

Inverted

Obituary

The feeling contends, once kind
Violence starts, won't cease
Vengeance comes. Want rewards
The servant starts piercing chores
Stitching mouths, once skinned
The gaping wounds left to mend
Reckless kills, live despite
Boundary has soldiers try
I have come to read my friend
The gifts of all those born and bred
The living dead once more resign
We're facing cause it's creation
I have come to resist life's scar in pain
The fates just called in Armageddon
Infected, for the scraps are red
Deep within the living charge
The bag once empty filled with fire

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