This Mortal Soil

Mastodon

Floating in red again
A deepened soil
Nothing
Empty cup
Trade not known
Showing promise of a perfect land
No regrets for a fallen ground
The omen passed
Woman possessed
Reflect on the duties held
Oceans morph to dust
Chasing the timeline
Bolts of light flash
Original storm god
The atmosphere that floats above the earth
Is corrupt for man
This we know

What has dwelt within the early dawn has gone away
That's okay
Dig
Climb
Ancient elm
Root
Ride the vine of father ground our carving
The atmosphere that floats above the earth is corrupt for man
This we know
Circle
Made of ash
Betray her presence
Huntress
Gentle breath
Listen to the poison rose

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