

Caedere, Rope To Tie

Rope to tie!

Never there will be a new dawn.
As you forecast your own fate.
Your glorious act in life.
This tragedy draws to a come.

Gore to banish fear!
Internal malfunction as the entrails falls out.
Derived from the malignant coagulation.
Rope to tie, time to die.
Face your god, we taste your blood.
Choking convulsion as you gasp life away out.
Hanging tight as you consume your ultimate fame.
Rope to tie, your final lie.
Due to rot, is this all you got?
Gore to banish fear!

[2x:]</i> When you - feel the tragic urge.
Close to - insanity to emerge.
Clouded - not to think straight.
Driven to - suffocation.

Hate to all fake, cause you're to blame.
Sick awareness to purify.
Tormentor of squashed diseased brains.
Attracting flies to infected lobes.

A silent reminder by your epitaph.
New sunrise in the afterlife.
If there will be one.
Enclosure of the body and mind.

Gore to banish fear!

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Gore to banish fear!