

The Way of All Flesh

Morpheus Descends

Naive victims fall easy game. No value of life on earth.
Cries for help go unheard, will there be a rebirth?
Rotting corpses satisfies immortality.
Hunger for black gratified, abhorrent death reality.
Expression of art, killing machine.
Spreading shock and dread, sinister crackle of a razor shear.
Compose the works of red, unable to comprehend the stroke.
Just strike out in pain.
Hunger for black finally quenched, set out to achieve and gained.
Exposing the flesh that can never be, feel it burn and die.
Warped mind, endlessly search within.
Senseless slaying, buying time.
Naive victims fall easy game. No value of life on earth.
Cries for help go unheard, abort the hope of rebirth.
Follow on trail of ruin, gorging endlessly.
Escape the torture of your being, sanity never restored.
It's the way of all flesh.
It's the way of all flesh.
Soon to join your ancestors, the way it's always been.
Never to cheat the creator, into the earth you're sent.
And gained.
And gained.

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