

As the Coins Upon Your Eyes

Dismember

The sands of time are slipping through your fingers
Life's bitter journey, towards the end
Pass the threshold and beyond
Your time has come
With a conscience cold as the coins upon your eyes
Leave your earthly form behind
Across the seas of blood, to shores of the damned, nothingness surrounds now
Wear the flesh of fallen angels
Burning in this void, cleansed and remolded, stripped of a sinful past
A life of misery and pain, has come to it's
end

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