced to slaves
This unholy soul has birthed me again