

Obituary, Feed On The Weak

Spirits call, spirits rise.
Desolate sky, spirits die!

Haunting for the silence
As the sickness falls within.
You've got your strays,
The mice are killed.
It stems between the sick.

Spirits call, spirits rise.
Desolate sky, spirits die!

Haunting for behind them
Finds us meaning on the way.
The words fill, the chapters come.
It dissipates, it stays.

Spirits call, spirits rise.
Desolate skies, spirits die!
Falling hard, arriving fear.
Feeding on the weakest core.