

Cadaver, During The End

A suction through the ground
Is pulling him down
The unbearable heat
Melts his feet

The traps has gnawed through
These minutes are untrue
Death is so near
Can it end this fear

Limbs are dying out
Far off the doctor shouts
"Keep away from the bed
Let him be soon he'll be dead!"

Now he's drifting through a sharp scarlet light
From the exhausting day to a peaceful night
This is the end of mess and complexity
Beyond the fragmentic world and fatality

Floating as a falcons wing in a clear blue sky
The pleasure he's feeling now, it's the way to die
Released from his flesh and bones, only lumps of cream
Close to existence, it's just a dream?

During the end...

Breaking through...
Breaking through...
Breaking through...
Breaking through...

Breaking through...
Breaking through...
Breaking through...
Breaking through...