The Murder

Marc Shaiman

The gathering now of storms within
That whip and rip the stead, joined at the head
Dying to make ready for the deliverance to the land
The swarming devourers, the murderHere are the fortunes to tell
Of our demonic dreams, the burnt fires of hell
Painted in black
The warmth is seething and moving all through meTotal annihilation
We are your masters nowI can see them coming down like rain in the streets
Soaking into everything
Like blood through cloth
Scratching limbs from wing and clawAll life will start to slow and freeze into position
When the murder crows
With likeness to shades much deeper than dull
The infinite abyss forever holdsTotal annihilation
We are your masters nowCrushing your premonition
Crushing your premonitionTowers fall into the fire
And razored hails of glass and steel
Brought down by stabs of rage without fear
Gashed hearts worked deep who refuse to hearHere are the fortunes to tell
Of our demonic dreams, the burnt fires of hell
Painted in black
The warmth is seething and moving all through meTotal annihilation
We are your masters now
Total annihilation
We are your masters now

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