

Hatebreed, Severed

Sorrow filled days of disease,
the faceless shadows arise.
The fear once among the lust,
now reflects creations demise.
So to the idols wait for the
impending doom, under a godless sky,
yet we walk
on further atop the broken glass.
For our feet will heal but our
souls stay doused.
With humanity's blood, await the
crucifixion, no one is forgiven,
everything precious lost.
Sanctified to God, carved into
our souls, carved into our past,
our lives severed
Our lives remain severed