

DAATH, Festival Mass Soulform

rise, hadn't like the hollows that stretch through time
empty forms, cast off
kept well within this

reign, festival mass soulform
this term you govern
lost for these are thorns
the edifice of a trap
festival mass soulform
this term you govern
lost for these are thorns
the edifice of a moloch

your thoughts of the
illustrious mind
support
that keeps you blind
in the hands of those will not find
blocked by their own design

rise, hadn't like the hollows that stretch through time
empty forms, cast off
kept well within this

obey
what they say
rot and decay
what they say

(for those that still seek the decay and the midsummer mass of the head)

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