

Hellish

This or the Apocalypse

My dreams are covered in ants,
Wading in the pools of human blood,
Set ablaze as we sat back and laughed.
Why am I hunted by the guilt of my past? Heave. Heave.
Gather the ore with our bare hands,
Heave. Heave.
I'm unfit to be here. Still blood in the meat,
So far out of reach.
Still blood in the meat,
And the carriage keeps on rolling over me.
So far out of reach. My heart is covered in ants,
Crawling on the scene of the accident.
Locked hands pulled up by broken arms,
We pass out and we never get up. Heave. Heave.
Gather the ore with our bare hands,
Heave. Heave.
I'm unfit to be here. Still blood in the meat,
So far out of reach.
Still blood in the meat,
And the carriage keeps on rolling over me.
So far out of reach. The charred remains of the saints,
Trapped in the glassblower's pipe.
Chapel wall covered in communion. Rise up on the hillside.
Raise the devil in the valley. Heave oxen.

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