

Epitaph

Necrophagist

Leaves fall in the autumn
Of lives that appear
To be worthless to some
Utmost ignorant Expectations shift in the eye
Of the beholder, behold Tears drop from the eye
Of lives paled
As jealousy fools
A mind distorted Expectations shift in the eye
Of the beholder, behold One wishes existence
To be of fulfillment
But leaves bend to the will
Of winds blowing To foresee the end
Of a soul, Epitaph Claim to foresee
The end of a soul
Premature Epitaph To foresee the end
Of a soul, Epitaph

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