Final Devourment

Wretched

Surfacing from the foul abysmal depths, be at rest assured she will sing to the world in a sweetened harmony, without a falter in her means.
As I bear witness to the flood that's justly pouring from her shawl, I know that soon we will swoon in the wrap of her staggering grace just simply melting from her breath.
She is poisoning us with regret for feeling comfort instead of dread.
She has got the lead and she sees it, lifting her arms.
And just as we turn our backs to flee, wretches tail her out of the sea.
Coiling the running that shapes the flood, where the burdened visions take our hands the blood will fall.[Solo: Funderburk]Higher forces please intervene.
Stagnate this army and their queen.
Opening up her chest, exposing prodding ribs.
Swiftly gaining on our tracks, we're wearing out.
Atrocious has become this night of apathy.
Not a cloud lays low to cover me.
It's apparent that our flesh is the destination they'll be feeding on for days.
No one here lives to scream, no one but me.
You sing the song.
We she'd the blood.
Taunting us from the girders, our bodies have become the flood.[Solo: Moore]We have become the flood.
[Lead: Funderburk]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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