

The Burial

Fall Of Efrafa

Like fingers they claw at the sky,
pylons of a pompous foray.
Sentinels to look down upon with vacant eyes.
We kindle our willing to strive,
to remain separate.
A farewell to the spoils of fate,
in shallow graves.
We dig a hole deep in the earth,
dig it deep to hide all our guilt.
A trio of sarcophagi - triadic deceit. The quagmire could swallow whole,
the black well of our malady,
we grasp tight of offered hands,
to stem the flow of defeat.
We pick the bones cleans of their worth,
whisper [sweet] nothings into empty warrens,
mock prayers to revel within,
who has seen better days?
We dig a hole deep in the earth,
dig it deep to hide all our guilt.
A trio of sarcophagi - triadic deceit. Zealots practice silent vigils,
we turn out attention upon their axis,
imitations inured with former glory,
we ignore their remorse.

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