

# Dear Desolation

## Thy Art Is Murder

Piece by piece  
The masses torn apart  
By a killer with purpose  
Reform, exist to engorge  
Upon the souls of the weak and the worthless  
The flesh of the sheep  
The parasites turn to the plague  
With open arms  
The sickened psalms  
Embrace the end of days  
One by one the houses fell  
The moral compass is abandoned  
One by one the fevers swell  
A cancerous swarm, be forewarned  
A dying earth can't withstand it  
Piece by piece  
The masses torn apart  
Annihilation, nothing is left  
I watch as the droves of man  
Draw in their final breath  
Turn to black  
With open arms, I embrace  
A world of ruin, a world of ash  
Pull me deeper into flame  
The idols of man  
Have bathed in blood  
No sense in pretending  
We deserve a fucking happy ending  
The widow of the world  
Grieves not, for the death of her people  
No Eulogies  
No Funerals  
No sense in pretending  
We deserve a fucking happy ending  
Pull me deeper into flame  
The idols of man  
Have bathed in blood  
We deserve a fucking happy ending  
Grieves not, for the death of her people  
No Eulogies

No Funerals  
No sense in pretending  
We deserve a fucking happy ending  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>