

Madder Mortem, Omnivore

Oh, little figures that toil under weather and sun
Your backbreaking labor is earning you nothing but hopes undone
Here nothing is sacred; what pride there is left will not hold
The price of your failure is shown in the trinkets that weigh you down

I'm swimming in obscenity that gives me not one second's peace
Mirror all my faults and flaws, crack jokes at all that I'm made of
Weeping in our restless sleep, we're dreaming of lucidity and peace

All good withers and dies
We seized it all, only to let go
The empty winners drowning in the flow
We are all forlorn

Riddle is solving itself as I kneel and devour
The strength of the terror will never relieve you of crawling on
Small voices are prying at secrets I don't want to share
Pathetic and sweet, all remorse is cut off with the leech that bleeds me

All good withers and dies in our hands
We seized it all, only to let go
The empty sinners drowning in the flow

I'm swimming in obscenity that gives me not one second's peace
Mirror all my faults and flaws, crack jokes at all that I'm made of
The silent heartstone at my feet: We're gagged and bound and incomplete
Nothing holds in what we are. Our filth and greed has come too far
The great deceit, the greater made by truth well hid in words and shades
Ten letters on my stony bed to witness every mouthful fed
'Cause I am the one who will rip you apart
So die