

Terraform

Fit for An Autopsy

When the world is empty of souls, it will become so clean
Silent death
Assimilation

Hammers of seven hells fall from above
Settle the final debt, forced adaptation
Void of regret, absent of love
Subdue the lands until they bow at the broken will of man
Inescapable fate

The earth will swallow all that it can, until it finally reclaims the hell we create
When the world is empty of souls, it will become so clean
Terraform
Annihilation, the human curse
Worthless warnings, terror swarming
Self preservation, ancient rebirth
Endless mourning, terraforming
Silent death

Hammers of seven hells from above

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
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