

Arsis, The Promise Of Never

To celebrate the guilt (the lies of whispering shadows)
And tattoo their words upon your ever-scarring flesh.

(Beaten, reject, follow)

To make believes there is no guilty, to wield the liar's dagger,
And clasp his hand to celebrate the countless unborn bastards.

To praise the guilt some more, in the eyes of the fallen.

Embracing the swine, this foreplay strangulation.

(Beaten, reject, hollow)

Though your disease is ever mine, I give you diamonds.

And in an act to seal the oath, I gave you roses, be careful of the fucking thorns.

In your eyes I saw the end, and these were your words, the promise of never.

Still in denial of the fact that our feeling dissolve.

I took your evil skin away with the blade of the liar's dagger,

And clasped your hand to celebrate your vile unborn bastard.